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THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER,

July 30, 1864.

*An Address delivered before the A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans,
of Petersburg, Va., in that city, on the 24th of June, 1890.*

BY COMRADE GEORGE S. BERNARD.

COMRADES:

It was my fortune as a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, Company E, Twelfth Virginia Infantry, General William Mahone's brigade, to take part in the memorable engagement known as "The Battle of the Crater," and it is now proposed to give some account of the action—to tell a war story from the standpoint of a high private in the rear rank, supplementing information within my personal knowledge with some material drawn from other sources believed to be reliable—this being necessary to a proper understanding of what will be told.

On Saturday morning, the 30th of July, 1864, when the mine under the angle in the Confederate's works around Petersburg, known as "Elliott's sailet," was exploded, blowing up, or burying under the debris of earth and timber, between two hundred and fifty and three hundred officers and men occupying the works at this point, making therein a huge chasm, described in the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War as "from 150 to 200 feet in length, about 60 in width, and from 25 to 30 feet in depth, and aptly called 'a crater,'" from its resemblance to the mouth of a volcano, Mahone's brigade was occupying the breastworks on the Willcox farm, immediately south of our city—say about a point which would be reached by a prolongation of Adams street. The site of the "Crater," as is well known probably to all now present, is east of the Jerusalem plank-

road and about half a mile southeast from Blandford Cemetery, being located a short distance beyond our city limits, in the county of Prince George, on the farm of Mr. T. R. Griffith.

Some time during the night preceding the explosion, our brigade received orders to be "ready to move at a moment's warning," which, of course, indicated that something was expected requiring a movement of the command.

It was well understood that the enemy were mining somewhere on our line, but exactly at what point was not known. A counter-mine was made by the Confederates several hundred yards to the right of the Crater, near the point at which the Confederate breastworks cross the Jerusalem plank-road, as may be seen at this time. At the Elliott salient a counter-mine was begun, but was abandoned for want of proper tools.

The explosion took place between daybreak and sunrise (4:44 A. M. was the exact time), and the impression made upon those hearing it may be likened to that of a nearly simultaneous discharge of several pieces of artillery. The concussion of the atmosphere was unusual. We were all soon in the breastworks. Something extraordinary, we knew, had happened. Soon a report came down the line from the direction of the scene of action that a mine had been exploded and a part of our works blown up and was occupied by the enemy.

A little after six o'clock, when the Crater had been in the enemy's possession for more than an hour, a staff officer rides rapidly past us; General Mahone's headquarters, which were at the Branch House, just west of the Willcox farm, is the point of destination of this staff-officer, who is Colonel Charles S. Venable, aide-de-camp to General Lee. Colonel Venable is bearing a message to General Mahone, who was then, as he had been since the wounding of General Longstreet at the battle of the Wilderness, in command of Anderson's division, which was composed of the brigades of General William Mahone (Virginians), General A. R. Wright (Georgians), General J. C. C. Saunders (Alabamians), General N. H. Harris (Mississippians), and General Joseph Finegan (Floridians).

The message borne to General Mahone is to send at once two of his brigades to the support of General Bushrod R. Johnson, who commanded that part of the Confederate lines embracing the works now in the enemy's hands.

Very soon, under orders received, the men of Mahone's brigade of Virginians and Wright's brigade of Georgians, began to drop back from their places in the breastworks, one by one, into the cornfield in

their rear, and, when they were well out of sight of the enemy, the line was formed and the two brigades marched to the Ragland House,* were there halted, and the men were directed to divest themselves of knapsacks, blanket-rolls and other baggage ; an order which to the veteran plainly bespoke serious work, and that in the near future.

In a written statement made by Colonel Venable in 1872, referring to the carrying of the message from General Lee to General Mahone, he says :

" He sent me directly to General Mahone (saying that to save time the order need not be sent through General A. P. Hill), with the request that he would send, at once, two of the brigades of his division to the assistance of General Johnson. I rode rapidly to General Mahone's line, and delivered my message. He immediately gave orders to the commanders of the Virginia and Georgia brigades to move to the sailent and report to General Johnson. The troops moved promptly, the Virginia brigade (General Weisiger) in front. We rode on together, at the head of the column, General Mahone giving instructions to his officers and inquiring as to the condition of things at the sailent. When we reached the peach orchard, in rear of the Ragland House, noticing that the men were encumbered with their knapsacks, he halted the column, and caused both brigades to put themselves in battle trim. While the men were throwing aside their knapsacks he turned to me and said : ' I can't send my brigades to General Johnson—I will go with them myself.' He then moved the column towards the opening of the covered way, which led to the Crater salient. I left him at this point to report to General Lee, who, meantime, had come to the front. I found him sitting with General Hill, among the men in the lines, at a traverse near the River salient. When I told him of the delivery of the message, and that General Mahone had concluded to lead the two brigades himself, he expressed gratification."

Leaving the Ragland House, we marched along the edge of the hills skirting Lieutenant Run to New Road, or Hickory street, and entered this road a hundred or two more yards east of the brigade, then marched westwardly to within a few yards of the bridge over this run, and then filed northwardly down the ravine on the east side of

*The Ragland House stood on the west side of the plank-road and on the south side of the New Road, some three or four hundred yards in front of the present residence of Mr. John J. Cocke.

the run to Hannon's (now Jackson's) old ice-pond ; here entered a military foot-path leading along the pond eastward to the head of the pond; thence filed eastwardly up a ravine along the same military foot-path to the Jerusalem plank-road. We are now at a point a few feet from the southwestern corner of the Jewish cemetery of to-day, and the position of the foot-path in this ravine along which we came is yet plainly marked.

At the plank-road we are halted and counter-march by regiments, thereby placing each regiment with its left in front. Here we see on the roadside, General Mahone, with other officers, dismounted, their horses standing near by. Mahone had then reported to General Beauregard at the headquarters of General Johnson, which were at the old house, which, until a few years ago, stood on the crest of the hill a short distance northwest from the northwest corner of Blandford Cemetery and near the road leading southwardly up the hill to the cemetery. It was now about half-past eight o'clock, and the enemy were just as they had been for nearly four hours, in quiet occupation of the Crater, with about one hundred and fifty yards of our breastworks to the south and some two hundred yards of these works to the north of the Crater, reaching down to the foot of the hill on the north side. To these limits on either side the Confederates occupying the lines north and south of the Crater confined them.

General Mahone, having had the regiments counter-march at the Jerusalem plank-road, goes ahead along the covered way leading directly across the road, southeastwardly to the ravine in rear and west of the Confederate works now occupied by the enemy. Ascending the little knoll at the point where the ravine is entered by another smaller ravine or gully, into which the zig-zag covered way led and terminated, he sees the Confederate works filled to overflowing with Federal troops, and, counting eleven regimental flags, estimates the Federal force in possession as at least 3,000 men. The situation is an extremely grave one. His own little force of two brigades, then approaching in the covered way, if assailed in this position, would be inevitably cut to pieces and destroyed. So Mahone orders Courier J. H. Blakemore to go at once back and bring up the Alabama brigade (Saunders') to come by the same route which the Virginia and Georgia brigades had taken.

Whilst General Mahone is at the knoll surveying the enemy and arranging for the attack, we are cautiously approaching the ravine along the covered way. At the angles, where the enemy could see a moving column with ease, the men are ordered to run quickly by,

one man at a time ; which was done for the double purpose of concealing the approach of a body of troops and of lessening the danger of passing rifle balls at these exposed points.

I should have mentioned that there was constant shelling as we moved along our route from the breastworks at Willcox's farm, but we were well protected by the shelter of intervening hills. As we passed the Hannon pond, I remember seeing a solid shot, or shell, fired from one of the enemy's guns, descend into the water but a few feet from our moving line.

Arriving at the ravine, we found General Mahone standing near the mouth of the gully into which the covered way led and along which we were filing into the ravine, now and then exchanging word of encouragement with some passing officer or man in the ranks.*

In this ravine are some artillery men, with one or more mortars in position; and I have a strong impression that I saw, skirting the slope of the hill, a slight line of breastworks which looked as if it had been made that morning for temporary shelter by men working with their bayonets.

Soon the line of battle is formed ; the Twelfth Virginia on the left of the brigade, the Sixth Virginia on the right, the brigade sharpshooters on the right of the Sixth. The middle regiments were the Sixteenth, the Forty-first and Sixty-first—the Sixty-first being the centre regiment.

On the field to-day may be seen a tree that marks the position of the right of this line of battle.

The line formed, we advanced some twenty yards up the slope of the hill and lie flat on our faces. In this position we are concealed from the view of the enemy, now two hundred yards in our front.

Our brigade is under the command of Colonel D. A. Weisiger, colonel of the Twelfth, whilst the Twelfth is commanded by Captain Richard W. Jones, the Sixth by Colonel George T. Rogers, the Sixteenth by Captain L. R. Kilby, the Forty-first by Major William H. Etheridge, and the Sixty-first by Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Stewart. The sharpshooters are commanded by Captain Wallace

*" Filing down the reinforcing ditch that ran perpendicular to the works," says Lieutenant W. A. S. Taylor, adjutant of the Sixty-first Virginia regiment, in a statement made July 16, 1880, " I saw General Mahone at the angle formed by this ditch and the one that ran parallel to the works. As we filed to the right he made some encouraging remarks, adding, 'Give them the bayonet.'"

Broadbent. A few minutes after we take the recumbent position, Captain Drury A. Hinton, acting aid-de-camp to Colonel Weisiger, walks along the line and directs the regimental officers to instruct their men to reserve their fire until the enemy are reached. As soon as Captain Hinton passed down the line Captain Jones stepped out in front of us, as we lay on the ground, and, with great coolness of manner, said: "Men, you are called upon to charge and recapture our works, now in the hands of the enemy. They are only about one hundred yards distant. The enemy can fire but one volley before the works are reached. At the command 'forward' every man is expected to rise and move forward at a double quick and with a yell. Every man is expected to do his duty."

This short address, delivered under the gravest of circumstances, was impressive in the extreme, and well calculated to nerve up the men to do their best work. The words and manner of the speaker sank deep in my memory.

How Captain Jones came to deliver this address is explained in a letter written by him to General Mahone from Oxford, Miss., under date of January 3, 1877:

"On getting my regiment in position in the ravine your courier delivered me a message to report to you at the right of the brigade. I went immediately, walking in front of the brigade, and found all of the other regimental commanders before you when I arrived. At that moment you gave the order to have the Georgia brigade moved up rapidly to its position on the right of the Virginia brigade, and then turning to the officers you delivered a stirring address to this effect: 'The enemy have our works.' The line of men which we have here is the only barrier to the enemy's occupying the city of Petersburg. There is nothing to resist his advance. Upon us devolves the duty of driving him from his strong position in our front and re-establishing the Confederate lines. We must carry his position immediately by assaulting it. If we don't carry it by the first attack we shall renew the attack as long as there is a man of us left or until the works are ours. Much depends upon prompt, vigorous, simultaneous movements.' I do not profess to give your words, but your address and orders were given with such peculiar emphasis and under such impressive circumstances that the sentiments were indelibly inscribed on my mind. I at once placed myself in front of my command and had bayonets fixed; I explained to them the character of our work and perilous position of our army."

"The works are only one hundred yards distant," said Captain Jones—a fortunate mistake. They were, in point of fact, two hundred yards distant.*

"The enemy can fire but one volley before the works are reached." A timely reminder was this, as, whilst advising the men of the gravity of the situation, it warned them of the great importance of a quick movement towards the foe.†

Let me here mention an incident: Lying next on my right was a young friend, Emmet Butts, a member of the bar of our city. His proper position was on my left. Having a superstitious belief that the safest place for a man in battle is generally his proper place, I said to my friend, "Emmet, suppose we change places? I am in yours, and you in mine." "Certainly," was his reply, with a pleasant smile; and we then changed places. I never saw the poor fellow alive afterwards. Soon after reaching the works he fell, his forehead pierced with a minnie ball.

Immediately after Captain Jones delivered his address the expected command, "forward," was given—by whom I could not of my personal knowledge say. Each man sprang to his feet, and moved forward, as commanded, at a double-quick, and with a yell.

The line was about one hundred and fifty yards in length when it started forward, but with the men moving at slightly different paces and lengthening out a little on the right as the right regiments and sharp-shooters obliques to the right towards the crater, before we were half across the field, the line had probably lengthened a hundred or two feet, and widened to twenty feet or more, and the men thus moving forward with open ranks, no spectacle of war could well have been more inspiring than the impetuous charge of this column of veterans, every man of whom appreciated the vital importance of get-

*For twenty-three years my impression and belief was that the works were about one hundred yards distant. In June of 1888 I visited the ground and carefully noted it. To my amazement I discovered that the distance was double what I would have sworn it was. So surprised was I at this discovery I asked several of my comrades who were in the charge what was their recollection as to the distance, and found that several of them, like myself, thought the distance only one hundred yards.

† Captain Jones, afterwards major of the Twelfth, having received a copy of this portion of this address, writes as follows: "I think you give the substance of my orders, except that I charged them (my command) specially to fix bayonets and not to stop to fire a gun until we were at the works."

ting to the works and closing with the enemy in the quickest possible time—every man feeling that to halt or falter for a moment on the way was fatal.

The charge was probably as splendid as any of which history has made record. Just as we were well over the brow of the hill, I cast my eyes to the right, and I will ever carry a vivid impression of the rapid, but steady and beautiful, movement of the advancing line of some 800 men—the greater part of whom, being to my right, were within the range of my vision—as our five Virginia regiments, their five battle flags, borne by as many gallant color-bearers, floating in the bright sunlight of that July morning, and the battalion of sharpshooters double-quickened across the field they were unconsciously making famous.

A Federal soldier thus describes the charge :

“The second brigade had hardly raised their heads when the cry broke out from our men, ‘The rebels are charging. Here they come.’ Looking to the front I saw a splendid line of gray coming up the ravine on the run. Their left was nearly up to the bomb-proofs, and their line extended off into the smoke as far as we could see. They were coming, and coming with a rush. We all saw that they were going straight for the Second brigade.” *

Getting within ten paces of the ends of the little ditches or traverses, which led out perpendicularly from the main trench of our breastworks some ten or fifteen paces, to my surprise I saw a negro soldier getting up from a recumbent position on the ground near my feet. He was the first colored soldier I ever saw, and this was my first knowledge of the fact that negro troops were before us. I had not then fired my rifle, and I might easily have killed this man, but regarding him as a prisoner, I had no disposition to hurt him. Looking then directly ahead of me, within thirty feet of where I stood, I saw in the trench of the breastworks crowds of men, white and black, with arms in their hands, as closely jammed and packed together as we sometimes see pedestrians on the crowded sidewalk of a city, and seemingly in great confusion and alarm. I distinctly

* See address of Lieutenant Freeman S. Bowley, delivered November 6, 1889, before the California commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

noticed the countenances and rolling eyes of the terror-stricken negroes. I particularly noticed in the hands of one of the frightened creatures the new silk of a large and beautiful stand of colors, the staff swaying to and fro as the color-bearer, his eyes fixed in terrified gaze at his armed adversaries, was being pushed and jostled by his comrades. With my gun still loaded I might have fired into this mass of men, but I regarded these also as practically our prisoners. Casting my eyes upon the ground over and beyond the breastworks—east of them, I mean—I there saw large numbers of the enemy retreating to their own breastworks. Many, however, were taking shelter behind—that is, on the east side, or outside, of our breastworks, as I could see from the tops of their caps, just over the parapet. Into a squad of those I saw retreating to their own works, I fired my rifle, and not stopping to note the damage done by my shot, or to enquire who was thereby hurt, I jumped into one of the little ditches leading out from the main trench. This ditch was about as deep as I was high and about eighteen inches wide. Proceeding down it towards the trench, or main ditch, I was suddenly confronted by a negro soldier at the other end of it, standing with his gun pointed towards me at “a ready,” and looking me in the face with a grin on his.

As may be imagined, I was now in quite a predicament. What should I do? Shoot the fellow I could not—my gun, having been just fired, was empty. Bayonet him I could not, as I had no bayonet on my gun. I had lost my bayonet at the battle of the Wilderness, and glad of having done so, as I was thus lawfully relieved of that much weight on a march, I had never bothered myself about getting another, never having expected to get close enough to an armed enemy to need it. Nor could I club this man; the narrowness of the ditch prevented. Nor could I turn my back upon him with safety. But there was a protecting hand to save me. Just in front of me, and to my right, was a large recess in the earth, perpendicular to the little ditch in which I stood and parallel to the main ditch or trench, large enough for a horse to stand in—say eight feet in length, four in width and of the same depth with the little ditch. Into this recess, by a rapid stride to my front and right, I made my way, and there loaded my rifle in the quickest possible time; no muzzle-loader was ever loaded in less time. I was now less than five feet from a trench full of Federal soldiers with arms in their hands, and was in a position critical and perilous in the extreme.

Just as I got into this place, I discovered near me, at my feet, a

negro soldier, who immediately began to most earnestly beg me not to kill him. "Master, don't kill me! Master, don't kill me! I'll be your slave as long as I live. Don't kill me!" he most piteously cried, whilst I was rapidly loading my gun—and he doubtless supposed that its next shot was intended for himself. "Old man, I do not intend to kill you, but you deserve to be killed," was my reply. I addressed him as "old man," as he was apparently over the military age, and to my then young eyes seemed old. All the time he was begging for his life he was cringing at my feet. As soon as I assured him I did not propose to molest him, he began to vigorously fan a poor wounded Confederate soldier, doubtless one of Elliott's men who held the breastworks at the time of the explosion, lying on his back apparently *in extremis*. I thought he was dying. Manifestly the old negroe's idea was that this attention to the helpless Confederate would serve to protect him against other incoming Confederates.

In the absence of evidence as to his identity, it cannot be positively affirmed that this old fellow was not the ex-preacher referred to by Lieutenant Bowley in his address before the California commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States in the following paragraph:

"Among the sergeants of my company was one, John H. Offer, by name, who had been a preacher on the eastern shore of Maryland. He exerted great influence over the men, and he deemed the occasion a fitting one to offer some remarks, and, assuming his 'Sunday voice,' he began:

"'Now, men, dis am gwine to be a gret fight—de gretest we seen yet; gret things is 'pending on dis fight; if we takes Petersburg, mos' likely we'll take Richmond, and 'stroy Lee's army an' close de wah. Eb'ry man had orter liff up his soul in pra'r for a strong heart. Oh, 'member de pore colored people ober dere in bondage; oh, 'member dat General Grant, and Ginerall Burnside, and Ginerall Meade, an' all de gret ginerals is right ober yander a watchin' ye, and 'member de white soldiers is a watchin' ye, an' 'member dat *L'se* a watchin' ye, and any skulker is a gwine to git prod ob dis bayonet; you heah me!'"

About the time I got my rifle loaded, Comrade John R. Turner, the esteemed adjutant of our camp, then a member of my company,

came into the recess, and certainly one and possibly two other Confederates.*

Ready now to give the enemy a shot, I looked around the corner towards the place near the intersection of the ditch with the trench where I saw the fellow who pointed his gun and grinned at me, but he was not to be seen. All I could see in this direction were the ends of rifles and bayonets held by men in the trench concealed from my view by the angle of the trench and small ditch. Whilst I was making this observation, a Federal soldier in the trench near this angle fired his gun, and its muzzle was close enough to the dry earthen angle to make the dust rise in the air as the wind of the exploding rifle-charge knocked away a part of the sharp corner of the trench and ditch at this angle.

Finding in this direction nothing at which to shoot, although only a wall of some five feet intervened between the place where I stood and a ditch full of men in blue, I stood tip-toe and looked eastward towards the ground beyond our breastworks. Here I saw numbers of the enemy crowding behind the outer or eastward part of our works, apparently three or four deep, the tops of their caps only being visible, and there were at the same time others of the enemy retreating across the open field between our works and theirs, and at these I fired this, my second shot, and again reloaded.

About this time a conference took place between Comrade Turner and myself as to the propriety of remaining in the place where we then stood. The suggestion was made that we fall back to our line, I mean that part of it represented by the Petersburg Riflemen, all or the greater part of whom, we believed, were standing or lying at or near the ends of the ditches leading out from the trench. We agreed, however, that whilst we were in a very dangerous position,

* My impression has always been that Sergeant W. W. Tayleure (of whom hereafter) was one of the other Confederates. Since this paragraph was written, Sergeant Tayleure (now a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y.) has visited Petersburg and informed me that my impression was correct, as he distinctly recollects the old negro's vigorous fanning of the wounded Confederate as the latter would say to him: "Damn you, fan me fast;" and the old fellow would reply, "Yes, sir—yes, sir;" from the use of which language by the wounded Confederate we may safely infer that he was not as near death's door as for over twenty-five years I believed him to have been, but it is to be hoped that he is to-day somewhere in this world alive and in sound health. Strange to say, Sergeant Tayleure has no recollection of seeing either Comrade Turner or myself in this recess, nor does Comrade Turner recollect seeing Sergeant Tayleure, the wounded Confederate or the old negro.

it was our safest. Besides this, a backward movement, by even as few as two men, might have started others, perhaps the whole line, to falling back. So we concluded to remain where we were. Had we attempted to fall back, we would have gone from a position in which we were comparatively safe (unless our whole line had been beaten back) to one of great danger, and would probably have lost our lives.

Both of us now fired several shots from this place—probably four or five. I then thought I would take an enfilading fire at the enemy in the trench to my right, who were in plain view, there being an angle in the breastworks to our right, the recess in which Comrade Turner and myself stood being so located as to enable us, when on tip-toe, to look southeastwardly down the trench towards the Crater, some seventy-five yards to our right. When taking a survey of this part of the trench I saw men struggling there, which indicated that some of our men opposite that part of the breastworks had effected an entrance therein. Seeing this I determined to withhold my proposed shot down the trench. Just at this time, looking to my left, I saw Federal soldiers coming out of, and many of our men passing into, the trench along the little ditch by which Comrade Turner and myself had entered; whereupon I went at once into the trench into which the Confederates were now entering in numbers from the little ditches up and down the line.

Casting my eyes up the line towards the Crater I saw Confederates beating and shooting at the negro soldiers, as the latter, terror-stricken, rushed away from them. I saw one negro running down the trench towards the place where several of us stood and a Confederate soldier just in his rear drawing a bead on him as he ran. The Confederate fired at the poor creature, seemingly heedless of the fact that his bullet might have pierced his victim and struck some of the many Confederates immediately in its range.

A minute later I witnessed another deed which made my blood run cold. Just about the outer end of the ditch by which I had entered stood a negro soldier—a non-commissioned officer (I noticed distinctly his chevrons)—begging for his life of two Confederate soldiers, who stood by him, one of them striking the poor wretch with a steel ramrod, the other holding a gun in his hand with which he seemed to be trying to get a shot at the negro. The man with the gun fired it at the negro, but did not seem to seriously injure him, as he only clapped his hand to his hip, where he appeared to have been shot, and continued to beg for his life. The man with the ramrod con-

tinued to strike the negro therewith, whilst the fellow with the gun deliberately reloaded it, and placing its muzzle close against the stomach of the poor negro, fired, at which the latter fell limp and lifeless at the feet of the two Confederates. It was a brutal, horrible act, and those of us who witnessed it from our position in the trench a few feet away could but exclaim: "That is too bad! It is shocking!" Yet this, I have no doubt, from what I saw and afterwards heard, was but a sample of many other bloody tragedies during the first ten minutes after our men got into the trench, many of whom seemed infuriated at the idea of having to fight negroes. Within these ten minutes the whole floor of the trench was strewn with the dead bodies of negroes, in some places in such numbers that it was difficult to make one's way along the trench without stepping upon them.

But the works are not yet ours. To the north of the Crater and in the ditches immediately behind and west of it the Confederates were in possession; but the Crater itself is held by a large number of the enemy—several hundred of them—not yet ready to surrender. There were also some fifty yards of our works south of Crater in the enemy's possession. To drive out these, about ten o'clock—a little more than an hour after the charge made by the Virginia brigade—Wright's brigade of Georgian's were ordered forward from the same ravine from which the Virginia charged; but such was the severity of the fire the men of this gallant brigade were forced to oblique to the left and take shelter among the works now in the hands of the Virginians, thus failing in their attempt. When this charge was about to be made, the Virginians in the trench were notified and directed to fire upon the enemy in their front as rapidly as possible, in the language of the order, "to keep their heads down"; an order which was obeyed with a will, as nearly every man standing in the trench was supplied with several guns—his own, and one or more of the hundreds of captured guns which lay all along the trench. Not only when the charge was made, but all of the time after our men got in the trench did they fire from our breastworks at the enemy whenever they showed themselves along the crest or rim of the Crater, as they constantly did, or whenever they attempted to run the gauntlet from the Crater, across the field to their own works, a movement which was attempted by many and by some successfully.

About the crest of the Crater next to the Federal lines might be seen sometimes a man from the outside climbing over to get within the Crater, and sometimes a man from the inside climbing over to get

outside. I remember seeing a gallant Federal officer mount the edge of the Crater at this point, and, with conspicuous bravery, wave his glittering sword overhead, as if calling on his men to follow him—a sight which commanded my admiration, as it must have done that of all who witnessed it.

An incident occurred about this time, or a little later in the morning, that I have often recalled. Happening in my immediate presence, it very deeply impressed me. In my company two men, Orderly Sergeant W. W. Tayleure and Private Buck Johnson, of the Petersburg Riflemen, came very near having a personal difficulty. Tayleure had been standing on the step, which was about nine inches above the floor of the trench, and upon which all men of ordinary height had to stand in order to be able to shoot from the parapet, and had been firing at the enemy from this position. Just at this time Buck Johnson, who had doubtless been engaged in the same way elsewhere, and who was never known to flinch, bearing a splendid reputation as a soldier, as, indeed, did Tayleure, happened to be standing on the floor of the trench. Tayleure asked him why he did not get up on the step and fire at the enemy. Johnson's high spirit promptly resented the imputation against his courage, implied in this question, and he used some very strong language to Tayleure. One word led to another, and the two men, both being of approved courage, were about to come to blows, when Joe Sacry, a member of the Richmond Grays, standing on the little step above mentioned, having just fired his gun, received a bullet in his head and fell lifeless at the feet of the two men. The quarrel instantly ceased. Poor Sacry's bleeding corps substituted profound seriousness in the place of angry words, and I believe the needless quarrel was never renewed. Both Johnson and Tayleure served to maintain on several subsequent fields of battle the good name that each had already well won in their three years of active service.

Wright's brigade of Georgians about eleven o'clock is called upon to make another attempt to carry the works about the Crater and south of it, but, this like the first attempt, is unsuccessful. As on the occasion of the first charge, word is passed down the line to the men in the breastworks to fire rapidly to keep the enemy's heads down, and the order is in like manner obeyed.

What has been going on in the Crater? Those who were in it can best tell us, and I may, therefore, properly draw from the interesting address of Lieutenant Bowley above referred to. Here is what he says :

"With a dozen of my own company I went down the traverse to the crater. We were the last to reach it, and the rifles of the Union soldiers were flashing in our faces when we jumped down in there, and the Johnnies were not twenty yards behind us. A full line around crest of the crater were loading and firing as fast as they could, and the men were dropping thick and fast, most of them shot through the head. Every man that was shot rolled down the steep sides to the bottom, and in places they were piled up four and five deep. For a few minutes the fire was fearfully sharp. Then the enemy sought shelter. The cries of the wounded, pressed down under the dead, were piteous in the extreme. An enfilading fire was coming through the traverse down which we had retreated. General Bartlett ordered the colored troops to build a breastworks across it. They commenced the work by throwing up lumps of clay, but it was slow work; some one called out, 'Put in the dead men,' and acting on this suggestion, a large number of dead, white and black, Union and rebel, were piled into the trench. This made a partial shelter, and enabled the working party to strengthen their breastworks. Cartridges were running low, and we searched the boxes of all the dead and wounded.

"The day was fearfully hot; the wounded were crying for water, and the canteens were empty. A few of our troops held a ditch a few feet in front of the crater and were keeping up a brisk fire. In the little calm that followed, we loaded a large number of muskets and placed them in readiness for instant use. Another movement was soon attempted by the enemy, but our fire was so sharp that they hastily sought cover. The artillery on Cemetery Hill and Wright's Battery kept up a constant fire of grape and kept the dirt flying about us. A mortar battery also opened on us; after a few shots, they got our range so well that the shells fell directly among us. Many of them did not explode at all, but a few burst directly over us and cut the men down most cruelly. Many of the troops now attempted to make our lines; but, to leave, they had to run up a slope in full view of the enemy, that now surrounded us on three sides; nearly every man who attempted it fell back riddled with bullets. At 11 o'clock a determined charge was made by the enemy; we repulsed it, but when the fire slackened the ammunition was fearfully low. About this time two men, each carrying all the cartridges he could manage in a piece of shelter tent, reached us.

"The white troops," continues Lieutenant Bowley, "were now exhausted and discouraged. Leaving the line, they sat down, facing

inwards, and neither threats nor entreaties could get them up into line again. In vain was the cry raised that all would be killed if captured with negro soldiers; they would not stand up. From this time on the fire was kept up, mainly by the colored troops and officers handling muskets. A few Indians, of the First Michigan Sharpshooters, did splendid work. Some of them were mortally wounded, and drawing their blouses over their faces, they chanted a death-song and died—four of them in a group. An attempt had been made to dig a trench through the side of the crater towards the Union line, but the rebels got the range of that hole and plugged the bullets into it so thick and fast that no one would work in it. Of the men of my company who had rallied with me, all but one, a sergeant, lay dead or dying. The troops seemed utterly apathetic and indifferent. The killing of a comrade by their very sides would not rouse them in the least. Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon our men in the ditch, outside the crater, had expended all their ammunition, and were quickly captured. Then the rebels planted their battle flags on the edge of the crater, front and both flanks, not six feet from our men. They quickly pulled them back, but we knew that they were there, just on the other side of the clay bank. Muskets, with bayonets, were pitched back and forth, harpoon style. In this last movement the Confederates exposed themselves most fearlessly, and had all our men stood up at that time, the rebel loss would have been much more severe. I have good reason to believe that my own revolver did some effective work at this point."

Here ends Lieutenant Bowley's account of what was transpiring in the Crater, and I will resume the narrative from our standpoint.

It is now about one o'clock. We receive another order to keep the enemy's heads down. A charge is about to be made, this time by the Alabama brigade, General Saunders, who form in the ravine from which the Virginians had charged, but farther south and accordingly more nearly opposite the Crater. The charge is successful—those who witnessed it say it was splendidly executed. The works are surrendered, and the prisoners pour out, making their way back, however, under a severe fire from their own batteries, some of them falling on the way.

What was here transpiring those of us in the breastworks to the north of the Crater could not see, but we immediately knew the result of the charge.

From this time, during the balance of the day, every thing is comparatively quiet. When night came on we are made to fall in line and move up the trench towards our right. In the trench that led around and to the rear of the Crater, dead men lie so thick that to walk along without stepping upon their bodies or limbs was very difficult.

Our movement to the right is ended when we have been so shifted as to bring the Riflemen immediately in the rear of the Crater. Here we are halted, and a detail of two or more men from each company is called for. Of this detail it falls to my lot to be one. What is to be done? The dead are to be buried! And this detail is to do the work! My horror can be better imagined than described. Before work commenced, somebody—who I do not know, but some one whose authority and orders in the premises, legal or illegal, I was prompt to recognize and obey—came along and put me in charge of a burying squad. I congratulated myself that I had no nearer connection with this disagreeable work. In a big grave, not a hundred feet in rear of the Crater, a large number of the bodies were placed. The work was done by a squad of negro prisoners. In the gray light of morning I went into the Crater, and there I saw the burying parties in this place still at work.

This gloomy night's work had at least one humorous incident. Our worthy commander, Comrade Hugh R. Smith, then adjutant of the Twelfth, I am glad to know, lives to-day to vouch for the correctness of what I am about to narrate:

Comrade Smith had selected for his night's rest a grassy spot near the men in the trench, all of whom, except those on guard or special duty, were fast asleep, and like them was wrapt in the arms of Morpheus. He had the advantage of his sleeping comrades, in that he had a soft and cool bed of grass upon which to rest; but he was in close vicinity to the pile of dead men then being buried. Things, however, were fairly evened up, when, some time during the small hours of the night, one of the negro prisoners, looking out for a corpse to bury, seized our gallant adjutant by the ankle and was hurrying him to the grave, when the adjutant, not then ready to be buried, awoke, to the great consternation of the poor prisoner, who thought he was handling a genuine corpse.

It is Sunday morning, and breakfast time. Are we to eat in this horrible place, the air filled with offensive odors from the presence of hundred of bodies still unburied, many of them within a radius of a

few feet from us? Yes, or starve. My messmate and myself, I well remember, made our breakfast on hard-tack and fried pickle-pork. My impression is we had no coffee. I have a distinct recollection that the meal was not enjoyed.

It is in order just here to reproduce, for what they are worth as a contemporary record, the following entries in my diary, the first made during the afternoon of this day, the others on the days of their respective dates :

"*Sunday, July 31, '64.*—Yesterday witnessed a bloody drama around Petersburg, perhaps as bloody as any affair of the war, Fort Pillow not excepted. At this point, about half a mile southeast of the Old Blandford Church, the enemy exploded a mine under a fort in our works, blowing up four pieces of Pegram's battery with two lieutenants (Lieutenants Hamlin and Chandler) and twenty-two men, together with five companies of the 18th S. C. regiment, Elliott's brigade, whereupon they immediately rushed upon and captured that portion of our works and about two hundred yards of the works to the left of the exploded portion. This occurred soon after sunrise, soon after which our brigade and Wright's, which occupied the extreme right of our line, were put in motion for this point, approaching it cautiously by the military roads recently constructed. We were not long in learning that our brigade would be assigned the task of capturing the works, supported by Wright. Arriving opposite the works, fortunately just at the moment we were about to charge, the enemy were also about to charge, when, seizing our advantage and rising with a yell we rushed forward and got into the works about one hundred yards distant, receiving but little fire from the enemy, who turned out to be negroes! The scene now baffles description. But little quarter was shown them. My heart sickened at deeds I saw done. Our brigade not driving the enemy from the inner portion of the exploded mine, Saunders and Wright's brigades finished the work. I have never seen such slaughter on any battlefield. Our regiment lost 27, killed and wounded, the majority of whom were killed, and among them Emmet Butts, of our company. Put Stith, of our company, was wounded. Colonel Weisiger, commanding the brigade, was wounded. From what I have seen, the enemy's loss could not have been less than from 500 to 700 killed, to say nothing of those wounded, and between five hundred and one thousand prisoners. Ours probably did not exceed 400 killed, wounded

and missing. Negotiations under a flag of truce are now pending. Probably Grant wants to bury the dead between the lines. Permission was granted to water his wounded. I observed several citizens from the enemy's line take part in this act of humanity. They were probably members of the sanitary committee. I saw also a *woman* standing in the Yankee breastworks. We indulge a hope that our brigade will be relieved to-night and return to its quiet position on the right."

"*Tuesday, August 2, 1864.*—Back at Willcox's farm. Our brigade and Saunders' relieved last night. Truce for four hours yesterday morning for burying the dead between the lines. *Express* of this morning, states that 12 of our men were found between the lines and about 700 of the enemy. There could not have been as many as 700. We made the negro prisoners carry their dead comrades to the Yankee line, where the Yankees made their negroes bury them. Loss in our regiment 18 killed and 24 wounded. The Sixth regiment lost 70 killed and wounded out of 80 carried in the fight. The remainder of the regiment was on picket. Company C of sharpshooters, a detachment from the Twelfth, lost, out of fifteen, 5 killed and 8 wounded. The enemy admit a loss of over 4,000. Colonel Thomas, commanding one of the negro brigades, told Captain Jones (of our regiment), yesterday during the truce, that he carried in 2,200 men and brought out only 800.

"It is said that we captured 20 flags from the enemy, and that the prisoners captured represented two corps—9th (Burnside's) and 2nd (Hancock's).

"*Thursday, August 4.*—Yankee accounts of the affair put their loss in killed wounded and prisoners at 5,000. They say the plan was to spring a mine at 3 o'clock Saturday morning; but that the fuse failed to ignite the powder twice; that they had six tons of powder in the mine. The 9th and 18th corps made the charge, and the 5th was in reserve. Our losses foot up 1,200, of which 300 are no doubt prisoners—the enemy claiming to have taken that number."

"*Saturday, August 6.*—The loss of our brigade in the fight of Saturday was 270 killed wounded and missing, of whom 88 were killed on the field—just one-half of the whole number (176) that had been killed from the battle of the Wilderness to the present time."

"*Monday, August 8, 1864.*—General Mahone, in a congratulatory order to Mahone's, Saunders' and Wright's brigades for their conduct in the affair of Saturday, July 30, says that, with an effective force of

less than 3,000 men and with a casualty list of 598, they killed 700 of the enemy's people, wounded, by his own account, over 3,000, and captured 1,101 prisoners, embracing 87 officers, 17 stands of colors, 2 guerdons and 1,916 stand of small arms—deeds which entitle their banners to the inscription, 'The Crater, Petersburg, July 30, 1864.' He says the enemy had massed against us three of his corps and two divisions of another."

The foregoing brief entries are all that I find in my diary relating to the battle.

From information subsequently obtained I am able to correct some of the statements therein made:

In Comrade W. Gordon McCabe's admirable address, entitled "The Defence of Petersburg," the accuracy and fullness of the information contained in which are only equalled by the clear and beautiful language in which it is conveyed, the statement is made that the loss of life caused by the explosion of the mine was 256 officers and men of the Eighteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina regiments and two officers and twenty men of Pegram's Petersburg battery. This battery was commanded by Captain Richard G. Pegram, who was absent on duty, and thus escaped what befell his two lieutenants, Hamlin and Chandler.

In a letter published in September, 1878, Dr. Hugh Toland, surgeon of the Eighteenth South Carolina, locates this regiment as on the left, or north, of Pegram's battery, and the Twenty-second South Carolina as on the right, or south, of this battery at the time of the explosion.

"My brigade," says Dr. Toland, "had suffered severely—the Twenty-second South Carolina had lost its gallant Colonel Fleming, and many a brave soldier. My regiment had lost 163 men. Two whole companies, A and C, Eighteenth South Carolina, had not a man left, who was on duty, to tell the tale. One hundred and one of my men, including Capts. McCormich and Bridges were dead—buried in the Crater or scattered along the works—and 62 missing."

Giving the Federal loss in this engagement, Captain McCabe in his address says:

"In this grand assault on Lee's lines, for which Meade had massed 65,000 troops, the enemy suffered a loss of 5,000 men, including

1,101 prisoners, among whom were two brigade commanders, whilst vast quantities of small arms and twenty-one standards fell into the hands of the victors."

The quantity of powder used in exploding the mine was not six tons, but 8,000 pounds. "The charge," says Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, the originator of the mine, in his report of the explosion, "consisted of three hundred and twenty kegs of powder, each containing about twenty-five pounds. It was placed in eight magazines, connected with each other by troughs half filled with powder. These troughs from the lateral galleries met at the inner end of the main one, and from this point I had three lines of fuses for a distance of 98 feet. Not having fuses as long as required, two pieces had to be spliced together to make the required length of each of the lines."

In the concluding paragraph of this report Colonel Pleasants says:

"I stood on top of our breastworks and witnessed the effect of the explosion on the enemy. It so completely paralyzed them that the breach was practically four or five hundred yards in breadth. The rebels in the forts, both on the right and left of the explosion, left their works, and for over an hour not a shot was fired by their artillery. There was no fire from infantry from the front for at least half an hour; none from the left for twenty minutes, and but few shots from the right."

Major W. H. Powell, acting aide-de-camp of General Ledlie, the commander of the first division of the Ninth corps, at the time of the explosion, in his article entitled "The Tragedy of the Crater," published in the September (1887) number of the *Century*, says:

"I returned immediately, and just as I arrived in rear of the first division the mine was sprung. It was a magnificent spectacle, and as the mass of earth went up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriages and timbers, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude, so close were the Union lines that the mass appeared as if it would descend immediately upon the troops waiting to make the charge. This caused them to break and scatter to the rear, and about ten minutes were consumed in reforming for the attack. Not much was lost by this delay, however, as it took nearly that time for the cloud of dust to pass off. * * *

"Little did those men anticipate what they would see upon arriving

there: an enormous hole in the ground about 30 feet deep, 60 feet wide and 170 feet long, filled with dust, great blocks of clay, guns, broken carriages, projecting timbers, and men buried in various ways—some up to their necks, others to their waists, and some with only their feet and legs protruding from the earth. * * *

"The whole scene of the explosion," continues Major Powell, "struck every one dumb with astonishment as we arrived at the crest of the debris. It was impossible for the troops of the Second Brigade to move forward in line, as they had advanced; and owing to the broken state they were in, every man crowding up to look into the hole, and being pressed by the First brigade, which was immediately in rear, it was equally impossible to move by the flank, by any command, around the crater. Before the brigade commanders could realize the situation, the brigades became inextricably mixed in the desire to look into the hole. * * * * *"

From the next paragraph of Major Powell's article it appears that Colonel Pleasants was in error as to the extent of the demoralization of the Confederates incident upon the explosion, as the South Carolinians in the trenches near the Crater were quick to recover their equanimity and to make ^{of} the incoming Federals feel their presence. In this paragraph this Federal officer says:

"However, Colonel Marshall yelled to the Second brigade to move forward, and the men did so, jumping, sliding and tumbling into the hole, over the debris of material, and dead and dying men, and huge blocks of solid clay. They were followed by General Bartlett's brigade. Up on the other side of the Crater they climbed, and while a detachment stopped to place two of the dismounted guns of the battery in position on the enemy's side of the crest of the Crater, a portion of the leading brigade passed over the crest and attempted to reform. It was at this period that they found they were being killed by musket-shots from the rear, fired by the Confederates, who were still occupying the traverses and intrenchments to the right and left of the Crater. These men had been awakened by the noise and shock of the explosion, and during the interval before the attack had recovered their equanimity, and when the Union troops attempted to reform on the enemy's side of the Crater, they had faced about and delivered a fire into the backs of our men. This coming so unexpectedly caused the forming line to fall back into the Crater."

Mr. George L. Kilmer, of the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery, in his article entitled "The Dash into the Crater," published in the same number (September number, 1887) of the *Century*, makes some striking statements. He says:

"Some few declared that they would never follow 'niggers' or be caught in their company, and started back to our own lines, but were promptly driven forward. Then the colored troops broke and scattered, and pandemonium began. The bravest lost heart, and men who distrusted the negroes vented their feelings freely. Some colored men came into the Crater, and there they found a worse fate than death on the charge. It was believed among the whites that the enemy would give no quarter to negroes, or to whites taken with them, and so to be shut up with blacks in the Crater was equal to a doom of death. * * * It has been positively asserted that white men bayoneted blacks who fell back into the crater. This was in order to preserve the whites from Confederate vengeance. Men boasted in my presence that blacks had been thus disposed of, particularly when the Confederates came up."

It will be asked what was the number of Federal soldiers who were actually in possession of our works at the time of the charge made by Mahone's brigade.

As the expression, "an effective force of not less than 3,000 men," used in General Mahone's congratulatory order to the three brigades, Mahone's, Wright's, and Saunders', embraced not only the force of about 800 men of Mahone's brigade who made the charge a little before nine o'clock in the morning, but also the forces engaged in the several unsuccessful charges made by Wright's brigade and the final successful charge made about one o'clock in the afternoon by Saunders' brigade, and probably the co-operating artillery and other infantry, so the statement made by General Mahone in this order that "the enemy had massed against us three of his corps and two divisions of another," and Captain McCabe's statement that "Meade had massed" for the assault "65,000 troops," must be understood as embracing not only those who were actually in possession of our works but those immediately in, or massed a short distance behind, the Federal works near by, who were taking part or ready to take part in the affair.

But we are not without *data* by which to ascertain the probable number of men that occupied the Confederate works when the Vir-

ginia brigade numbering about eight hundred men dashed forward, in the manner that has been described, to engage in what every man knew would be a death-struggle for their possession. General Mahone's congratulatory order places the flags captured at seventeen; Captain McCabe gives twenty-one as the number of standards captured. We will take General Mahone's figures and estimate each of the seventeen regiments represented by the seventeen flags as containing two hundred and fifty men—a fair average for a veteran regiment in the Federal army at that time. This done, and we have a force of 4,250 men.

But this average is manifestly too small, when we consider the statement of Colonel Henry G. Thomas, who commanded the Second brigade of the Fourth division (Ferrero's) of the Ninth corps, made in his article in the September number, 1887, of the *Century*, entitled "The Colored Troops at Petersburg," in which he says :

"There was but one division of colored troops in the Army of the Potomac—the Fourth division of the Ninth corps—organized as follows : * * * * *

"This made a division of only nine regiments, divided into two brigades, yet it was numerically a large division. The regiments were entirely full, and a colored deserter was a thing unknown. On the day of the action the division numbered 4,300, of which 2,000 belonged to Seigfried's brigade and 2,300 to mine."

To assume that the number of flags captured represented the total number of regiments at the place of capture leads to a very erroneous result. So far from there being only seventeen regiments in our works, there were probably more than double this number.

There went into our works three white divisions, the First (Ledlie's), the Second (Potter's), and the Third (Wilcox's), of the Ninth (Burnside) corps, about four regiments excepted, and after these the colored division of General Ferrero. This appears from the following paragraph in the testimony of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Loring, of General Burnside's staff, before the Committee on the Conduct of the War :

"General Ledlie's division was to go in first; the whole of that division went into the Crater, or lines immediately adjoining. General Potter's division was to go in next, but to go in on the right of

the other. I did not see them and I do not know how many of them went into the Crater. I simply saw the head of the column going in. I understood that they all went into the enemy's lines; but I cannot say positively about that. General Wilcox's division also went in at the same place where General Ledlie's division went in. I think four of his regiments—I am not sure of the number—failed to get in. In starting from our line they bore off too much to the left and came back to our own line, and did not go in. I think that with that exception the whole of General Wilcox's division went into the enemy's lines. The regiments of his division went in at different times, not as a division, but disjointedly. And at half-past seven, about two hours and a half after the mine exploded, the whole of the colored division went in at the same point."

If the three white divisions numbered each nine regiments (the number of the regiments in the colored division), they aggregated twenty-seven regiments. Deduct the four regiments of Wilcox's division, referred to by Colonel Loring, allow two hundred and fifty men to each of the twenty-four remaining regiments, and we have 6,000 men. To these add the 4,300 colored troops, and there was an aggregate of 10,300 men! And this without counting a brigade of General Turner's division of the Eighteenth corps, which, according to his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, took possession of about one hundred yards of our works to the north of the Crater.

General Ord, in his testimony before the committee, by implication, puts the number of men who went into the Confederate works at 10,000 or 12,000, when he says:

"The ground to the left and front of the mine was marshy and covered by bushes and trees. No preparations had been made for our troops to pass out to our right or left. They could only get out by a single long trench or covered way; so that in the slow process of getting 10,000 or 12,000 men up through this narrow space and through a single opening the enemy had an opportunity to make preparations to meet them. All this produced delay."

With facts and figures like these to sustain the assertion, we are warranted in stating that the force against which our little band of about eight hundred Virginians was hurled, outnumbered their assailants more than ten to one!

But whilst the highest credit belongs to the Virginia brigade for its achievements on this occasion, it must be remembered that bad management in the disposition of the Federal forces greatly assisted in producing the result. No troops, crowded as were the Federals in the Crater and in the trenches on either side, the latter having a perfect net work of traverses and bomb-proofs, which greatly impeded the Federals in resisting an assault from the west, or Confederate side of our works, could well have met a determined assault made from this direction. "These pits," says Colonel Thomas in his *Century* article, referring to the trenches at this place, "were different from any in our lines—a labyrinth of bomb-proofs and magazines, with passages between."

How far towards Cemetery Ridge, that is to say, west of the Confederate works, did the Federal forces advance at any time during their four hours' occupation of these works, is a question which naturally arises, and was asked several of the witnesses in the official investigation made by the Federal government. Extracts from some of the testimony before the court of inquiry, held at the headquarters of General Hancock on the 1st of September, 1864, will give us some light upon this point:

Brigadier-General S. G. Griffin, who commanded a brigade of Potter's division, on the stand:

"Ques.—Did your command go beyond the Crater?"

"Ans.—It did.

"Ques.—About how far?"

"Ans.—I should judge about two hundred yards. It might be more, or it might be less. It could not have been much less, however; that is as near as I can judge."

Colonel H. G. Thomas, commanding the Second brigade of Ferrero's (colored) division, on the stand:

"Ques.—Did you get beyond the line of the Crater with your troops?"

"Ans.—I did, sir.

"Ques.—How far?"

"Ans.—I should say about between three and four hundred yards to the right of the Crater and in front of it. I was ordered to support the first brigade when it made its charge."

Colonel Thomas' last answer giving no definite information as to the position of his troops in advance of the Confederate works, and the court manifestly having a doubt as to his troops having gone to the west of these works at all, he is asked the pointed question: "Did you get beyond the enemy's line?" He replies: "I did, sir; I led a charge which was not successful. The moment I reached the first brigade I started out the Thirty-first colored regiment, which was in front, but it lost its three ranking officers in getting in position, and did not go out well." The witness's answer, whilst responsive to the question, like his answer to the preceding question, gives no light as to the point west of the Confederate works reached by his command.

The next witness, however, testifies very clearly, and probably gives the most accurate information as to the position reached by the troops that moved forward west of the Confederate works. The witness is Lieutenant-Colonel Charles S. Russell, commanding the Twenty-eighth U. S. colored troops, of Colonel Thomas' brigade. Being asked the question "How far in advance did you get towards Cemetery Hill?" he replies: "Not exceeding fifty yards. We were driven back."

"By what?" is the next question asked this witness. He replies: "I should judge by about two or four hundred men (infantry), which rose from a little ravine and charged us. Being all mixed up and in confusion, and new troops, we had to come back."

The witness is in error as to the number of the Confederates who "rose up from the little ravine," as they were the men of the Virginia brigade, whose number was approximated by General Griffin, when he said: "Five or six hundred men were all we could see. I did not see either the right or the left of the line. I saw the centre of the line as it appeared to me. It was a good line of battle."

Of the condition of things in the Crater and in trenches when the three white divisions had entered the Confederate works and the colored division was about to go in, about 7 o'clock in the morning, General Turner, who commanded a division of the Eighteenth (Ord's) corps, gives a graphic description in his testimony before the committee. He says:

"When the head of my column reached the point at which our assaulting column had passed through our lines, it was, as near as I recollect, about 7 o'clock. I jumped up on a parapet to observe what was going on. Immediately in front of me lay the Crater, about

seventy-five yards distant. The men were in it and around it in great confusion; they were lying down, seeking shelter from the fire of the enemy, which at that time had become exceedingly warm. The enemy had succeeded in getting a cross fire of artillery and and musketry over the ground lying between our line and the Crater.

* * * My idea was that the 9th corps would penetrate the enemy's line and double them up to the right and to the left, and then I was to pass out and cover the right flank of the assaulting column; but the enemy still held possession of their lines up to within one hundred yards of the Crater when I arrived, which surprised me. It left me no alternative of going out anywhere but directly opposite the Crater, where the 9th corps went out. I could see no movement taking place beyond the Crater towards Cemetery Hill * * * The troops lay very thick in and around the Crater, evidently more than could find cover from the enemy's fire.

* * * The Crater was full of men; they were lying all around, and every point that would give cover to a man was occupied. There was no movement towards Cemetery Hill; the troops were all in confusion and lying down. I asked one or two officers there if an attempt had been made to move to Cemetery Hill. They said the attempt had been made, but it had failed. I then said, 'You ought to entrench your position here, and you have too many troops here already to intrench. There are so many troops here that they are in each other's way; they are only exposed to this terrific fire of the enemy,' which was then growing warmer and warmer, and was a very severe fire. While I was talking to an officer—we had sought shelter in the Crater—the head of the colored division appeared at the crest of the Crater, and the division commenced piling over into the Crater and passing across it on the other side as well as they could. I exclaimed, 'What are these men sent in here for? It is only adding confusion to the confusion which already exists.' The men literally came falling over into this Crater on their hands and knees; they were so thick in there that a man could not walk. Seeing that I was going to be covered up, and be entirely useless, I thought I would go out. As I had no control over these troops, and supposing there were officers in command, I said, 'If you can get these troops beyond this line so that I can get out, I will move my division right out and cover your right flank'; and I went back for the purpose of doing so. I met General Ord on our line at the head of my division. I said, 'General, unless a movement is made out of the Crater towards Cemetery Hill, it is murder to send

more men in there. That colored division should never have been sent in there; but there is a furor there, and perhaps they may move off sufficiently for me to pass my division out.'"

General Ord, in his testimony, using vigorous language, says:

"The men had to go through a long, narrow trench, about one-third of a mile in length, before they got into our extreme out-work, and then they went into this Crater, and were piled into that hole, where they were perfectly useless. They were of about as much use there as so many men at the bottom of a well."

The stampede which took place when Mahone's brigade made its charge is thus described by General Turner in his testimony:

"I had got, probably, half way between our line and the enemy's lines—which were perhaps only a hundred yards apart at that point, and it was a very broken country, thick underbrush and morass—when, looking to the left, I saw the troops in vast numbers coming rushing back, and immediately my whole first brigade came back, and then my second brigade on my right, and everything was swept back in and around the Crater, and probably all but about one-third of the original number stampeded back right into our lines. After some exertion I rallied my men of the First and Second brigades after they got into our lines, while my Third brigade held the line."

General Carr, who commanded a division of the Eighteenth corps, in his testimony thus describes the stampede:

"I saw a vacancy—a gap that I thought about four regiments would fill, and assist that line of battle that was going over our breastworks to take those rifle pits. I immediately took command of part of Turner's division, and ordered them over the line to join the line of troops then advancing, and told them to charge the rifle-pits in their front, which they did. That was about two hundred yards on the right of the Crater. After putting those troops in, I stepped back from the entrenchment some ten or fifteen yards towards the covered way, and I had scarcely got back to the lower end of the covered way when the stampede began, and I suppose two thousand troops came back, and I was lifted from my feet by the rushing mass, and carried along with it ten or fifteen yards in the covered way. What staff I had with me assisted me in stopping the

crowd in the covered way, and in putting some of them in position in the second line; some were in the first. I left General Potter in the covered way."

I would like to give more extracts from the sworn and other statements of our adversaries as to what was done and omitted to be done on this memorable day, which marked an event altogether exceptional in the history of the war; but I fear that I have already drawn from these sources of information to the point of prolixity.

Although all matters of controversy would in this address gladly have been avoided, I cannot pass unnoticed a remarkable paragraph in Colonel Alfred Roman's work, "The Military Operations of General Beauregard."

At page 267, after mentioning General Meade's order to General Burnside to withdraw his troops, given at 9:45 A. M., and the orders given to General Hancock, at 9:25 and to General Warren at 9:45, "to suspend all offensive operations," Colonel Roman, basing his statement upon statements made by General Bushrod Johnson and Colonel F. W. McMaster,* says:

"Such was the situation—the Federals unable to advance and fearing to retreat—when, at 10 o'clock, General Mahone arrived with a part of his men, who lay down in the shallow ravine, to the rear of Elliott's salient, held by the force under Colonel Smith, there to await the remainder of the division. But a movement having occurred among the Federals which seemed to menace an advance, General Mahone threw forward his brigade, with the Sixty-first North Carolina, of Hoke's division, which had now also come up. The Twenty-fifth and Forty-ninth North Carolina, and the Twenty-sixth and part of the Seventeenth South Carolina, all under Smith, which were formed on Mahone's left, likewise formed in the counter-movement, and three-fourths of the gorge-line were carried with part of the trench on the left of the Crater occupied by the Federals. Many of the latter, white and black, abandoned the breach and fled to their lines, under a scourging flank fire from Wise's brigade."

*Colonel McMaster, of the Seventeenth South Carolina regiment, took command of General Elliott's brigade when General Elliott received his death wound early in the morning, soon after the Federals took possession of our works.

The statement here made that the charge was made by Mahone's brigade, with the Sixty-first, Twenty-fifth and Forty-ninth North Carolina and the Twenty-sixth and part of the Seventeenth South Carolina regiments, is as clearly incorrect as is the statement that Mahone arrived about ten o'clock, after General Meade issued his orders above referred to.

Against this statement as to *time* we may safely place that of Colonel Venable, of General Lee's staff, made in 1872, in which he says: "I know that it is difficult to be accurate as to time on the battle-field, unless noted and written down at the moment. But I am confident this charge of the Virginians was made before 9 o'clock A. M. I know, from my recollection of the notes received and answered by General Lee, that after the charge, the formation of the Georgia brigade, under Colonel Hall, was completed, and after some delay was moved around under the slope, more to the right, and made a charge at 10 o'clock to recover that portion of the line on the right of the Crater."

But we are not without a contemporaneous record to prove beyond all controversy that the charge of Mahone's brigade was made prior to 9 o'clock A. M., and therefore to the several orders issued by General Meade to suspend operations and withdraw the troops.

General Meade, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, says:

"At 9 A. M. I received the following dispatch from General Burnside:

[*By telegraph from Headquarters Ninth Army Corps.*]

"'9 A. M., July 30, 1864.

"'GEN. MEADE:

"'Many of the Ninth (9th) and Eighteenth (18th) corps are retreating before the enemy. I think now is the time to put in the Fifth (5th) corps promptly.

"'A. E. BURNSIDE,
" 'Major-General.

" '[Official.]

" 'S. F. BARSTOW,
" 'Assistant Adjutant-General.'

"That was the first information I had received that there was any collision with the enemy, or that there was any enemy present. At 9:30 A. M. the following dispatch was sent to General Burnside:

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
“July 30, 1864—9:30 A. M.

“Major-General BURNSIDE, *Commanding Ninth Corps:*

“The major-general commanding has heard that the result of your attack has been a repulse, and directs that if, in your judgment, nothing further can be effected, that you withdraw to your own line, taking every precaution to get the men back safely.

“A. A. HUMPHREYS,
“Major-General and Chief of Staff.

“General Ord will do the same.

“A. A. HUMPHREYS,
“Major-General and Chief of Staff.

“Official: “S. F. BARSTOW,
“Assistant Adjutant-General.”

“Then I received the following dispatch from Captain Sanders:

[*By telegraph from Headquarters Ninth Army Corps.*]

“9 A. M., July 30, 1864.

“To Major-General MEADE:

“The attack made on right of mine has been repulsed. A great many men are coming in the rear.

“W. W. SANDERS,
“Captain and C. M.

“Official: “S. F. BARSTOW,
“Assistant Adjutant-General.””

The Committee on the Conduct of the War, in their report, made after all of the testimony bearing on the subject, oral and documentary, had been heard and considered, fully appreciating the importance of stating correctly the order of sequence and accordingly the exact time of the occurrence of the several military movements which were the subject of the committee's investigation, say:

"The Fourth (colored) division was also ordered to advance, and did so under a heavy fire. They succeeded in passing the white troops, already in, but in a disorganized condition. They reformed to some extent and attempted to charge the hill in front, but without success, and broke in disorder to the rear. This was about 8:45 A. M., about four hours after the explosion of the mine. * * *

"At 9:45 A. M. General Burnside received a peremptory order from General Meade to withdraw his troops. * * *

* * * * *

"The troops were withdrawn between 1 and 2 o'clock in considerable confusion, caused by an assault of the enemy, and returned to the lines they had occupied in the morning."

The error of Colonel Roman in placing the orders of General Meade to his corps commanders to suspend operations and withdraw their troops *anterior* to the charge made by the Virginia brigade, shows exceptional want of care in the preparation of matter published to the world as history. Especially is this true, as Colonel Roman was a staff-officer of General Beauregard, and ought to have been better informed as to the subject whereof he wrote.

As to the statement that other troops besides the Virginia brigade made the charge, and that these troops were four regiments and part of a fifth, it may be safely affirmed that this is not according to the recollection of any of the men of Mahone's brigade who participated in the charge.*

* Captain W. Gordon McCabe, who was the adjutant of Colonel William J. Pegram's battalion of artillery, was an eye-witness of the charge. In an account of what he saw, sent me to-day, he says :

"At a little before 7 A. M. Colonel Pegram reported with two batteries (Brander's and 'the Purcell') at Bushrod Johnson's headquarters, which were *east* of the road and immediately *north* of the present first entrance to Blandford Cemetery.

"General Johnson knew nothing of the extent of the disaster. He had not even been to the front. General Lee came up while I was there, Colonel Pegram having gone to the front to see where to put his guns.

"Colonel Pegram returned in a few minutes, and as, on account of the severe fire sweeping the plank-road, we could not move the guns up that road, we went back toward town until we struck the ravine. We pulled our guns along the ravine until we came to the reservoir. We went up the ravine along the course of Lieutenant Run to a point near the bridge on New Road, which road being commanded by the enemy's guns, we had to ascend the hill to the north of this road. The hill is very steep there, or was. We left our caissons in the ravine at the foot of the reservoir, 'doubled

There may possibly have been, and I have no doubt but that there were, a few individual members of these Carolina regiments who charged along with Mahone's brigade, but if any organized body, or bodies of troops, made the charge along with the Virginians, this important fact has hitherto wholly escaped the attention of the men of this brigade.

That there was gross mismanagement on the part of the Federals, in not so arranging and handling their troops as to place them in possession of Cemetery Ridge within a few minutes after the explosion of the mine, none can dispute.

That the gallant South Carolinians of Elliott's brigade up to the date of the fall of their brave leader, General Stephen Elliott, and subsequently under the leadership of Colonel F. W. McMaster, did their full duty, as did other infantry, by their fire from the flanks, none will deny.

That the artillery occupying the forts to the right and left and stationed in rear of the Crater rendered most effective service is beyond question.

That the Alabama brigade made the final successful charge has never been disputed.

But that the charge of the Virginia brigade, commanded by General D. A. Weisiger and directed by General William Mahone, made a little before nine o'clock in the morning, did the substantial work that led to the recapture of the Crater and the adjacent earthworks, is a

teams' on the guns and pulled them square up this almost perpendicular hill. It was the steepest pull I ever saw during the war. We then moved forward and came into battery about fifty yards in the rear of the right of the Gee House, a commanding position on the west side of the plank-road about five hundred yards in rear of the Crater.

"Our orders were not to fire at all, unless the enemy attempted to reinforce the troops in the Crater, or the troops there attempted to advance to Cemetery Hill. We ran up piles of cannister in front of each gun, and then had to stand idle and take a heavy fire. Colonel Pegram and I went forward to the Gee house to see what was going on. We went up stairs and peeped through the bullet-holes (for the whole place was riddled with bullets and was being further riddled while we were there). From this position I saw Mahone's men lying down in the ravine. I saw no troops to their right or left. Suddenly they jumped up, and with a wild yell charged and carried the position occupied by the enemy north of the Crater. I never saw a thing done so quickly. Pegram and I yelled and clapped our hands and ran back and told our men. It was the first good news we had to tell that day. '*Tantum vidi*,' as the Roman says. We pulled out of our position at sunset."

fact that will always stand out boldly on the pages of history, and the fame of the brigade for its part in this brilliant action, increasing as time rolls on, will shine out in the imperishable records of the late war long after its actors shall have passed away.

Weisiger was an impetuous, dashing man, among the bravest of the brave; Mahone, cool, courageous and able, was by nature fitted for generalship as few men are, and none knew this better than the men of his command. Wherever he led or placed them, they always felt a moral certainty that they were being properly led or placed, either to inflict the most damage on the enemy or to have the enemy inflict the least damage on them. Accordingly, on the morning of the charge at the Crater, there was not a man in the brigade, knowing that General Mahone was present, personally superintending and directing the movement, that did not feel that we were to be properly and skilfully handled, and would be put in just when and where the most effective service could be rendered. This impression of these two commanders of the old brigade, whose names have passed into history along with that of the command, I have felt that justice requires that I should here record.

I feel, too, that I should not pass in silence the gallant southerner, Captain V. J. Girardey, who was serving on General Mahone's staff at the time of the action, and won by his conduct the commission of a brigadier-general, dating from the 30th of July, 1864, and whose splendid conduct on this and previous occasions had commanded the admiration of all of the men of our brigade.

Nor should I pass in silence the daring deeds of Privates Dean and Valentine, of the Twelfth. As the line was forming for the charge, each picked out and pointed to a stand of Federal colors and said he meant to have it. On the charge, before reaching the works, Valentine received a wound from which he never recovered, and Dean was killed. Both men were members of the Petersburg Old Grays.

I have now, comrades, finished my story of the Crater—not, however, without a painful sense that as a record of this historic battle it is very incomplete. Many brave and gallant deeds done by men on both sides have not been mentioned. To Captain McCabe's splendid narrative, already mentioned, to the *Century* articles and other documents from which I have so freely drawn, and to the many old soldiers who participated in the action, yet alive, I must refer for much that I have necessarily omitted, as for instance, for such deeds of valor as those of Captain Wallace Broadbent, on the Confederate

side, who fell pierced by eleven bayonet wounds, and of Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Bross, on the Federal side, who, attired in full uniform, fell riddled with bullets as he was conspicuously rallying his men for a forward move. What has been narrated to-night must be received only as a private soldier's individual impressions of the action, formed partly from personal knowledge and partly from information obtained from others and believed to be authentic. If the story told has interested or contributed to a clearer understanding of how the battle was fought and won, it will have served its purpose.

SKETCH OF THOMAS F. MARSHALL.

BY HENRY M. ROWLEY.

Kentucky has been prolific of men of genius—great lawyers, great orators, great statesmen. Its annals can boast of a Clay, a Breckenridge, a Guthrie, a Crittenden. But we doubt whether the brightest period of its golden age of oratory can show a name that shown with greater lustre than that of the subject of this sketch. He was an orator of transcendent power, a lawyer of profound learning and splendid ability, and a broad and philosophic statesman. It is seldom that we see a man, anywhere, who had won, as he had, the double fame, and worn the double wreath, of Murray and Chatham, of Dunning and Fox, of Erskine and Pitt, of William Pinkney and Rufus King, in one blended superiority.

Thomas Francis Marshall was born in the city of Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 7th day of June, 1801; the same year in which his illustrious uncle, John Marshall, was appointed by President Adams Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. His early education was conducted by his mother, Mrs. Agatha Marshall, an excellent and cultured lady, till his twelfth year, when he entered a grammar school and commenced the study of the ancient languages. When about fourteen, his father, Dr. Louis Marshall, procured an accomplished classical scholar as teacher in his family. By this gentleman he was instructed in the Latin, Greek and French languages, and from him he also gained some knowledge of rhetoric, English literature and history. It may be interesting to know that Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, Dr. Louis Green, once president of Danville College, Rev. John A. McClung, and many others since famous,

received instruction in the classics from the same teacher. Young Marshall diligently pursued his studies under the eye of his father, and was never sent to a college or university. At twenty he went to Virginia to enter into a thorough study of history as the basis of jurisprudence, under the guidance of his uncle, James Marshall, a recluse student of many accomplishments and vast and varied erudition. He studied there for two years with unwearied industry, and returned to his father's house where he pursued the course of reading marked out for him by his uncle till he lost his health and was utterly prostrated by disease superinduced, it was thought, by intense application to his books. When he had regained his health and strength, he eagerly commenced the study of law in the office of that great lawyer and matchless orator, the Hon. John J. Crittenden.

At twenty-seven years of age he was admitted to the bar, and immediately commenced the practice of his profession in the town of Versailles, in the county of Woodford. In 1829 he again visited Virginia, in order to attend the debates of the convention then sitting in the city of Richmond. Madison, Monroe, Chief Justice Marshall, Randolph, Leigh, Johnson, Tazwell, and a host of others of almost equal renown, all were there. For five months he listened to them with tireless attention, heard all the debates, noted the methods of conducting deliberative assemblies, and gathered many a lesson of statesmanship which served him in good stead when he came himself to play a part upon a similar arena. He often said afterwards that it was the best school he had ever attended.

In February, 1830, he went to Washington and witnessed "the battle of the giants," in the Senate chamber, on the celebrated Foote resolutions. He heard Hayne, and pronounced Webster's triumphant reply as equal to the world-noted "pleading for the Crown." From that time may be dated his ambition for political distinction. He studied diligently the questions of the day and entered upon their discussion before the people of his native county with the burning enthusiasm that always characterized his public utterances. Parties, at that time, in Woodford county were nearly equally divided. In 1832, after the veto of the United States Bank, Mr. Marshall sided with Henry Clay, appeared before the people as a candidate for the legislature, and was elected in a county polling twelve hundred votes, by a majority of nearly three hundred. Early in the spring of this year he made his home in Louisville, with the earnest purpose to confine himself exclusively to his profession, for he was, to use his own energetic expression, "steeped in poverty to the very lips."

But, like many others, the fascinations of public life proved too strong for him, and he again plunged into politics with his accustomed ardor. He was successful in his candidature, and twice represented the city of Louisville in the legislature of Kentucky. In 1837 he made the race for Congress against Mr. Graves, the regular nominee of the Whig party. The congressional district being a Whig stronghold, stood staunchly by the regular candidate, and Mr. Marshall was defeated by almost two thousand majority. He was deeply disappointed and did not attempt to conceal the bitterness of his feelings. As he said, "the iron entered into his soul." He left Louisville immediately and returned to his old home in Versailles. During the ensuing year he announced himself as a candidate for the legislature from Woodford, and was elected without opposition. The legislature having adjudged him ineligible for want of the full year's residence in the county, rejected him. After this he was twice elected, and each time without opposition. It was at these sessions of the legislature that he distinguished himself as a powerful debater on the question of the Charleston, Lexington and Cincinnati Railroad. He opposed the measure with all his fiery earnestness, contending for the city of Louisville as the terminus, "heaping coals of fire," as he said, "upon her ungrateful head for the manner in which she had treated him two years before."

At every session of the legislature of which he was a member Mr. Marshall was the zealous and fearless advocate of the slave law of 1832, which forbade the importation of slaves into the State. Many attempts were made to repeal this law, but he resisted them with all the might of his logic and all the force of his eloquence. In 1840 he refused to run again for the legislature. In the session of that winter the most strenuous efforts were made to repeal this law that he so earnestly desired to keep upon the statute books of the State. He had no seat in the legislature, but, at the urgent solicitation of the friends of the law, he presented the arguments he had so often made on the floor of the House in a series of letters addressed to the *Commonwealth*, a newspaper published in the city of Frankfort. In 1841, when forty years of age, he was elected to the Twenty-seventh Congress of the United States from the Ashland district without opposition, and entered upon his congressional duties at the celebrated called session, under John Tyler, acting President. During his brief but brilliant career in Washington he spoke often and well. There are, however, but two of his congressional speeches fully reported. Disgusted with the manner in which his first speech was

given to the public, with characteristic irritability at the close of his second, he severely reprimanded the reporters, and ordered them "not to attempt again to pass upon the public their infernal gibberish for his English." They took him at his word, and left his speeches for some time unreported, and took their revenge by firing off at him their "paper bullets of the brain" in their letters written from Washington. At this session Mr. Marshall separated from the Whigs on many very important measures. He spoke and voted against Clay's bank bill, and spoke with astonishing power. The speech is unfortunately lost, never having been reported in whole or in part. He was, he said, in favor of a Bank of the United States, but was opposed to the form of the charter then presented. He voted against the bankrupt law, and was opposed to striking out of the Constitution the veto power. He had opinions on all the political questions of the time, and had the courage of his opinions, and was always sure to maintain them by a vehement and splendid eloquence. He contended that he was a Whig, and that the Whig party had departed from their long cherished and time-honored principles. He launched the shafts of his sarcasm at Tyler's administration, on the floor of the House, saying that when the history of the country was written that administration might be put in a parenthesis, and defined from Lindley Murray: "A parenthesis is a clause of a sentence enclosed between black lines or brackets, which should be pronounced in a low tone of voice, and may be left out altogether without injuring the sense."

While Mr. Marshall was in Congress, one of those periodical tempests of temperance swept over the land. It finally reached the halls of the national council. A congressional "total abstinence society" was organized. Mr. Marshall had won a somewhat unenviable reputation for excessive conviviality. He became a member of the society and its most eloquent spokesman. In 1842 he delivered upon the floor of Congress an "Address on Temperance," which for splendor of illustration, justness of observation, and beauty of diction has never been excelled in this country. That the reader may judge somewhat of his style of oratory, we append some extracts from the address:

"Temperate men refusing to join a temperance society! Withholding their name and influence! Nay, throwing, by their refusal, the weight of both against us! It is unnatural; it is unintelligible; it is cruel. It is most cruel, in those untainted by this destroying vice, to cast the whole weight of the cause upon its wretched victims, writhing and struggling with the chain which darkly binds their

strength, nor stretch out the arm, free and unparalyzed by its might, to aid in rending its links asunder. You (Mr. M. here looked steadfastly at Mr. Wise, of Virginia)—you incur no risk; you make no sacrifice; you brave no painful notoriety; your lives are as yet unstained; your good name unscathed. Not a shade darkens the fair field of your unsullied escutcheon. There is no room for shame. Nothing but honor to yourselves, and blessings to others can follow your union with us. Ashamed of pure and perfect temperance! Oh, no; true dignity surrounds her; the diadem of honor sparkles on her brow; and the flowing robes of virtue encircle and adorn her elastic and graceful form. * * * *

"Sir, if there be within this hall an individual man who thinks that his vast dignity and importance would be lowered, the laurels which he has heretofore won be tarnished, his glowing and all-conquering popularity at home be lessened, by an act designed to redeem any portion of his colleagues or fellow-men from ruin and shame, all I can say is that he and I put a very different estimate upon the matter. I should say, sir, that the act was not only the most benevolent, but, in the present state of opinion, the most politic, the most popular (looking down at Mr. Wise, Mr. M. added, with a smile), the very *wisest* thing he ever did in his life. Think not, sir, that I feel myself in a ridiculous situation, and, like the fox in the fable, wish to divide it with others, by converting deformity into fashion. Not so; by my honor as a gentlemen, not so. I was not what I was represented to be. I had, and I have shown that I had full power over myself. But the pledge I have taken renders me secure forever from a fate inevitably following habits like mine—a fate more terrible than death. That pledge, though confined to myself alone, and with reference to its only effect upon me, my mind, my heart, my body, I would not exchange for all earth holds of brightest and of best. No, no, sir; let the banner of this temperance cause go forward or go backward—let the world be rescued from its degrading and ruinous bondage to alcohol or not—I for one shall never, never repent what I have done. I have often said this, and I feel it every moment of my existence, waking or sleeping. Sir, I would not exchange the physical sensations—the mere sense of animal being which belongs to a man who totally refrains from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure; the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning; the sweet repose it yields him at night; the feeling with which he drinks in, through his clear eyes, the beauty and the grandeur of surrounding nature—I say, sir, I

would not exchange my conscious being as a strictly temperate man; the sense of renovated youth; the glad play with which my pulses now beat healthful music; the bounding vivacity with which the life-blood courses its exulting way through every fibre of my frame; the communion high which my healthful ear and eye now hold with all the gorgeous universe of God; the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky; the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of earth, the music of the air and the waters; with all the grand association of external nature, re-opened to the fine avenues of sense; No, sir, though poverty dogged me; though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed; though want and destitution, and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day—not for the brightest and noblest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow; not, if some angel commissioned by heaven, or some demon, rather, sent fresh from hell, to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempt me back, with all the wealth and all the honors which a world can bestow; not for all that time and all that earth can give, would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and the horrors which once beset my path—so help me heaven, sir, as I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am, *poor*, but *sober*."

By his independent course in Congress he had deeply offended Clay, the leader of the Whig party. Whether he intended to do so or not, it is perfectly evident he was careless about the matter. Upon the expiration of the Twenty-seventh Congress, he returned home, declined being a candidate for a second term, and declared publicly in Lexington that he would not again support Clay for the presidency. The annexation of Texas was one of the prominent questions in 1844. Before Clay wrote his celebrated Raleigh letter, defining his position with regard to it, Marshall declared himself in favor of annexation, and spoke, upon the invitation of many persons, on that subject in Lexington. In 1845 Marshall again entered the political field and ran for Congress against the Hon. Garrett Davis. Some time before the district had given Clay a majority of 1,500, and Governor William Owsley, when he defeated Butler, a majority of 1,300. Marshall was beaten by Davis, 700 votes. During the canvass he gave a full and graphic history of the Congress of which he was a member, and vindicated his vote for James K. Polk on national grounds. He declared that, under similar circumstances, he would

have voted against General Washington himself, and that the territory between the Sabine and the Rio Grande, and stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, was worth more to the United States than four year's administration of the government by any man who ever had been or ever would be born.

In 1846 Mr. Marshall raised a troop of cavalry, was chosen captain, and served in that capacity in Mexico for twelve months. He made a gallant soldier, but, without fault of his, lost the opportunity of taking part in the battle of Buena Vista. After the war he returned to his native State. A convention was soon after called to revise the Constitution of Kentucky. He was a candidate for a seat in that body, and was beaten, because he was strongly in favor of reviving his old favorite, the law against the importation of slaves into the State, which had been repealed and which he desired to incorporate into the Constitution as part of the fundamental law.

In 1850 the question of the adoption or rejection of the new Constitution was to be submitted to the people. Some of the most talented men in the State arrayed themselves against its adoption. Among these was Mr. Marshall. As editor of a newspaper published at Frankfort, called the "Old Guard," he came into the battle champing like a war steed, his whole armor on, impatient to measure strength with the most dauntless champions of the new Constitution. In a series of leading editorials, addressed "To the people of Kentucky," he gave the proposed Constitution a most thorough and searching analysis. To use one of his own expressions, he "struck at it, root and branch; he raked it—hull, mast and rigging." These letters show conclusively that Mr. Marshall was as skilful in the use of the pen as he had proved himself to be in the use of the tongue. Edmund Burke once told a friend his idea of a truly fine sentence. "It consists," said he, "in a union of thought, feeling, and imagery of a striking truth, and a corresponding sentiment rendered doubly striking by the force and beauty of figurative language." Mr. Marshall seems to have had the same idea of a "fine sentence." In his writings and speeches will be found sentences without number modelled upon this just conception. Indeed, all through life he paid the greatest attention to his literary style. He elaborated it with great care, and hence was acquired that remarkable production—"the last work of combined study and genius—" his rich, clear, correct, harmonious and weighty style of prose. And it was always perspicuous; you could look through the crystal water of the style down to the golden sands of the thought.

In 1851 the claims of both Crittenden and Dixon to a seat in the United States Senate were being urged with zeal and warmth by their respective friends. The rivalry of two such champions created quite a breach in the Whig party of the State. Mr. Marshall being a warm personal and political friend of Crittenden, urged his claims to the position with his accustomed energy and ability. Misrepresentation grew out of his course. He was accused of hostility to Clay, and he was more than once charged with being mainly instrumental in bringing about the unfortunate disruption of the party. In defence of himself, and to give more fully his views with regard to the senatorial contest, he wrote a vigorous letter to the *Louisville Journal* in November, 1851. Apart from its value as an epitome of then current political history, it was one of the happiest literary successes, and has merits of the highest order. Bold in its originality, grand in its conception, of brilliancy, depth and classic finish, it will vie with similar productions of the ablest masters. We give an extract which forms a very picturesque characterization of Henry Clay:

"Mr. Clay did fall in 1828, and from a lofty height; but sprang, as he always springs, like the antique wrestler, the stronger from his fall, more terrible on the rebound than he was ere shaken from his feet. I have studied his life, his speeches, his actions, his character; I have heard him at the bar and in the Senate; I have seen him in his contests with other men, when all the stormy passions of his tempestuous soul were lashed by disappointment and opposition to the foaming rage of the ocean; when all the winds are unchained, and sweep in full career over the free and bounding bosom of the deep. He owes less of his greatness to education or to art than any man living. He owes less of his commanding influence to other men than any great leader I have ever known, or of whom I have ever heard. He consults nobody, he leans upon nobody, he fears nobody; he wears nature's patent of nobility forever on his brow; he stalks among men with an unanswerable and never-doubting air of command; his sweeping and imperial pride, his indomitable will, his unquailing courage, challenge from all submission or combat. With him there can be no neutrality. Death, tribute, or the koran is his motto. Great in speech, great in action, his greatness is all his own. He is independent alike of history or the schools; he knows little of either, and despises both. His ambition, his spirit, and his eloquence are all great, natural, and entirely his own. If he is like anybody, he does not know it. He has never studied models, and if he had, his pride would have rescued him from the fault of imitation. He

stands among men in towering and barbaric grandeur; in all the hardihood and rudeness of perfect originality; independent of the polish and beyond the reach of art. His vast outline and grand, but mild and undefined, proportions, liken him to a huge mass of granite, torn, in some convulsion of nature, from a mountain's side, which any effort of the chisel would only disfigure, and which no instrument in the sculptor's studio could grasp or comprehend."

In 1855, during the rage of Know-Nothingism, he declared his opposition to the "American Party," and stated the grounds of his objection, at Versailles, in one of his most forcible speeches. In 1856 he removed to Chicago. He complained that "there was not room in Kentucky"—that he "had always been crowded." He determined to fix his home by the bright waters of the lake, in the young and rising city of the West. But his stay was not long. He returned to Kentucky in August of the same year that he had left it, in order to manage a law-suit of great importance. While in Lexington his friends, understanding that he was opposed to the election of Buchanan to the presidency, literally forced him to take the stump for the Whig ticket. Again he canvassed the State, spoke day and night, and got to Versailles the very day of the election. His exertions and exposure during the most inclement weather broke down his health. He was attacked by a violent fit of pneumonia, cough, spitting blood, etc., and was confined to his bed in Frankfort during the whole of the ensuing winter.

One of Mr. Marshall's most finished orations was the eulogy on the life and character of Richard H. Menefee, delivered in Lexington, April 12, 1841, before the members of the Law Society of Transylvania University. Richard H. Menefee was a young lawyer and statesman of rare ability and much promise. His untimely death at the age of thirty-one was universally regretted. Mr. Marshall poured forth the eloquent sorrow of the State in a stream rich and full and strong. The annals of eulogy and panegyric may be sought in vain for a more splendid piece of composition.

For some years before his death Mr. M. was engaged in delivering what he called "Discourses on History." Invitations poured in upon him from all parts of the country—villages, towns and cities. People everywhere sat fascinated under the spell of his wondrous speech. He would stand for three hours, without note, memorandum or a scrap of paper before him, and the eloquence would stream from his lips like moonlight upon a marble statue. But the sands in the hour-glass of his life were fast running out. In spite of repeated

efforts at reformation, he still continued to relapse into the excessive use of stimulants. The hand of death was on him; he knew it, and he desired to die near his old home in Versailles. He was taken there, and there died on the 22d day of September, 1864, with the pathetic words upon his lips: "Here I lie in a borrowed house, on a borrowed bed, and under a borrowed blanket. God pity me!"

Mr. Marshall was noted all over this country for the brilliancy of his wit and the quickness of his repartee. It has been said that one of the neatest retorts ever made by a public speaker was that made by Coleridge to some marks of disapprobation during his democratic lectures at Bristol: "I am not at all surprised that when the red-hot prejudices of aristocrats are suddenly plunged into the cool element of reason, they should go off with a *hiss*." Happy as was this reply, it was surpassed in overwhelming effect by the somewhat irreverent one made by Mr. Marshall, towards the close of his life, at Buffalo, New York. He was making a speech to a crowded audience in that city when he was interrupted by a political opponent, who, pretending not to hear distinctly, tried to embarrass him by putting his hand to his ear and crying out, "Louder!" Mr. M., thereupon, pitched his voice several times on a higher and yet higher key; but the only effect on his tormenter was to draw forth a still more energetic cry of "Louder! please, sir, louder!" At last, being interrupted for the fourth time and in the midst of one of his most thrilling appeals, Mr. Marshall, indignant at the trick, as he now discovered it to be, paused for a moment, and fixing his eyes first on his enemy and then on the presiding officer, said: "Mr. President, on the last day, when the angel Gabriel shall have descended from the heavens, and, placing one foot upon the sea and the other upon the land, shall lift to his lips the golden trumpet, and proclaim to the living and to the resurrected dead that time shall be no more, I have no doubt, sir, that some infernal fool from Buffalo will start up and cry out, 'Louder, Gabriel, louder!'" Marshall went on with his speech, but there were no more cries of "louder."

But the jokes and stories in which he figures are innumerable. During the political campaigns, and often at the bar, they are told and re-told down to the present day. He was once defending a man charged with murder in Jessamine County, Kentucky, Judge Lusk presiding. The testimony against the prisoner was strong, and Marshall struggled hard on the cross-examination, but to little purpose, for the old judge was inflexible in his determination to rule out all the improper testimony offered on the part of the defence. At last

he worked himself into a high state of excitement, and remarked that "Jesus Christ was convicted upon just such rulings of the court that tried him." "Clerk, said the judge, "enter a fine of ten dollars against Mr. Marshall."

"Well, this is the first time I ever heard of anybody being fined for abusing Pontius Pilate," was the quick response.

Here the judge became very indignant, and ordered the clerk to enter another fine of twenty dollars. Marshall arose with that peculiar mirth-provoking expression that no one can imitate, and addressed the court with as much gravity as circumstances would permit, as follows:

"If your Honor pleases, as a good citizen, I feel bound to obey the order of this court, and intend to do so in this instance; but as I don't happen to have thirty dollars about me, I shall be compelled to borrow it from some friend, and, as I see no one present whose confidence and friendship I have so long enjoyed as your Honor's, I make no hesitation in asking the small favor of a loan for a few days, to square up the amount of the fines that you have caused the clerk to enter against me." This was what Dick Swiviller used to call an "inscrutable staggerer." The judge looked at Marshall, and then at the clerk, and finally said, "Clerk, remit Mr. Marshall's fines; the State is better able to lose thirty dollars than I am."

He was once a candidate against General James S. Pilcher, at one time mayor of the city of Louisville. The general made a long and telling speech, for it was full of good stories if not good language and deep learning, and had closed by telling his audience that he was raised a plain country lad, and had never been to school more than about three months in his life. Marshall arose, and in that humorous way peculiar to himself, remarked: "My friend has told you that his school education was confined to the short period of three months' time; for myself, I was much surprised to hear that the gentlemen had been to school at all."

In an important suit before the Kentucky Court of Appeals, Marshall was pitted against Henry Clay, with whom, at the time, he was not on the best of terms. Marshall spoke first, and attacked with all his energy the positions he *supposed* Clay would assume. "You can barely imagine," said he, subsequently, alluding to the case, "my immense mortification when Clay concluded a splendid speech without even alluding to anything I had said."

On another occasion Marshall was engaged in a trial before a justice of the peace, whom he tried to convince that he had made an

erroneous decision on a certain point of law, and for this purpose he cited authorities from King Solomon all the way down, piling tome on tome, till the justice was ready to swear that he didn't care a button for all his books or Tom Marshall either. After Marshall had exhausted all his fund of argument and eloquence to no effect, he said: "Will your Honor please fine me ten dollars for contempt of court?" "For *what*?" asked the astonished magistrate. "You have committed no contempt of court." "But," replied Marshall, in his own provokingly ludicrous way, "I assure you that I have an infernal contempt for it."

A young limb of the law, named McKay, who had heard of this anecdote of Marshall, once attempted to imitate it, and was punished as all imitators deserve to be. He was employed to prosecute a man indicted for larceny before a committing court composed of three magistrates. On hearing the testimony they refused to commit the prisoner to jail. McKay concluded to take revenge on the magistrates, and accordingly began the attack. "I wish your worships would fine me five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, Mr. McKay?" "Because I feel a very decided contempt for the court." "Your contempt for the court is not more decided than the court's contempt for you," was the response of one of the magistrates.

Mr. Marshall took great delight in relating an adventure which he once had with the celebrated Tom Corwin, the swarthy senator from Ohio. Marshall had stopped overnight at Lebanon, Mr. Corwin's place of residence, and registered himself at the hotel as Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky. While sitting in the public room in the evening he noticed a neatly dressed colored man enter the hall, and, approaching the register, begin to read it. When he had reached Marshall's name he read it aloud, and asked the clerk "if Mr. Marshall was in the hotel." The clerk replied by pointing him to the gentleman in question. The colored man approached Marshall, saluted him very respectfully, and asked if he belonged to the Lexington family of Marshalls. Marshall was, as he expressed it afterward, "somewhat put out by the familiar manner of the 'culled gemman,'" but answered civilly that he did. The colored man was delighted to hear it, and to meet him. "I had," he said, "the honor and pleasure of serving with Thomas F. Marshall from 1841 to 1843." Marshall thinking he had met with one of the old family servants who had "run away" from slavery in Kentucky to freedom in Ohio, was about to ply him with questions, but found no opportunity of "getting in a word edgewise." The colored man asked, in rapid

succession, after the various members of the family, spoke feelingly and familiarly of old Humphrey Marshall, and at last asked if the gentleman was acquainted with Henry Clay. On Marshall replying in the affirmative, the colored gentleman began to tell, in a voice intended for the little crowd of listeners who had gathered around, some reminiscences of Clay, one of which he began by the remark, "When I was in Congress with Mr. Clay—" "You in Congress with Mr. Clay?" interrupted Marshall—"you in Congress?" "Yes, sir; Yes, sir. My name is Tom Corwin." "Tom Corwin?" exclaimed Marshall. "Excuse me, my dear sir, but I thought you were some runaway negro."

As an orator Mr. Marshall was one of the most powerful and fascinating that ever spoke from a platform in the West. Wherever he was announced to speak crowds thronged to hear him. He was impassioned, magnetic, fluent—at times almost choked with the rushing multitude of his words. He had a high opinion of the oratorical art—of what he called a "perfect speech." Here, in a condensed form, was his idea of a great speech, as near as we can formulate it:

"A great speech is a great work of art, and all great works of art are the outcome of one coherent, harmonious, well-proportioned whole—one single conception. The all-important fundamental fault of most 'orations' is the failure to perceive this, or else the failure to act on the perception. It is in oratory as it is in architecture and painting; there are certain features to be brought out in strong, bold prominence, and upon these all the forces at command may be lavished. All other features are merely subsidiary and must be placed in abeyance. In every great speech there are certain 'points' to be wrought up to, to be prepared for. It is only at these points that really great orators give full play to their powers. They reserve their strength, their voice, their language, their gesticulation, and all their passion for them. Even here, 'in the very torrent, tempest and whirlwind of their passion,' they must, if they are to rise to the very height of their great art, endeavor to 'acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.' Where you may find a hundred men ready of tongue, fluent of action, able in argument, and solid in matter, you will not find more than one, at the most, who can thus make all his powers combine in the production of a real work of art—a well-proportioned speech."

In person Mr. Marshall was tall and commanding in appearance, measuring six feet and two inches, erect and well-proportioned. He

had passed through a variety of scenes in life—scenes of romance and adventure—and had known much of pleasure and much of sorrow. He was at times bitterly sarcastic, and hence it was sometimes said that he wanted heart and generosity and kindness of feeling. But his was that sarcastic levity of tongue, “the stinging of a heart the world hath stung.” And while it cannot be denied that he had somewhat of the *sæva indignatio* of Swift, yet those who knew him best aver that he was kind and gentle and generous to a fault.

During the course of his public career he fought four duels, one of them with James Watson Webb, then editor of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*. He deeply regretted the necessity that forced him into duelling, but it was the universal custom of the country, and Mr. Marshall could never brook an aspersion on his courage.

He was attended all his life after reaching manhood by an evil spirit, and it certainly speaks volumes for the strength of his intellect to say that, notwithstanding the almost omnipotent sway exercised over him by this evil spirit, and, at times, his abject bondage to its malign influence, he nevertheless became a brilliant and magnificent orator, an able and profound lawyer, and a far-seeing and sagacious statesman.

First North Carolina Infantry of Confederate States Army.

ROSTER OF ITS COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

The following papers, the Roster and the song “Twenty-eighth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers,” are kindly furnished by General James H. Lane, of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, Auburn, Alabama. General Lane writes:

“As soon as the Twenty-eighth North Carolina Volunteers had organized at High Point, it was ordered to Wilmington. Although I had only two acquaintances in the regiment, I was unanimously elected Colonel, a compliment that took me completely by surprise. I was at the time Lieutenant-Colonel of the First North Carolina Volunteers, stationed at Camp Fayetteville, near Yorktown. On reaching Wilmington I found a regiment amply making up in patriotic ardor what it lacked in military knowledge. The camp was full of this ‘Dixie’ song printed on slips of paper, and everybody in the regiment was singing

it. You will perceive that it gives the home or local names of all of the companies as well as the names of the captains and field officers. It was written by Lieutenant George B. Johnston, of Company G., afterwards Captain of the same company, and subsequently, for a short time one of my adjutants. He was a highly-educated gentleman, a 'first-honor man' at Chapel Hill, a devout Christian, and one of the most delightfully social men I ever met. I could tell of deeds of daring by him, though he was rapidly dying with consumption, which evinced him one of the most gallant young men in the whole of General Lee's Army."

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT N. C. VOLUNTEERS,
CAMP FAYETTEVILLE NEAR YORKTOWN, *Sept. 21, 1861.*

J. G. MARTIN, *Adjutant-General N. C. S. T.:*

DEAR SIR: I herewith send you a list of the commissioned officers of this regiment, with the dates of their commissions:

Field—Colonel, Charles C. Lee. September 1, 1861.

Lieutenant-Colonel, James H. Lane. September 1, 1861.

Major, Robert F. Hoke. September 1, 1861.

Staff—Adjutant, J. M. Poteat. Not given.

Quarter-Master, J. B. F. Boone. Not given.

Commissary, John H. Wayt. April 24, 1861.

Chaplain, Edwin A. Yates. May 21, 1861.

Surgeon, P. E. Hines. May 18, 1861.

Assistant Surgeon, J. H. Baker. May 18, 1861.

Second Assistant Surgeon, J. G. Hardy. May 18, 1861.

Co. A—Captain, Whitnel Pugh Lloyd. September 7, 1861.

First Lieutenant, William Gaston Lewis. September 7, 1861.

Second Lieutenant, William S. Long. Not given.

Junior Second Lieutenant, Kenneth Thigpen. September 7, 1861.

Co. B—Captain, Lewis S. Williams. Not given.

First Lieutenant William A. Owens. Not given.

Second Lieutenant William P. Hill. October 18, 1858.

Junior Second Lieutenant, Thomas D. Gillespie. April 16, 1861.

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- Co. C*—Captain, E. A. Ross. February 1, 1861.
First Lieutenant, E. B. Cohen. February 1, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, T. B. Trotter. February 1, 1861.
Junior Second Lieutenant, C. W. Alexander. February 1, 1861.
- Co. D*—Captain, Richard J. Ashe. November 28, 1860.
First Lieutenant, James R. Jennings. July 29, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, Richard B. Saunders. November 28, 1860.
Junior Second Lieutenant, Richardson Mallett. July 29, 1861.
- Co. E*—Captain, William Wallis McDowell. April 27, 1861.
First Lieutenant, Washington Morrison Hardy. April 27, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, George Henry Gregory. April 27, 1861.
Junior Second Lieutenant, James Alfred Patton. April 27, 1861.
- Co. F*—Captain, Joseph B. Starr. April 29, 1861.
First Lieutenant, Frank N. Roberts. April 29, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, John A. Pemberton. April 29, 1861.
Junior Second Lieutenant, George Sloan. April 29, 1861.
- Co. G*—Captain, Clark M. Avery. April 25, 1861.
First Lieutenant, Calvin S. Brown. April 25, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, John A. Dickson. April 25, 1861.
Junior Second Lieutenant, James C. S. McDowell. April 25, 1861.
- Co. H*—Captain, Wright Huske. May 21, 1861.
First Lieutenant, Benjamin Robinson Huske. May 21, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, Charles Betts Cook. May 21, 1861.
Junior Second Lieutenant, Hector McKethan. May 21, 1861.
- Co. I*—Captain, Francis M. Parker. August 31, 1861.
First Lieutenant, Montgomery T. Whitaker. January, 1860.
Second Lieutenant, Carr B. Corbett. August 31, 1861.
Junior Second Lieutenant, Cary Whitaker. January, 1860.

- Co. K*—Captain, William James Hoke. April, 25, 1861.
First Lieutenant, Wallace Moore Reinhardt. April 25, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, William Rusk Edwards. April 25, 1861.
Junior Second Lieutenant, Albert Sidney Haynes. September 7, 1861.
- Co. L*—Captain, James K. Marshall. May 24, 1861.
First Lieutenant, Llewellyn P. Warren. May 24, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, Edward A. Small. May 24, 1861.
Junior Second Lieutenant, Thomas Capehart. No commission.
- Co. M*—Captain, J. C. Jacobs. May 1, 1861.
First Lieutenant, Stark A. Sutton. May 1, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, F. W. Bird. May 1, 1861.
Junior Second Lieutenant, James J. Speller. May 1, 1861.

The above is copied from a letter in my possession, which was written, as well as I now recollect, to the Adjutant-General of North Carolina by me when temporarily in command of the regiment. This letter also states that the *first* field officers were:

Colonel, D. H. Hill. May 11, 1861.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Charles C. Lee. May 11, 1861.
Major, James H. Lane. May 11, 1861;

and that the officers of companies A, I and K were as follows:

- Co. A*—Captain, John L. Bridgers. January 12, 1860.
First Lieutenant, Whitnel Pugh Lloyd. January 12, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, William S. Long. Not given.
Junior Second Lieutenant, William Gaston Lewis. January 12, 1861.
- Co. I*—Captain, David P. Bell. January, 1860.
First Lieutenant, Montgomery T. Whitaker. January, 1860.
Second Lieutenant, Francis M. Parker. January, 1860.
Junior Second Lieutenant, Cary Whitaker. January, 1860.
- Co. K*—Captain, William James Hoke. April 25, 1861.
First Lieutenant, Wallace Moore Reinhardt. April 25, 1861.
Second Lieutenant, William Rusk Edwards. April 25, 1861.
Junior Second Lieutenant, Robert Frederick Hoke. April 25, 1861.

Companies L and M were assigned to this regiment after the "Battle of Bethel."

JAMES H. LANE.

TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT NORTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

AIR—*Dixie Land.*

Away down south in the land of cotton,
Times of peace are not forgotten;
Look away, look way, look away, Dixie Land.
For though the cloud of war hangs o'er,
We soon shall see its form no more;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

CHORUS :

Then shout "Hurrah for Dixie!"
Hurrah! Hurrah!
In Dixie Land we'll take our stand,
To live and die for Dixie:
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll live and die for Dixie!

'Tis true their ships our ports blockade,
And cruel feet our soil invade;
But when the Twenty-eighth gets there,
The scamps will run in wild despair.

When "Norman" brings his boys from "Surry,"
The Yankees better move in a hurry;
The "Invincibles," if well equipped
And led by "Edwards," can't be whipped.

The Yankee rogues would better pack,
When the "Stanley Hunters" find their track;
When "Lowe" shall bid his "Farmers" fire,
His foes will reap destruction dire.

As "Barringer" leads on his "Grays,"
Full many a Yankee'll end his days;
When "Kinyoun" comes with his "Yadkin Boys,"
He'll put an end to the Yankee joys.

And "Martin's Guards of Independence"
Have fame in store for their descendants;
And "Wright" with his "Cleveland Regulators"
Will send dismay to the Yankee traitors.

And "Speer" with his brilliant "Yadkin Stars"
Will die in defence of the *Stars and Bars*;
While the "Stanly Guards," by "Moody" led,
Will be the Yankees' special dread.

The Twenty-eighth is organized
With "Reeves" and "Lowe" both highly prized;
If "Lane" will only be their Colonel,
Then their glory'll be eternal.

MALVERN HILL.

Recollections of the Fight by one who was there.

[EXTRACTS FROM OFFICIAL FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE RECORDS.]

As a Confederate soldier, a member of one of the regiments of General William Mahone's brigade of Virginians, I was present with a musket in my hand in nearly a score of the principal engagements between the Army of Northern Virginia and its opponent, the Army of the Potomac, but of all these I remember no engagement which, in its dramatic incidents, came up to my preconceived idea of a battle as did that of Malvern Hill. Fought in an open field, with desperate valor on both sides, the combatants in full view of each other, except when the smoke of battle or the darkness of night enshrouded them, the struggle of the contending forces, the one attacking, the other repelling, presented a scene never to be forgotten by those who were present. To give some account of this memorable conflict, recalling its well-remembered features to many ex-soldiers, is the object of this article. From the official reports of prominent Federal and Confederate officers, not readily accessible to the general reader, striking passages descriptive of the battle—and these reports singularly abound in such passages—will be taken, and the writer will give his own personal recollections of the engagement as he now, after a lapse of a quarter of a century, vividly remembers it almost distinctly as if it were an occurrence of yesterday.* In view of the fact that its twenty-fifth anniversary has but recently passed a sketch of the battle so prepared, it is believed, will interest the readers of your journal.

On the afternoon of July 1, 1862, the Federal army, under General George B. McClellan, occupied the hill and plateau upon which stood some dwellings and other buildings erected upon a part of the land belonging to the old Virginia country-seat situated in the county of Henrico, some fourteen miles below Richmond, known during and since colonial time as "Malvern Hill." The Confederate army, under

*See "The War of the Rebellion," published pursuant to act of Congress, approved June 16, 1880, series I, vol. XI, part II, for the several reports here referred to.

General Robert E. Lee, flushed with a succession of victories during the preceding six days, was pushing forward, and the Federal army, strongly posted, had determined to make a stand.

General Lee thus describes the position: "Early on July 1 Jackson reached the battle-field of the previous day, having succeeded in crossing White Oak Swamp, where he captured a part of the enemy's artillery and a number of prisoners. He was directed to continue the pursuit down the Willis Church road, and soon found the enemy occupying a high range, extending obliquely across the road, in front of Malvern Hill. On this position of great natural strength he had concentrated his powerful artillery, supported by masses of infantry, partially protected by earthworks. His left rested near Crew's house and his right near Binford's. Immediately in his front the ground was open, varying in width from a quarter to a half mile, and, sloping gradually from the crest, was completely swept by the fire of his infantry and artillery. To reach this open ground our troops had to advance through a broken and thickly-wooded country, traversed nearly throughout its whole extent by a swamp, passable at but few places, and difficult at these. The whole was within range of the batteries on the heights and the gunboats in the river, under whose incessant fire our movements had to be executed."

But the best description of the field of battle and of the position of the Federal troops is given by General Ambrose R. Wright, to whose brigade of Georgians and Mahone's brigade of Virginians was assigned the duty of opening the engagement, as we will hereafter see. General Wright's very clear pen-picture is well worth perusal. Here is what he says:

"Immediately in our front, and extending one mile, stretched a field, at the farther extremity of which was situated the dwelling and farm buildings of Mr. Crew (formerly Dr. Mettert). In front and to our left the land rose gently from the edge of the woods up to the farm-yard, when it became high and rolling. Upon the right the field was broken by a series of ridges and valleys, which ran out at right angles to a line drawn from our position to that of the enemy, and all of which terminated upon our extreme right in a precipitous bluff, which dropped suddenly down upon a low, flat meadow, covered with wheat and intersected with a number of ditches, which ran from a bluff across the meadow to a swamp or dense woods about five hundred yards farther to our right. This low, flat meadow stretched up to and swinging around Crew's house, extended as far Turkey Bend on James river. The enemy had drawn up his artil-

lery (as well as could be ascertained, about fifty pieces) in a crescent-shaped line, the convex-line being next to our position, with its right (on our left) resting upon a road which passed three hundred yards to the left of Crew's house on Malvern Hill, the left of their advanced line of batteries resting upon the high bluff which overlooked the meadow to the right (our right) and rear of Crew's house. Their infantry, a little in rear of the artillery, and protected by the crest of the ridge upon which the batteries were placed, extended from the woods on our left along the crest of the hill and through a lane in the meadow on our right to the dense woods there. In rear of this and beyond a narrow ravine, the sides of which were covered with timber, and which ran parallel to their line of battle and but a few rods in rear of Crew's house, was another line of infantry, its right resting upon a heavy, dense woods, which covered the Malvern Hill farm on the east. The left of this line rested upon the precipitous bluff which overhung the low meadow on the west of the farm. At this point the high bluff stretched out to the west for two hundred yards in a long ridge or ledge, nearly separating the meadow from the lowlands of the river, upon the extreme western terminus of which was planted a battery of heavy guns. The latter battery commanded the whole meadow in front of it, and by a direct fire was able to dispute the manœuvring of troops over any portion of the meadow. Just behind the ravine which ran in rear of Crew's house, and under cover of the timber, was planted a heavy battery in a small redoubt, whose fire swept across the meadow. These two batteries completely controlled the meadow from one extremity of it to the other and effectually prevented the movement of troops in large masses upon it. The whole number of guns in these several batteries could not have fallen far short of one hundred. The infantry force of the enemy I estimated at least 25,000 or 30,000, from what I saw. Large numbers, as I ascertained afterward, were posted in the woods on our extreme right and left, and the line of ditches across the meadows were lined with sharp-shooters."

What was the plan of battle? Let General J. Bankhead Magruder, the Confederate commander who directed the plan of battle, explain:

"Soon after, Mahone's brigade having arrived and the hour growing late, I gave the order that Wright's brigade, supported by Mahone's should advance and attack the enemy's batteries on the right; that Jones' division, expected momentarily, should advance on the right, and Ransom's brigade should attack on the left; my plan being to hurl about 15,000 men against the enemy's batteries and

supporting infantry; to follow up any successes they might obtain, and, if unable to drive the enemy from his strong position, to continue the fight in front by pouring in fresh troops; and in case they were repulsed to hold strongly the line of battle where I stood, to prevent serious disaster to our own arms. This plan was substantially carried out, producing the favorable results which followed."

About four in the afternoon our brigade (Mahone's), which had been slowly marching along the Quaker or Willis Church road in the direction of Malvern Hill, is halted. A few paces ahead of us is a dashing-looking general officer, mounted and splendidly uniformed, with a large retinue of staff officers and couriers. General Mahone rides up to this officer to receive his orders. Just at this time a solid shot fired from a gun of a Federal battery near Crew's house, now concealed from our view by an intervening body of woods, comes skipping along, nearly spent, narrowly missing the group of officers and couriers and passing through our ranks, opened for the purpose, as we saw it bounding slowly towards us—a reminder that the enemy was near at hand. All around the open field through which this shot came bounding towards us were pieces of artillery. In the road in which we halted were long lines of troops, and the dashing-looking officer was no other than General Magruder. His orders to General Mahone to charge the enemy's batteries along with General Wright were then given. The men in the ranks understood this order to be to charge the battery that fired the shot, which, like a gauntlet thrown down, seemed to challenge our assault.

In a few moments we are in motion, forming a line of battle with our faces in the direction of the Federal artillery, whose fire seems now to increase. Between us and the enemy intervenes the body of woods referred to, and we see nothing of them as we move forward. A hundred or two yards of forward movement brings us into these woods—a body of large chestnuts and oaks. Through the tops of these tall trees, far above our heads, the shot and shell of the now vigorously-used Federal artillery howl and crash, putting us in constant danger of injury from falling fragments of huge limbs of trees. But on we go, until we reach a ravine, or gully, along the bottom of which ran a small branch. Here we halt. In the ravine is a brigade of troops, all sitting with their backs to the wall of the gully next to the enemy, seemingly secure from danger, ensconced, as they were, in what appeared to be comparatively a bomb-proof, and looking far more comfortable than we felt under an order to charge a battery and on our way to execute this order. The occasion of our temporary

halt just here was an examination as to the route by which it would be best to go forward. In the dilemma, one of the couriers attached to our regiment suggested to our colonel that we might go through a little gate in sight, a short distance to our right. The courier's suggestion is taken, and we move to our right and file through this gate, meeting, as we pass, a poor fellow with a bullet hole through his neck and the pallor of death on his face, his friends, as they bear him past us, saying, "Look out for sharp-shooters"—another reminder, and not an agreeable one, either, of the presence of our armed adversaries.

We are now very close to the enemy. We are at the foot of the hill upon the table-ground of which stand the Crew house and other buildings and McClellan's army awaiting our assault—so close that we feel the vibrations of the earth at each discharge of the Federal guns. Not three hundred yards intervene between us and these guns, the slope of the hill, however, perfectly protecting us, we being now opposite to the extreme left of the Federal line of battle. To our right in a beautiful field (the meadow mentioned by General Wright), with its yellow shocks of recently-harvested wheat, are stationed the Federal sharp-shooters against whom we have been warned. Posted behind the shocks of wheat, they see us, but we cannot see them, whilst they pick off our men as they come up to take position in line of battle at the foot of the hill, preparatory to the intended charge. As each man files up he is ordered to lie down—an order most cheerfully obeyed, the recumbent position affording much protection from the fire of these sharp-shooters, whose bullets are constantly hissing past us.

As I marched along to this position I looked over towards the woods on Turkey creek skirting this meadow. The prospect was beautiful, and as my eye took in the landscape, with everything in that direction so tranquil that clear summer afternoon, and in such striking contrast with the harsh notes of war every second reaching the ear from the hill in the front and to the left of us, I was reminded of a certain meadow in a neighboring county, which with its low grounds and fringe of dense woods, were delightfully familiar to me in the holiday seasons of my then recent boyhood. The wheat shocks, the low grounds, the woods in the distance, now before me, seemed to duplicate in every particular those elsewhere located, and now vividly recalled, over which, with gun and dog, I had so often hunted, and with which I associated nothing but happiness, and a crowd of memories rushed upon me. This would not be a truthful

record if I did not here state that I would have gladly then and there ended the war, changed the situation of affairs and transferred myself to the scene of these memories, far away from the angry roar of hostile cannon.

The crisis is now at hand. General Mahone, seizing the colors of one of our regiments, commands us to move forward. We rush up the slope of the hill towards the enemy, yelling at the top of our voices. Just as we near the brow of the hill, when my eye, on a level with them, takes in the field with its houses, I catch a glimpse of four artillery horses hitched to a gun, or to a caisson, dashing away at full speed. At the sight of this my heart leaped with joy. The enemy are flying! Their artillery and infantry are routed! We are victors without firing a gun! These were my thoughts. But I was terribly mistaken. My eye saw only those four horses in flight. No men, no other horses drawing pieces of artillery, no infantry, are flying. It was imagination—the wish being father to the thought—which, magnifying for the instant what was actually seen, had drawn the picture of the whole force of the enemy in full retreat.

Our line of battle was allowed to get well upon the hill, when the enemy's infantry, stationed not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in front of us, and their artillery in the rear of the infantry, suddenly opened upon us with terrific fury. Our men are driven back with terrible loss, but only to gain the protection of the brow of the hill, there to rally and return to the charge. The enemy's infantry line meanwhile is seemingly immovable. It stood as if at a dress parade. I could scarcely believe my own eyes as I looked upon it. Soon, however, dense volumes of smoke considerably obscured their line, but there were the red flashes of the guns and the crimson-looking Federal colors floating over the dark line of men plainly visible.

The company of which I was a member being next to the right company of the Twelfth Virginia regiment, and this regiment being the right regiment of Mahone's brigade, and Mahone's brigade being on the extreme right of the Confederate line of battle, just where I was the fire from the enemy was not so severe as it appeared to be on our left, and this gave me an opportunity to watch the troops to our left as they repeatedly moved forward in line of battle to charge the enemy. What I now saw impressed me very much. Every few minutes a column, a regiment or two, would move steadily forward in line of battle towards the enemy, cheering as they advanced..

Then there would be the deafening roll of musketry, and in a few moments all would be hidden from view by smoke. On the occasion of one charge my eyes were upon the advancing line when it received the fire of the enemy. The poor fellows reeled and fell, it seemed by the dozens. The line, broken, is forced back to seek shelter under the brow of the hill. In a few minutes the men are rallied, and returning to the charge, meet the same fate. This was a fair sample of the many charges made during the afternoon.

Let us now draw from the official reports of leading officers. What is there found will not fail to interest and furnish some exceptionally graphic pen-pictures of this historic engagement. First let the Confederate commanders speak.

General Lee says: "On the right the attack was gallantly made by Huger's and Magruder's commands. Two brigades of the former commenced the action; the other two were subsequently sent to the support of Magruder and Hill. Several determined efforts were made to storm the hill at Crew's house. The brigades advanced bravely across the open field, raked by the fire of a hundred cannon and the musketry of large bodies of infantry. Some were broken and gave way, others approached close to the guns, driving back the infantry, compelling the advanced batteries to retire to escape capture, and mingling their dead with those of the enemy. For want of concert among the attacking columns their assaults were too weak to break the Federal line, and after struggling gallantly, sustaining and inflicting great loss, they were compelled successively to retire. Night was approaching when the attack began, and it soon became difficult to distinguish friend from foe. The firing continued until 9 P. M., but no decided result was gained. Part of the troops were withdrawn to their original positions, others remained on the open field, and some rested within a hundred yards of the batteries that had been so bravely but vainly assailed. The general conduct of the troops was excellent—in some instances heroic. The lateness of the hour at which the attack necessarily began gave the enemy the full advantage of his superior position and augmented the natural difficulties of our own."

General Magruder says: "The fire of musketry and artillery now raged with terrific fury. The battle-field was enveloped in smoke, relieved only by flashes from the lines of the contending troops. Round shot and grape crashed through the woods, and shells of enormous size, which reached far beyond the headquarters of our gallant commander-in-chief, burst amid the artillery parked

in the rear. Belgian missives and Minnie balls lent their aid to this scene of surpassing grandeur and sublimity. Amid all our gallant troops in front pressed on to victory, now cheered by the rapid fire of friends on their left, as they had been encouraged in their advance by the gallant brigades on the right, commanded by Generals Wright and Mahone. Nevertheless, the enemy from his strong position and great numbers, resisted stoutly the onset of our heroic bands, and bringing into action his heavy reserves, some of our men were compelled to fall back. They were easily rallied, however, and led again with fury to the attack. The noble, accomplished, and gallant Harrison, commander of the Charles City Troop, uniting his exertions with my own, rallied regiment after regiment, and, leading one of them to the front, fell pierced with seven wounds, near the enemies batteries."

General Wright says: "At 4:45 o'clock I received an order from General Magruder, through Captain Henry Bryan, one of his staff, to advance immediately and charge the enemy's batteries. No other troops had yet come upon the field. I ordered my men forward, and springing before them led my brigade, less than one thousand men, against a force I knew to be superior in the ratio of at least twenty to one. Onward we pressed, warmly and strongly supported by General Mahone's brigade, under a murderous fire of shot, shell, cannister, and musketry. At every step my brave men fell around me, but the survivors passed on until we had reached a hollow about three hundred yards from the enemy's batteries on the right. Here I perceived that a strong force of infantry had been sent forward on our left by the enemy with a view of flanking and cutting us off from our support, now more than one thousand yards in our rear. I immediately threw the left of the Third Georgia regiment a little back along the upper margin of the hollow, and suddenly changing (the) front of this regiment, poured a galling fire upon the enemy, which he returned with spirit, aided by a fearful direct cross fire from his batteries. Here the contest raged with varying success for more than three-quarters of an hour; finally the line of the enemy was broken and he gave way in great disorder."

General Mahone says: "The brigade, although prompt in moving to the position assigned it, and in doing which was exposed to the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, adroitly posted behind wheat shocks in the valley on our right, had not gotten into place when the order came from General Magruder, who, I presume, supposed all was ready with us, that the charge assigned to our forces (General Wright's brigade and my own) should be made. It was now 5 P. M.

The order was responded to with spirit and alacrity by our troops, but with less order and effect than was desirable and would otherwise have been secured, owing to the circumstances which I have adverted to.

"Our troops, however, went forward with an earnest over a succession of steep hills and ravines until coming up within a few hundred yards of the enemy's left batteries, where they encountered his advance troops in large force, strongly positioned behind the crest of hills under the cover of his guns.

"At this time there were no other troops engaging the enemy in our view or in supporting connection, and here for about two hours the fire and fury of battle raged with great obstinacy and destruction on both sides, our men finally succeeding in driving the enemy from the heights occupied in our front and immediately under his guns and upon his reserve at that point, and occupying the position from which he had resisted our advance with such obstinacy and deadly effect."

Colonel E. C. Edmonds, of the Thirty-eighth Virginia regiment of General Armistead's brigade, commanding the brigade, says: "I am proud to say we did hold our position through all of the storm of bullets, canister, grape, (and) shell, with occasional shells from the huge pieces playing upon us from the gunboats, until we saw the gallant Wright, with hat off and glittering blade, leading the brigade across the hill to our support.*

*General Fitz John Porter, in his account of the battle, published in the *Century Magazine* (vol. 8 p. 628), makes the following statement in respect to the fire from the gun-boats—exploding an idea that long prevailed:

"Almost at the crisis of the battle—just before the advance of Meagher and Sickles—the gun-boats on the James River opened their fire with the good intent of aiding us, but either mistook our batteries at the Malvern house for those of the enemy, or were unable to throw their projectiles beyond us. If the former was the case, their range was well estimated, for all their shot landed in or close by Tyler's battery, killing and wounding a few of his men. Fortunately members of our excellent signal-service corps were present as usual on such occasions; and the message signaled to the boats, 'For God's sake stop firing,' promptly relieved us from further damage and the demoralization of a 'fire in the rear.' Reference is occasionally seen in Confederate accounts of this battle to the fearful sounds of the projectiles from these gun-boats. But that afternoon not one of their projectiles passed beyond my headquarters; and I have always believed and said, as has General Hunt, that the enemy mistook the explosions of shells from Tyler's siege-guns and Kusserow's thirty-two-pounder howitzers, which Hunt had carried forward, for shells from the gun-boats."

"New life was infused among those wearied with watching and waiting; every man was at his post; loud shouts of welcome rent the air; all sprang to their feet, feeling certain of victory with such a support. Being the ranking colonel of the brigade (Colonel Hodges being stunned and having his beard singed by the explosion of a shell when just emerging from the wood), General Armistead being absent, I gave the order to charge, which was most gallantly performed by all engaged. Again leading, closely followed by General Wright's brigade until we reached the musket-range of the enemy's supports to his artillery, where the fire from both became so galling a momentary pause ensued. Six times was the attempt made to charge the batteries by the regiments of Armistead's brigade (just mentioned), and as many times did they fail for want of support on the left, involving the necessity of falling back a short distance under the cover of the brow of the hill."

Major Joseph R. Cabell, commanding the Thirty-eighth Virginia regiment, says: "When Generals Mahone and Wright came up with their brigades the order was given to charge, which was obeyed with promptness and alacrity, the Thirty-eighth being on the right and leading the charge. After getting in about seventy-five yards of the enemy they were halted and commenced a terrific fire, after which the order was given to charge, which the men did most gallantly—attempted five separate and distinct charges—but were compelled to fall back for the double reason of not being supported on the left and the heavy reinforcements coming up to the support of the enemy."

Let us see what is stated by the Federal officers:

General McClellan says: "When the battle commenced in the afternoon I saw that in the faces and bearing of the men which satisfied me that we were sure of victory.

"The attack was made upon our left and left center, and the brunt of it was borne by Porter's corps (including Hunt's reserve artillery and Tyler's heavy guns) and Couch's division, reinforced by the brigades of Sickles and Meagher. It was desperate, brave, and determined, but so destructive was the fire of our numerous artillery, so heroic the conduct of our infantry, and so admirable the dispositions of Porter, that no troops could have carried the position. Late in the evening the enemy fell back, thoroughly beaten, with dreadful slaughter. So completely was he crushed and so great was his losses that he has not since ventured to attack us."

General Couch, in his report, says: "The enemy were now massing large columns on our front.

"At about 4:30 P. M., after an incessant cannonade, they boldly pushed forward a large column from their right in the open field to carry Griffin's position. The fire of the three batteries was concentrated upon them. Kingsbury's battery having been withdrawn for ammunition, was relieved by three guns of battery C, Rhode Island Artillery, and two guns (Allen's Fifth Massachusetts), under Captain Weeden. The attacking column kept on, continually reinforced, until within range of Griffin's Rifles, when it was stopped and formed line.

"From this time until 8 P. M. there was enacted one of the sublimest sights ever presented in war, resulting in a glorious victory to our arms."

General Porter, clearly in mistake as to the date of the commencement of the attack, putting it certainly an hour too late, says: "The same ominous silence which had preceded the attack in force at Gaines' Mill now intervened, lasting until about six o'clock, at which time the enemy (General John B. Magruder's corps) opened upon us suddenly with the full force of his artillery, and at once began to push forward his columns of infantry to the attack of our positions. Regiment after regiment, and sometimes whole brigades, were thrown against our batteries, but our infantry withheld their fire until they were within short distance (artillery mowing them down with canister), dispersed the columns in every case, and in some instances followed the retiring mass, driving them with bayonet, capturing prisoners, and also flags and other trophies, some of which have been forwarded to your headquarters."

About sunset an advance is ordered, and we move forward to the next hill some seventy-five yards in our front, Colonel David A. Weisiger, the colonel of our regiment, gallantly leading it in the charge; and from this new position we open fire upon the enemy. At this point occurred a little incident that I have often recalled. A colonel of some regiment—who he was, or what his regiment, I never knew—an elderly man, hair and beard very gray, was squatting among the men under the brow of the hill, where were a large number of our regiment, all of us mixed up together, the enemy being very close at hand just over the hill—the men rising to fire and resuming their squatting positions whilst loading. Being within a few feet of the old fellow, I heard him earnestly urging those near him

to fire fast upon the enemy. "Fire fast, men. Fire fast. Give it to 'em. Give it to 'em, boys," he would say. Just then some one cried out, "Boys, we are firing into our friends!" Brandishing his sword with considerable energy at the man who volunteered the information, he exclaimed, "Firing upon our friends! They are damned Yankees. If you say we are firing on our friends, God damn you, I will cut you in two with my sword." Turning to the men around him, he continued to urge them to "fire fast." "Give it to 'em, boys," he repeated. "Give it to 'em. Fire fast. They are nothing but damned Yankees." Lieutenant John R. Patterson, of our regiment, enthused with admiration at the old officer's conduct, exclaimed, "Go it, colonel! I'll stand at your back," or words to that effect. Hearing Lieutenant Patterson's hearty, but rather familiar endorsement, and struck, as he had been, with the conduct and words of the old gentleman, turning to Lieutenant Patterson, I said: "Who is that old officer you are speaking to so familiarly?" "Don't know," energetically replied Patterson, still enthused, "I just know he is a colonel."

Night coming on, some of our men actually got in among the enemy before discovering their position, so close were the contending forces on the extreme right of our line. A member of our regiment, private Henry B. Cowles, thus came very near being captured, but before being discovered made his way back to our line.

Let us now take an extract from General Wright's report. This officer says: "The firing had now become general along the left and center of our line, and night setting in, it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe.

"Several of my command were killed by our own friends, who had come up on our immediate left, and who commenced firing long before they came within range of the enemy. This firing upon us from our friends, together with increasing darkness, made our position peculiarly hazardous; but I determined to maintain it at all hazards as long as a man should be left to fire a gun. The fire was terrific now beyond anything I have ever witnessed—indeed, the hideous shrieking of shells through the dusky gloom of closing night, the whizzing of bullets, the loud and incessant roll of artillery and small arms, were enough to make the stoutest heart quail. Still my shattered little command, now reduced to less than three hundred, with about an equal number of General Mahone's brigade, held our position under the very muzzles of the enemy's guns, and poured volley after volley with murderous precision in their serried ranks."

The firing is kept up until nine o'clock at night, when both parties, wearied with the fight, seemed to cease firing by consent. Soon after the firing ceased, numbers of the enemy could be seen in our immediate front, moving about with lanterns in their hands, looking after their dead and wounded. The crest of the hill where we now are is held by a thin line of battle, consisting mainly of the remains of the depleted brigades of Mahone and Wright.

General Mahone, in his report, says: "Utter darkness now covered the scene, and the tragedy closed, leaving General Wright and myself with the remnants of our shattered brigades in possession of the ground which they had at a heavy sacrifice of kindred blood, but with spirit and gallantry, won. General Wright and myself, conjointly as equals, and not as his senior, arranged and positioned for the night all the various troops which were now within the reach of our authority, first establishing our picket line, and then giving such attentions to the wants of the wounded around us as our capacity and resources would admit."

General Wright, in his report, says: "Night had thrown her black pall over the entire field, and the firing ceased except from a few of the enemy's guns, which continued at intervals to throw shell and grape around the entire circuit of the field. Our forces had all retired and left us (Mahone and myself) alone with our little band to dispute the possession of the field with the insolent but well-chastised foe. Upon consultation we determined to remain where we were, now within one hundred yards of the enemy's batteries, and if any of the foe should be left when morning dawned, to give him battle again. We had lost too many valuable lives to give up the decided advantage which we had won from the enemy. * * * * *

"A strong picket was advanced all around our isolated position, and the wearied, hungry soldiers threw themselves upon the earth to snatch a few hour's rest. Detachments were ordered to search for water and administer to our poor wounded men, whose piercing cries rent the air in every direction. Soon the enemy were seen with lanterns busily engaged in moving their killed and wounded, and friend and foe freely mingled on that gloomy night in administering to the wants of wounded and dying comrades.

"After getting our disposition made for the night I wrote a dispatch to General Magruder informing him of what I had done and my present condition, asking that my worn-out and exhausted men might be relieved. Again at daylight I renewed the application."

General Magruder, in his report, says: "Darkness had now set

in, and I thought of withdrawing the troops, but, as we had gained many advantages, I concluded to let the battle subside and to occupy the field, which was done to within one hundred yards of the enemy's guns. Pickets were accordingly established by Brigadier-Generals Mahone and Wright, whose brigades slept on the battle field in the advanced positions they had won. Armistead's brigade and a portion of Ransom's also occupied the battle-field."

Stretched as we were on the naked ground on the slope of the hill now occupied by those forming the thin line of battle which held the position, with a slight rain occasionally falling, with no blankets to protect us (our baggage had been left in the rear), and with the pitiful cries of wounded men audible all around us, although very much wearied, we found the place where we lay on the gravelly soil anything but comfortable. Yet there we slept. Although the noises heard from the direction of the enemy unmistakably indicated their retreat, yet in the early morning they are still in position in our front and exchange a few shots with the pickets posted at points of our line. That there was a retreat and no assault by any considerable force upon our army at this time was, indeed, a God send to us. Let Brigadier-General Isaac R. Trimble state the condition of our army at this time. In his report he says: "The next morning by dawn I went off to ask for orders, when I found the whole army in the utmost disorder—thousands of straggling men asking every passer-by for their regiments; ambulances, wagons, and artillery obstructing every road, and altogether, in a drenching rain, presenting a scene of the most woeful and disheartening confusion."

When it became light enough to see, and I looked over the part of the field within the range of our vision, it presented a horrible sight. In all directions could be seen the corpses of the slain. The slaughter of the Confederates had been terrific. Let General Jubal A. Early here speak. In his report he says:

"As soon as it was light enough next morning an appalling spectacle was presented to our view in front. The field for some distance from the enemy's position was literally strewn with the dead and wounded, and arms were lying in every direction. It was apparent that the enemy's main body, with his artillery, had retired, but a body of his cavalry, supported by infantry, was soon discovered on the field. To the right, near the top of a steep hill leading up towards the enemy's position, we saw a body of our own troops, some distance off, lying down, which proved to be a small body under Brigadier-Generals Mahone and Wright.

"In the mean time parties of our men were going to the front in search of the wounded, and after a demonstration by the enemy's cavalry, which was abandoned on the firing of a few shots by the Maryland regiment posted in the woods some distance to my left, the parties from both armies in search of the dead and wounded gradually approached each other and continued their mournful work without molestation from either side, being apparently appalled for a moment into a cessation from all hostile purposes by the terrible spectacle presented to their view."

Here is General Mahone's report as to the enemy appearing in our front the next morning :

"At an early hour next morning a large body of the enemy's cavalry made their appearance on the line which he had occupied with his artillery, at first and for a while indicating by their movements the purpose of a descent upon our ambulance corps and details then employed on the field, the one in their legitimate duties and the other in collecting scattered arms and accoutrements.

"The small body of troops now remaining upon the field and under my command were of my own brigade exclusively, and with but few exceptions of the Twelfth Virginia, the exertions and gallantry of whose colonel (D. A. Weisiger) in conducting the operations of his regiment merit high commendation. With these I continued to hold the ground which we had occupied during the night, mainly with the view of protecting our details from any onslaught by the enemy's cavalry, employing details from my own limited force to care for the wounded and to gather up the scattered arms and accoutrements in my own immediate vicinity."

As soon as the enemy had retired, what remained of our brigade was marched back to the body of the woods through which we had moved in line of battle the afternoon before, and there went into bivouac. Soon after we were dismissed, several of us returned to the field of battle and strolled over it, and I thus had a better opportunity of forming a correct idea of the great slaughter on both sides.

The enemy as well as ourselves had suffered no little. The position of their line of battle where it confronted our right was distinctly marked by a long line of thickly-strewn corpses of Federal soldiers.

After walking about the field for an hour or more I returned to our bivouac, thoroughly impressed with the severity of the conflict of the preceding day, as must have been all who participated in it or had a like opportunity of going over the bloody field so recently after the combatants ceased their fierce struggle. In this sketch of

the engagement, I have endeavored, with the help of the official reports, to furnish a simple narrative of its leading and most striking features, giving at the same time an account of it as viewed from the standpoint of one of several thousand soldiers who took part in this exceptionally tragic action with muskets in their hands, without attempting to account or to fix upon any officer or officers in command or troops engaged the responsibility for the failure of the Confederate forces to accomplish more after such frightful loss of life. If what I have written has interested the reader and has given him a clearer conception of this closing scene of the seven days' battles around Richmond, the sketch will have served its purpose.

GEORGE S. BERNARD.

Petersburg, Va., September 23, 1887.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

Defence of Fort Gregg—The Battle of Jericho Ford—Troops Surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse—Last Official Reports Made to General Lee After the Surrender, etc.

In the account of the Unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument in Blandford Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., from the correspondent of the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, and published in its issue of June 8, 1890, and republished in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XVII, pp. 388-403, occurs the following misstatement: "Fort Gregg, whose defence by the small band of gallant Mississippians was one of the bravest, most glorious, and most stubborn in the annals of the war."

This inadvertant publication has elicited from General James H. Lane several material communications, explaining not only how the oft-repeated error as to the real defenders of Fort Gregg first gained currency, but correcting other erroneous statements heretofore made. He also makes a valuable suggestion.

Under date of September 5, 1890, he writes :

"General Lee, at Appomattox Courthouse, ordered *official* reports from all of his general officers. I made mine [published, with the letters of Lieutenants Snow, Craige, Howard and Rigler, in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. III, pp. 19-28, January,

1877], and I have no doubt other officers did the same. I have reason to fear whether these reports, as a whole, have found their way to the War Record Office in Washington. I think, however, from the circumstances under which they were made, they will be found among General Lee's private papers. I would like to see the last *official reports of Lee's subalterns, made at Appomattox Courthouse after the surrender*, published as a whole. It would make a valuable and interesting volume, and we would then know *officially* everything reported at the time about the heroic defence of Fort Gregg and its capture. I have always thought that the false claim set up for Harris's brigade was at the instance of General Mahone, because Harris's brigade formed a part of his division. There are other instances in which he did my command injustice. * * *

He claimed all of the prisoners and one of the flags captured by my brigade in front of the works at Spotsylvania Courthouse on the 12th of May, but his claim was never recognized by Generals Lee and Early. He claimed two pieces of artillery captured by Cooke's, McRae's, and Lane's brigades in their glorious charge upon Hancock's entrenchments at Reames' Station, but General A. P. Hill would not recognize that claim. Colonel William J. Pegram told me that he receipted to General Weisiger for them as 'brought off the field of battle,' and that he declined to receipt for them as 'captured' by Mahone's old brigade, as the North Carolina brigades had captured them and left them behind them, and McGowan had turned them upon the enemy before Mahone's old brigade retired them to our rear. This is the fight in which (General Hill told me) the noble and gallant Pegram *begged* and *cried* to be allowed to participate. General Mahone also claimed flags captured by McRae's brigades.

* * * * *

"Yours most sincerely,

"JAMES H. LANE."

[The desire of General Lane that the reports made to General Lee by his general officers, after the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, be collected and published in one volume, commands eager and general acquiescence. The editor would be thankful for the privilege of preserving in the *Southern Historical Society Papers* all or any of these reports.

It is to be hoped that reports were made, as requested, by a majority if not all of the officers.

The editor wrote to General G. W. C. Lee, in furtherance of the

suggestion of General Lane, and had response from him October 23, 1890. He wrote: "Soon after the death of my father all of his military papers were sent to Colonel Charles Marshall, who had been acting as his military secretary, and who had been requested by the faculty of this institution [Washington and Lee University] to prepare a biographical sketch of its late president. Colonel Marshall did write the sketch, but was not satisfied with it, and consequently it has never been published."

American history is materially indebted to Colonel Marshall for valuable contributions, which have commanded profound attention. The latest, most familiar to the public, being his oration delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee Monument at Richmond, October 27, 1887. (Published in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XVII, pp. 215-245—"Lee Monument Memorial Volume.") Doubtless Colonel Marshall will favor the public, in book form, with the valuable papers in his possession left by General Lee.]

AUBURN, ALABAMA, *September 17, 1890.*

MY DEAR SIR:

I herewith send you copies of the editorial in the Petersburg *Index* and my reply in the Richmond *Dispatch*. Should you wish further evidence of the gross injustice of the editorial, which I have always thought was prompted by General Mahone you are respectfully referred to the following:

Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. II, pp. 300, 301; Vol. III, pp. 19, 28; Vol. IX, pp. 103, 107; 124, 129; 145, 156.

A Correspondence between Generals Early and Mahone, pp. 13 and 14, has the following about the 12th of May:

"Lane's attack on the enemy's flank and rear did contribute materially to the repulse of the assaulting column, as it was thereby thrown into much confusion. Had you gone to your brigade and seen that it properly supported Lane, you would have rendered far greater service than by riding about, out of danger, denouncing his brigade, as you were understood to have done. This attack of Burnside's was unexpected, and thwarted the proposed movement for the relief of Ewell, as Lane's brigade was not in a condition to prosecute it, and your brigade had not moved to his support. The purpose was, when the two brigades struck the column of the enemy

pressing Ewell, to support them with the rest of the corps. You contributed nothing whatever to promote the success of that movement or the repulse of Burnside, and I think you were not under fire at the time; and you have now placed yourself in a lamentable predicament by your disingenuous and evasive statement of the facts of the case, as well as your unfounded insinuations against your superiors and Lane's brigade, which latter behaved *most gallantly on that occasion*, as it had done in the *early morning* when Ewell's line was *first broken*."

Pages 12, 13: "Lane's brigade was taken out of the trenches immediately adjoining the salient referred to in your letter, and then passed over to the front, which would have been impossible had an attack been pressing that point. There had been a previous artillery fire upon it, which had subsided. It is true Lane was to lead the attack, and your brigade, under Colonel Weisiger, was to follow and support him, the route for the attacking column being along in front of our line of works until the enemy should be reached. Both brigades were passed into a body of oak woods in front of the works, to the right of the salient, for the purpose of concealing the troops from the enemy until the movement began. You did not remain in the woods with your brigade, but retired to the edge of it towards our works and near the Fredericksburg road. Lane, after receiving his orders from me, began the movement, advancing on a battery in front of the salient, which it was necessary to capture or drive out of the way, to enable the attacking force to pass on to Ewell's front. He got possession of the battery, and then encountered Burnside's corps, moving up to attack the salient, now held by Walker's brigade of Heth's division, under Colonel Mayo. Lane attacked Burnside's corps in flank and rear, and his men got mixed up in the column of the enemy. He was now subjected to the infantry fire of the enemy, a flank, rear and front fire from artillery, besides being in danger of our own guns playing upon the enemy; and as you have stated that you saw 'that a part of the North Carolina brigade had given way,' I will here say that General Lane, in his report, dated 16th September, 1864, makes the following statement: 'The infantry fire in our rear was for a short time more severe than that in front, as Mahone's brigade poured such a fire into us that Lieutenant-Colonel Cowan and Lieutenant-Colonel McGill had to rush back and ask them not to fire into us.' And he further says: 'My brigade continued to fight the enemy until the heads of two parallel lines of the enemy, which were coming from Ewell's front, were in skirmish-

ing distance of us, and as I could see no indications of an intention on the part of Colonel Weisiger to comply with my request, I ordered my command to fall back, which was necessarily done in some confusion, as the line had been broken capturing prisoners, and the woods through which they withdrew rendered it almost impossible to preserve anything like a line of battle.'

"The request to Colonel Weisiger mentioned, was to move out of the woods and unite in the attack on the enemy, but Colonel Weisiger remained in the woods, and the brigade was not seriously engaged. During all this time you were not with your brigade, and if you had been, it was very singular conduct for you to leave it at so critical a juncture as you represent, to ride back to the lines for support. Had you gone to your brigade instead, and led it with that daring peculiar to Jackson, at least, the results might have been much greater. As it was, after Lane started, and while he was attacking the flank and rear of the enemy, the head of Burnside's column got to within a very short distance of the salient, and all our energies had to be directed to its repulse, a large number of guns were turned upon it, and by an obstinate resistance and heavy fire from Walker's brigade and Thomas's, which latter was on the left of the salient, the enemy was repulsed with heavy slaughter. General Lee and myself were on Heth's line watching the attack and directing the effort to repel it. * * *"

Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. IX, pp. 241-246, gives my official report of the battle of *Jericho Ford*, and other interesting matter.

As to the statement that Field and Mahone surrendered more than half of General Lee's strength at Appomattox Courthouse, I have hastily made the following condensation from the paroles, Vol. XV, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, which I think is correct :

First Corps.

Longstreet's Headquarters.....	42
Pickett's Division (Stewart's, Corse's, Hunton's and Terry's Brigades)	1,380
Field's Division (Anderson's, Benning's, Bratton's and Texas Brigades).....	4,974
DuBose's Brigade.....	358
Humphrey's Brigade.....	257
Semmes' Brigade.....	178
	<hr/>
	7,189

Second Corps.

Gordon's Headquarters.....	147
Early's Division (Walker's, Lewis' and Johnston's Brigades)	1,127
Gordon's Division (Evans', Terry's and Louisiana Brigades)	1,368
Grimes' Division (Battle's, Cook's, Cox's and Grimes' Brigades).....	1,823
	<hr/> 4,465

Third Corps.

Corps Headquarters, &c.	149
Heth's Division (Cooke's, Davis', McComb's and McRae's Brigades).....	1,571
Mahone's Division (Finegan's, Forney's, Harris', Sorel's, Weisiger's Brigades).....	3,493
Wilcox's Division (Lane's, McGowan's, Scales', Thomas' Brigades).....	2,712
Johnson's Division (Wallace's, Moody's, Ransom's and Wise's Brigades).	2,281
	<hr/> 10,206

RECAPITULATION.

First Corps.....	7,189
Second Corps.....	4,465
Third Corps.....	10,206
	<hr/> 21,860
Field's Division.....	4,974
Mahone's Division.....	3,493
	<hr/> 8,477

The above is *infantry alone*, and does not include the artillery, cavalry, &c., *with the Army of Northern Virginia*; nor does it include Ewell's Reserve Corps, Bridgford's Provost Battalion and other small bodies from Richmond.

In all of the above I have tried to call your attention to historical facts, without any coloring at all, and, as far as possible, let others speak in behalf of my gallant brigade of North Carolinians. I hope it will interest you.

I think my letter was published in the *Dispatch* of September 20,

1867, and, as far as I know, neither it nor the article in the Petersburg *Index* has ever been republished. I have never read Pollard's book, I am sorry to say.

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES H. LANE.

R. A. Brock, Esq.

LEE AND HIS LIEUTENANTS.

[Editorial Petersburg *Daily Index*, September 11, 1869.]

In Pollard's new work, "Lee and His Lieutenants," in the sketch of Major-General Cadmus M. Wilcox's career, there occurs an error into which the author should not have fallen, considering his claimed acquaintance with the composition of General Lee's army.

On page 506 the following occurs :

"From this summary record we must detach one incident that glorified the last days of the Confederacy, and is generally related as having fitly closed, with illuminated scroll, the career of the Army of Northern Virginia. It is the story of the defenders of Fort Gregg. Whose troops they were that gave this last example of devotion on General Lee's lines had been subject to some doubt ; but it is now certain that they were of General Wilcox's command."

It is certain that no such thing is the case. The infantry garrison of Fort Gregg was composed entirely of members of the Mississippi brigade of Harris, formerly Posey's, and the brigade was, from the battle of Manassas to Appomattox, a part of R. H. Anderson's, latterly Mahone's, division.

On the same page General Wilcox is accredited with three performances erroneously. He was not engaged, except slightly, on the first evening at the Wilderness ; his troops did not hold their own on the 12th of May at Spotsylvania, and instead of achieving success at Jericho Ford, May 24th, as Pollard relates, his brigades (Lane's and McGowan's) behaved most disgracefully, and were replaced by Davis' and Cooke's troops of Heth's division.

On page 522, in the biography of General Field, of Virginia, the historian relates that his division, when surrendered, constituted more than half of General Lee's force then under arms. This is not so. The divisions of Field and Mahone together did form the larger portion of the army. Why the silence in regard to the latter corps [ought to have been division], which rendered as splendid service on the retreat as was ever performed in the halcyon days of the Confederacy ?

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY—A LETTER FROM BRIG-GEN. LANE.

[For the *Dispatch*.]RICHMOND, VA., *September 19, 1867.*

The Petersburg *Index*, in its editorial notice of Mr. Pollard's new work entitled, "Lee and His Lieutenants," does great injustice to Lane's North Carolina brigade and the other gallant troops composing Wilcox's division.

That paper asserts: "Wilcox was not engaged, except slightly, on the first evening at the Wilderness," whereas Heth's and Wilcox's divisions were both hotly engaged, and succeeded in keeping back two or more corps of the Yankee army. In my official report I stated that we—that is, my brigade—were the last troops to become engaged, and, without hope of assistance, kept up the unequal contest from about 5 o'clock P. M. until 9. My aggregate loss in the fights of the 5th and 6th was four hundred and fifteen.

The next error is in the assertion that "Wilcox's troops did not hold their own on the 12th of May at Spotsylvania." General Early, however, is of a different opinion, for in his "Memoir of the Last Year of the War for Independence," page 25, he says:

"On this morning the enemy made a very heavy attack on Ewell's front, and broke the line where it was occupied by Johnson's division. A portion of the attacking force swept along Johnson's line to Wilcox's left, and was checked by a prompt movement on the part of Brigadier-General Lane, who was on that flank. As soon as the firing was heard General Wilcox sent Thomas's and Scales's brigades to Lane's assistance, and they arrived just as Lane's brigade had repulsed this body of the enemy, and they pursued it for a short distance. As soon as Mahone's division arrived from the left, Perrin's and Harris's brigades, of that division, were sent to General Ewell's assistance, and were carried into action under his orders. Brigadier-General Perrin was killed and Brigadier-General McGowan severely wounded while gallantly leading their respective brigades into action, and all the brigades sent to Ewell's assistance suffered severely.

"Subsequently, on the same day, under orders from General Lee, Lane's brigade, of Wilcox's division, and Mahone's own brigade (under Colonel Weisiger) were thrown to the front for the purpose of moving to the left and attacking the flank of the column of the enemy which had broken Ewell's line, to relieve the pressure on him, and, if possible, recover the part of the line which he had lost.

Lane's brigade commenced the movement, and had not proceeded far when it encountered and attacked, in a piece of woods in front of my line, the Ninth corps under Burnside, moving up to attack a salient on my front. Lane captured over three hundred (300) prisoners and three battle-flags, and his attack on the enemy's flank, taking him by surprise, *no doubt contributed materially to his repulse.* Mahone's brigade did not become seriously engaged. The attacking column which Lane encountered got up to within a very short distance of a salient defended by Walker's brigade, of Heth's division, under Colonel Mayo, before it was discovered, as there was a pine thicket in front, under cover of which the advance was made. A heavy fire of musketry from Walker's brigade and Thomas's, which was on its left, and a fire of artillery from a considerable number of guns on Heth's line, were opened with tremendous effect upon the attacking column, and it was driven back with heavy loss, leaving its dead in front of our works. This affair took place under the eye of General Lee himself."

The original of the following communication is still in my possession:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
ON BATTLEFIELD, *May 13, 1864.*

General C. M. WILCOX,
Commanding Division:

GENERAL: General Lee directs me to acknowledge the receipt of the flags captured by Lane's brigade in its gallant charge of yesterday, and to say that they will be forwarded to the Hon. Secretary of War with the accompanying note and the names of the brave captors.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

C. S. VENABLE, *A. D. C.*

The *Index* is again mistaken when it says, "Instead of achieving success at Jericho Ford May 24th, as Pollard relates, his brigades (Lane's and McGowan's) behaved most disgracefully and were replaced by Davis's and Cooke's troops, of Heth's division." The Thirty-seventh regiment alone of my brigade behaved badly on that occasion; but in justice to this regiment it must be remembered that it lost its colonel and many of its bravest company officers in the fight of the 12th. The Seventh was guarding a point on the river,

and was not actively engaged. The other three regiments fought very gallantly, drove the enemy back to a commanding position near the river, held the ground over which they fought, removed all their dead and wounded, and were not relieved by Davis's brigade until 11 o'clock that night, at which time the fighting had ceased.

Lastly, the *Index* denies that Fort Gregg was defended by any part of Wilcox's command, and says: "The infantry garrison at Fort Gregg was composed *entirely* of members of the Mississippi brigade of Harris, formerly Posey's." This assertion is not true. The true defenders of Fort Gregg were a part of Lane's North Carolina brigade, Walker's supernumerary artillerists of A. P. Hill's corps, armed as infantry, and a part of Chew's Maryland battery. Harris's brigade and a few pieces of artillery occupied Fort Alexander, which was to the rear of Fort Gregg and higher up the Appomattox; and that fort was evacuated, the infantry and artillery retiring to the inner line of works, before Fort Gregg was attacked in force. I have letters from Lieutenants Snow, Craige, Howard, and Rigler, of my brigade, who were in Fort Gregg when it fell; and these officers estimate the number of Harris's brigade in that fort at not more than twenty, including a Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan and his adjutant, while they estimate the number from my brigade to have been at least three-fourths of the entire force.

I commanded a North Carolina brigade from the battle of Sharpsburg to the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, and during that time, with the single exception of the Thirty-seventh regiment at Jericho Ford, my entire command always behaved most gallantly, and won for themselves an enviable "*army reputation*."

JAMES H. LANE,
Late Brigadier-General, C. S. A.

GENERAL EARLY'S VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

BY GENERAL A. L. LONG, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY SECOND CORPS, ARMY
NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

[The following paper, now amended, originally appeared in this serial in March, 1877 (Vol. III, No. 3, pp. 112, 122 inclusive). Unintentionally, due credit was not then given several highly meri-

torious officers and their commands for efficient service rendered in the momentous campaign treated of, whilst some essential incidents were omitted. The natural desire of the gallant author to rectify the deficiencies in his narrative in a corrected republication, has been through circumstances deferred. For years suffering under the touching deprivation of vision and otherwise greatly physically afflicted, he bore these visitations of Providence with a fortitude wholly noble. He was relieved April 29, 1891, when, it may be confidently trusted, his heroic and devoted spirit found eternal companionship in Celestial Realms with the patriot chief who so loved and trusted him—the Christian Hero, Robert E. Lee. The daughter of General Long, Miss Virginia T. Long, writes the editor that “the last thing dictated” by her so lamented father was the letter for publication “making the corrections” embodied in the present publication. The editor has great pleasure in dutifully doing justice to all concerned.]

In compliance with his instructions, General Early, on the 13th of June, withdrew his corps, consisting of about eight thousand infantry and twenty-four pieces of artillery, from the Army of Northern Virginia, and proceeded towards Staunton. The artillery was subsequently increased to forty guns, and his forces were further augmented by the addition of about fifteen hundred cavalry and two thousand infantry. At Charlottesville Early received intelligence of the rapid advance of Hunter upon Lynchburg with a force of twenty thousand men.

Promptly shifting his objective point, and availing himself of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, he moved with such rapidity that he reached Lynchburg in time to rescue it. At that time the only force at hand for the defence of Lynchburg was the division of Breckinridge, less than two thousand strong, and a few hundred home guards, composed of old men and boys, whose age exempted them from active service. Hunter, finding himself unexpectedly confronted by Early, relinquished his intended attack upon the city, and sought safety in a rapid night retreat.

The next day Early instituted a vigorous pursuit, which continued with uninterrupted pertinacity, until Hunter was overtaken in the neighborhood of Salem, a small town on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, where he was defeated and forced to a hazardous and disorganizing retreat through the mountains to the Ohio river.

Having at a single blow liberated the Valley, Early determined upon an immediate invasion of Maryland and a bold advance on Washington City. As his instructions was discretionary, he was at liberty to adopt that course, which, at the time was, both in a political and military point of view, the best plan of action that could have been assumed.

The defence of Richmond being the settled policy of the Confederate Government, General Lee had on two occasions assumed the offensive in order to relieve that place from the paralyzing influence of the Federals.

The invasion of Maryland in 1862, and the campaign into Pennsylvania the following year, had relieved Richmond of the presence of the enemy for more than a year, but the tide of war had again returned, and that celebrated city was gradually yielding to the powerful embrace of her besiegers, which could only be loosened by a strong diversion in her favor.

This Early undertook with the force at his command, after the disposal of Hunter's army. By uniting with his own corps the division of Breckinridge and Ransom's cavalry, Early found himself at the head of about twelve thousand men. Though he knew this force to be inadequate to the magnitude of the work in hand, nevertheless he determined to overcome his want of numbers by the rapidity of his movements, thus hoping to acquire a momentum by velocity that would enable him to overcome that produced by the superior gravity of his opponents.

After the dispersion of Hunter's forces, one day in preparation sufficed Early for the commencement of his advance upon Maryland. His route through the Valley extended over a distance of two hundred miles or more; but the road was good, and although the country had been laid waste a short time before by Hunter, the genial season and fertile soil had already reproduced abundant subsistence for the horses and mules of the expedition; but the greater part of the supplies for the troops were necessarily drawn from Lynchburg and Richmond. To prevent delay, therefore, orders were sent to these places directing supplies to be forwarded to convenient points along the line of march. Staunton was reached on the 27th of June. This was the most suitable point at which to supply the army, and there Early made a short halt to make the necessary arrangements to insure the uninterrupted continuance of his march. In this he was ably assisted by Colonel Allan, Majors Harman, Rogers, Hawks, and

other members of his staff. The beautiful Valley of Virginia everywhere gave evidence of the ravages of war. Throughout the march down the Valley the unsparing hand of Hunter was proclaimed by the charred ruins of the once beautiful and happy homes. At Lexington the cracked and tottering walls of the Virginia Military Institute, the pride of Virginia and the *Alma Mater* of many of the distinguished sons of the South, were seen, and near them appeared the blackened remains of the private residence of Governor Letcher. Mrs. Letcher, with an infant hardly a week old, had been moved from her bed to witness the destruction of her house.

These melancholy scenes are almost too sad to relate; nevertheless they are facts that must stand in evidence of the cruelty with which the war was prosecuted by the North against the South.

When Early reached Winchester he learned that there was a Federal force at Harper's Ferry and another at Martinsburg, which it was necessary to dislodge before attempting the passage of the Potomac; and this was effected by the 4th of July without much opposition, the Federals having withdrawn without waiting an attack. The way being now clear, the passage of the Potomac was made on the 5th at Shepherdstown, and the army advanced to Sharpsburg.

Since the defeat of Hunter the advance of Early has been so rapid that his design to invade Maryland had not reached the Federal authorities in time to oppose his passage of the Potomac. But his entrance into Maryland being now known, it had produced great consternation as far as Baltimore and Washington. The boldness of this movement caused Early's forces to be greatly exaggerated, and rumor soon magnified it to four or five times its real strength.

The invasion was considered of such magnitude that the cities of Washington and Baltimore were thought to be in such imminent danger that the greatest alacrity was instituted in every direction to collect troops for the defence of those places.

The object of General Early being simply a diversion in favor of the operations about Richmond, he remained a day or two at Sharpsburg, in order that the impression created by his invasion might have time to produce its full effect before he exposed his weakness by a further advance. At this time all the troops in the vicinity of Washington had been collected, besides which a large numbers of quartermaster's employees had been improvised as soldiers, thus making the force at hand exceed twenty thousand men, while two corps from the army besieging Richmond, and a part of another corps from North Carolina, intended to reinforce that army, had been detached and put in rapid motion for the defence of the Capital.

In the face of these odds Early continued his advance into Maryland. At Frederick he found General Wallace, with about ten thousand men, in position to oppose the passage of the Monocacy. Immediate preparations were made to dislodge Wallace and effect a crossing of that stream. Rodes was thrown forward on the Baltimore and Ramseur on the Washington City road, while Gordon and Breckinridge, with a portion of Ransom's cavalry inclining to the right, moved to the fords a mile or two below the railroad bridge. At the same time the heights contiguous to the river were crowned by Long's artillery (consisting of the guns of Nelson, Braxton, King and McLaughlin), to cover the movement of the other troops.

When the troops had gained their position, the crossing at the lower fords was promptly accomplished, and Breckinridge and Gordon, quickly forming their line of battle, advanced rapidly up the stream towards the Federal position, and, after a short but spirited conflict, defeated Wallace, whose army soon fell into a panic and fled in wild confusion, spreading dismay for miles in every direction by the terrible accounts they gave of the tremendous force Early was leading through the country. The route being now open, Early proceeded by rapid marches to within cannon-shot of the walls of Washington. Since his entrance into Maryland his force had been exaggerated by the inhabitants and the soldiery he had met, until in their terrified imagination it was magnified to thirty or forty thousand men.

On his arrival before the Federal Capital, the exaggerated rumor of his strength having preceded him, its occupants were variously affected. The Federal authorities and all of their adherents were in a state of consternation, while the Southern sympathizers were full of exultation—for at the time it was thought by many he would take the city. Had he had twenty or thirty thousand men he would have done so, with a prospect of holding it, and giving a new turn to subsequent military operations. But Early was too prudent and sagacious to attempt an enterprise with a force of eight thousand men which, if successful, could only be of temporary benefit. He was therefore content to remain in observation long enough to give his movement full time to produce its greatest effect, and then withdrew in the face of a large army and recrossed the Potomac without molestation.

This campaign is remarkable for having accomplished more in proportion to the force employed, and for having given less public satisfaction, than any other campaign of the war. The want of appreciation of it is entirely due to the erroneous opinion that the

City of Washington should have been taken ; but this may be passed over as one of the absurdities of public criticism on the conduct of the war.

By glancing at the operations of Early, from the 13th of June to the last of July, it will be seen that in less than two months he had marched over four hundred miles, and with a force not exceeding twelve thousand men, he had not only defeated but entirely dispersed two Federal armies of an aggregate strength of more than double his own ; had invaded Maryland, and by his bold and rapid movement upon Washington, had created an important diversion in favor of General Lee in the defence of Richmond, and had re-entered Virginia with a loss of less than three thousand men. After remaining a short time in the neighborhood of Leesburg, he returned to the Valley by way of Snicker's Gap, and about the 17th of July occupied the neighborhood of Berryville.

Early had no sooner established himself at Berryville than a considerable force of the enemy appeared on the Shenandoah, near Castleman's Ferry, and partially effected a crossing, but were promptly driven back with heavy loss, after which they retired to the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry.

About the same time a large force under General Averill was reported to be advancing from Martinsburg to Winchester. Being unwilling to receive an attack in an unfavorable position, Early sent Ramseur, with a division and two batteries of artillery, to Winchester, to retard Averill, while he withdrew with the main body of the army and supply trains by way of White Post and Newtown to Strasburg.

Ramseur, having encountered the enemy a few miles east of Winchester, was defeated, with a loss of four pieces of artillery, and forced to retire to Newtown, where he rejoined Early.

Averill, being arrested in his pursuit of Ramseur near Newtown, fell back to Kernstown, where he was soon joined by General Crook, with the forces from Harper's Ferry.

From Newtown, Early continued his march to Strasburg without interruption. On the 23d he was informed of the junction of Crook and Averill, and of their occupation of Kernstown ; thereupon it was determined to attack them without delay. The security of the trains having been properly provided for, the army was put in motion early on the morning of the 24th towards the enemy.

About noon a position was gained from which it was observed that the enemy was in possession of the identical ground which had been occupied by Shields when encountered by Stonewall Jackson in

March, 1862. The memory of that battle evidently did much to inspire the troops to deeds of valor in the approaching conflict.

Early quickly made his disposition for battle. The divisions of Breckinridge and Rodes were thrown to the right of the turnpike, and those of Ramseur and Gordon were deployed to its left; the artillery being disposed of so as to cover the advance of the infantry, while the cavalry received instructions to close behind the enemy as soon as defeated.

Perceiving that the left flank of the enemy was exposed, Breckinridge, under cover of a wooded hill, gained a position from which he bore down upon it, and in gallant style doubled it upon the centre. This success was so vigorously followed up by the other troops, that the Federals gave way at all points, and were soon in rapid retreat, which was accelerated by a vigorous pursuit. In this battle the losses on the part of the Confederates were insignificant, while those of the Federals in killed, wounded and prisoners were considerable. While on the retreat a large number of their wagons and a considerable quantity of their stores were destroyed to prevent capture.

Finding that the enemy had again sought safety behind his defences, Early determined to re-enter Maryland, for the double purpose of covering a retaliatory expedition into Pennsylvania, and to keep alive the diversion which had already been made in favor of the defence of Richmond. Therefore, about the 6th of August, he crossed the Potomac in two columns—the one at Williamsport, and the other at Shepherdstown—and took a position between Sharpsburg and Hagerstown.

This occupation of Maryland was destined to be of short duration, for since Early's audacity had caused his strength to be so greatly magnified, and the importance of his operations so exaggerated, Grant had considered it necessary to largely increase the army of the Shenandoah, and to supersede Hunter, whose incapacity had long been obvious, by Phil. Sheridan, one of the most energetic and unscrupulous of his lieutenants. Being aware of the great increase of force prepared to be brought against him, Early recrossed the Potomac and returned up the Valley, being slowly followed by Sheridan, who had now taken command of the Middle Department.

On reaching Fisher's Hill, a position three miles west of Strasburg, Early halted and offered battle, which Sheridan made a show of accepting until the morning of the 17th, when he was discovered to be retreating towards Winchester. He was immediately pursued by Early, and being overtaken near Kernstown, a spirited skirmish en-

sued while he continued to retire. Night coming on the combatants separated, Early bivouacking in the neighborhood of Winchester, while Sheridan crossed the Opequon.

About this time Lieutenant-General Anderson joined Early with one division of infantry, a division of cavalry, and a battalion of artillery, thus increasing his force to about twelve thousand men, while that of Sheridan exceeded forty thousand. Notwithstanding the great disparity of numbers, the campaign was characterized by a series of skilful movements and brilliant skirmishes, including a successful attack on the Eighth Corps of Sheridan's army, near Berryville, on the 3d of September by Anderson's command, which resulted on the 19th of September in the battle of Winchester, which had doubtless been hastened to a conclusion by the departure of Anderson from the Valley on the 15th with Kershaw's division and Cutshaw's battalion of artillery for Richmond. Anderson had no sooner turned his back on the mountains than Sheridan threw his whole force against Early at Winchester and defeated him, not so much by force of numbers, as by one of those chances of war which sometimes beset the ablest commander; for after having gallantly contested the field, and firmly maintained their position until near the close of the day, a portion of his troops was seized with a panic, which rapidly spread until the greater part of the infantry and cavalry fell into confusion, and troops who had never before turned their backs upon the enemy retired in disorder from the field. The artillery alone remained firm, and covered with distinguished gallantry the retreat of the other troops, until a place of safety was gained and order restored, and then retired fighting, step by step, until it extricated itself from overwhelming numbers, leaving heaps of dead to testify to its matchless conduct and power. Sheridan's forces were so shattered that he could not immediately avail himself of the success he had gained, and Early was permitted an uninterrupted retreat to Fisher's Hill.

Notwithstanding his force had been considerably weakened by its late disaster, Early determined to maintain his position on Fisher's Hill. He could not realize that every man was not as stout-hearted as himself, nor that the troops he had so often led to victory were not invincible; and, besides his reluctance to abandon the rich and beautiful Valley, there were other and stronger reasons for his decision. It was evident that, if left unopposed in the Valley, Sheridan would immediately concert a plan of co-operation with Grant, either by advancing directly upon Richmond or by operating on its lines of

communication with a powerful cavalry until a junction was formed with him below Petersburg; in which case the important diversion in favor of Lee would have come to naught. Therefore the object of detaining Sheridan with his formidable force in the Valley sufficiently warranted Early, on the soundest military principles, in his determination to oppose him at all hazard.

The defiant attitude assumed by him was the most effective he could have adopted for accomplishing his object, and it created a deception as to his strength that made his opponent cautious, but which was quickly dissipated by a collision. His force at this time was less than seven thousand men, while that of Sheridan was greater by at least four to one.

Sheridan's forces having sufficiently recovered from the effect of the battle, pursued Early, and on the 22d attacked him in his position on Fisher's Hill. The thin Confederate ranks could offer but feeble resistance to the overwhelming force brought against them, and the conflict was consequently of short duration; and, owing to the extent and difficulty of the position, the Confederates sustained considerable loss before they could extricate themselves.

Early then retired up the Valley to a position above Harrisonburg, while Sheridan pursued as far as New Market. Both armies then remained inactive for some days, in order to rest and reorganize their forces. Kershaw's division of infantry and Cutshaw's battalion of artillery, after leaving Early and marching from Winchester to Gordonsville, returned, recrossing the mountain at Swift-Run Gap and rejoining Early near Lewis farm.

About the first of October, Sheridan retraced his steps down the Valley to the neighborhood of Middletown, where he took up a position on an elevated plateau behind Cedar Creek. Early, perceiving that his adversary had retired, pursued him to the neighborhood of Strasburg, where he took up a position from which he might be able to attack with advantage. On the 15th of October, Early made a demonstration in force in front of Sheridan's army and after a spirited engagement captured several hundred prisoners, besides losing some men killed and wounded, General Conner being among the latter. Sheridan had unwittingly assumed a position that gave his adversary admirable advantages and opportunity to execute a surprise.

Early entrusted a considerable force to General Gordon for that purpose. Having made himself familiar with the work in hand, Gordon, on the night of 18th October, proceeded to its execution.

Crossing Cedar creek sufficiently below the Federal pickets to avoid observation, he cautiously proceeded in the direction of the Federal encampments without accident or discovery. A favorable point for the accomplishment of his plans was gained just before daybreak on the 19th. The camp was reached, and in the midst of quiet sleep and peaceful dreams the war-cry and the ringing peals of musketry arose to wake the slumbering warriors and call them affrighted to their arms. The drums and bugles loudly summoned the soldier to his colors; but, alas! there was no ear for those familiar sounds! The crack of the rifle and the shouts of battle were upon the breeze, and no other sounds were heeded by the flying multitude.

Gordon's surprise had been complete, and when the dawn appeared long lines of fugitives were seen rushing madly towards Winchester. Such a rout had not been seen since the famous battle of Bull Run.

The Federals left artillery, baggage, small arms, camp equipage, clothing, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, in fact everything, in their panic. The whole camp was filled with valuable booty, which in the end proved a dangerous temptation to the Confederates—many of whom, instead of following up their brilliant success, left their ranks for plunder.

If an apology for such conduct were ever admissible, it was so on this occasion—the troops having been so long unaccustomed to the commonest comfort while making long and fatiguing marches and battling against large odds, and being now broken down, ragged and hungry, they would have been superhuman had they resisted the tempting stores that lay scattered on every hand. Our censure of this conduct must be mingled with compassion, when we remember that instances arise when the demand of nature is irresistible.

The Federals finding that they were not pursued when they reached the neighborhood of Middletown, their spirits began to revive, and the habit of discipline and order assumed its sway, and the shapeless mass of the morning regained the appearance of an army.

Sheridan, having been absent, met his fugitive army a little below Newtown. Order having been restored, he reformed his troops, and, facing them about, returned to the scene of their late disaster. The Confederates being unprepared for an attack, were quickly defeated and forced to retire to Fisher's Hill; from there to New Market, where Early maintained a bold front for several weeks. By this return of fortune Sheridan not only recovered all that had been lost in the morning, but acquired considerable captures from the Confederates.

The Confederates then retired to the neighborhood of Staunton, and further operations were suspended on account of the inclemency of the season.

Sheridan then occupied the lower Valley, where he employed himself in completing the work of destruction so bravely begun by Hunter, in which he seemed to vie with Alaric. His work of devastation was so complete that he exultingly reported to his superior that a "crow in traversing the Valley would be obliged to carry his rations." Before the spring was open Sheridan was in motion with a cavalry, or rather mounted infantry, force nine thousand strong, his objective point being Staunton. The force of Early, having been greatly reduced, was entirely inadequate for an effective resistance. Staunton was therefore evacuated, and Early retired to Waynesboro'. His entire force now only consisted of Wharton's division of infantry, six pieces of artillery, and a small body of cavalry, making in all about eighteen hundred men. With this force he took a position to protect an important railroad bridge over the south branch of the Shenandoah, and at the same time to cover Rockfish Gap, a pass connecting the Valley with Eastern Virginia. This pass was doubly important, as it gave passage both to the Charlottesville turnpike and Central railroad.

As Sheridan was without artillery, and the ground being unfit for the operation of cavalry, Early could have easily maintained his position with reliable troops: but, contrary to his belief, there was considerable disaffection in Wharton's division. Therefore, without his knowledge, his little army harbored the elements of defeat, for at the first show of an attack the malcontents threw down their arms, and, almost without opposition, Sheridan carried the position, compelling Early with his faithful few to seek safety in retreat. A number of these, however, were captured before they could make their escape.

Sheridan, having now removed all opposition, passed through Rockfish Gap into Eastern Virginia, traversed the interior of the State, and formed a junction with Grant almost without interruption.

On reaching Gordonsville Early collected a handful of men and threw himself upon the flank and rear of Sheridan, but his force was too small to make any impression. He was only induced to make this effort by his extreme reluctance to witness an unopposed march of an enemy through his country.

It has been said that Early, at the head of his faithful band, hovering like an eagle about the columns of Sheridan, displayed

more heroic valor than when at the head of his victorious army in Maryland.

Among some of those whom superior rank has not brought into special notice are Colonels Carter (Acting Chief of Artillery), Nelson, King, Braxton, and Cutshaw; Majors Kirkpatrick and McLaughlin, of the artillery, distinguished at Winchester; Captains Massey, killed, and Carpenter, wounded; Captain Garber wounded at Berryville; Colonel Pendleton, Adjutant-General of Early's corps, killed at Fisher's Hill while gallantly rallying the fugitives; Colonel Samuel Moore, Inspector-General of Early's corps; Colonel Green Peyton, Adjutant-General Rodes' division; Captain Lewis Randolph, of Rodes' staff; Colonel R. W. Hunter, Adjutant-General Gordon's division; Colonel Carr, Inspector-General Breckinridge's division, captured near Cross Keys, Valley of Virginia; Major Brethard, artillery; Major S. V. Southall, Adjutant-General of Artillery, wounded at Monocacy; Captain Percy, Inspector of Artillery; Major Moorman, of artillery; Lieutenant Long, Engineer Corps, killed at Cedar creek while rallying fugitives; Lieutenant Christian, of the artillery, also wounded at Cedar creek; Lieutenant Hobson, of artillery, killed at Monocacy; Dr. McGuire, Medical Director of Early's corps; Dr. Strath, Chief Surgeon of Artillery; Major Turner, Chief Quartermaster of Artillery; Major Armstrong, Chief Commissary of Artillery. Besides these there are many others, whose names are not in my possession, worthy of the highest distinction.

In operations of the character above described long lists of casualties may naturally be expected, in which the names of the bravest, noblest, and truest are sure to be found. While it is impossible for me to make separate mention of these, memory dictates the names of Rodes and Ramseur. From Richmond to the memorable campaign of the Wilderness they bore a conspicuous part, and their names rose high on the roll of fame. Rodes fell in the battle of Winchester, at the head of his splendid division, and Ramseur was mortally wounded at Cedar creek in his heroic attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day. Their fall was a noble sacrifice to the cause for which they fought, and their memory will ever remain green in the hearts of their countrymen.

A. L. LONG.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association in Augusta, Georgia, on the occasion of its Thirteenth Annual Reunion on Memorial Day, April 27, 1891.

BY COL. CHARLES C. JONES, JR., LL. D.

PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The 27th of April having been set apart by the Confederate Survivor's Association of Augusta for a Reunion in honor of Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton and the members of his "Old Brigade," and an elaborate programme having been arranged which included an oration from that distinguished Confederate chieftain, a collation for more than twelve hundred, responses from prominent officers and invited guests to sentiments appropriate to the memorial occasion, and other ceremonies, the President of this Association, in deference to the unusual attractions of the day, curtailed his annual address of its customary proportions.

THE ADDRESS.

Ten times since our last annual convocation has Death's pale flag been advanced within the lists of our Association, and as often has some member responded to the inexorable summons of the "fell sergeant" who bore it.

Henry Cranston, major and commissary of subsistence, died on the 6th of last May. On the 18th of the following August, D. B. Gillison, private in the Third company of Goodwin's brigade, South Carolina State troops, was borne to our Confederate section in the city cemetery. There, nine days afterwards, we laid our battle-scarred companion, A. M. White, private in Company G, Tenth regiment Georgia infantry, Bryan's brigade, McLaw's division, Long-

street's corps, Army of Northern Virginia; and, within the sequent week, like sepulture was accorded to Earle L. Jennings, private in Company H, Third regiment Georgia infantry, Sorrel's brigade, Anderson's division, A. P. Hill's corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

On the 26th of October, with a generous sympathy and a sincere respect for which he who addresses you will ever remain profoundly grateful, you followed to the tomb her* whom you have complimented with honorary membership and with a special badge—who, loyal to every Confederate memory, cherished for this association an affection and an admiration which knew no abatement when her pure spirit was recalled by the Divine Master who gave it.

After a lingering illness, endured with singular fortitude, our comrade James A. Loflin, private in Company G, Fifteenth regiment Georgia infantry, Toomb's brigade, Hood's division, Longstreet's corps, Army of Northern Virginia, who, for many years bore with composure the burthen of a severe wound encountered in the rage of battle, entered into rest. On the 30th of December, W. B. Kuhlke, First corporal of Company D, Twelfth battalion Georgia infantry, genial, and proud of his honorable scars received in the memorable engagement at Shiloh, was complimented with our final tokens of respect.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Peter Crawford, of the Twenty-eighth regiment Georgia infantry, Colquitt's brigade, Hoke's division, Army of Northern Virginia, died on the 13th of last January; and, on the following day, we were advised of the demise of our fellow member, Willinton Kushman, private in Company F, Sixth regiment South Carolina infantry, Jenkins' brigade, Kershaw's division, Longstreet's corps, Army of Northern Virginia. On the 20th of March the earthly ties which bound us to our friend and comrade Ker Boyce—major and quartermaster of Evans' brigade, Gordon's division, Early's corps, Army of Northern Virginia—were sundered.

Within the past twelve-month the following prominent Confederates: Brigadier-General R. Lindsay Walker, of the Army of Northern Virginia; Brigadier-General M. L. Bonham, ex governor of South Carolina; the Honorable Beverly Tucker, of Virginia, erstwhile in the diplomatic service of the Confederacy; the Honorable Elias Boudinot, a Cherokee chief, lawyer, linguist, musician, politician, and delegate to the Confederate Congress; Major-General

* Mrs. Charles C. Jones, Jr.

Cadmus M. Wilcox; Brigadier-General E. A. O'Neal, ex-Governor of Alabama; the Honorable James M. Smith, member of Confederate Congress and afterwards governor of Georgia; Brigadier-General B. D. Fry, at one time commanding in this city; Brigadier-General R. J. Henderson, of Georgia; Brigadier-General Thomas F. Drayton, of South Carolina; Joseph Eggleston Johnston, the hero of four wars, a most noted leader of Confederate armies, honored at home and abroad, and, general Beauregard excepted, sole survivor of those who were entrusted with the rank of General in the military service of the Confederacy; the Honorable Augustus R. Wright, of Georgia, legislator, jurist, and orator, the compeer of Toombs and Stephens and Cobb, and a signer of the Confederate Constitution; Brigadier-General Albert Pike, poet, scholar, and Grand Commander of Scottish Rite Masonry in the Southern jurisdiction, gone where the mysteries which confuse the speculations and embarrass the inquiries of the present are already solved in the light of eternal day or are pretermitted in the calm of never-ending repose; Colonel William L. Saunders, for twelve years Secretary of State of North Carolina, the capable editor of the Colonial Records of that Commonwealth, and a gallant officer; Brigadier-General Lucius J. Gartrell, of Georgia, an eloquent advocate and an ex-member of Confederate Congress; Colonel Daniel G. Fowle, a true Confederate, and, at the time of his sudden death, occupying the gubernatorial chair of North Carolina; and Brigadier-General John R. Cooke, of Missouri, accredited by official appointment to the Old North State, have all succumbed to the attack of the "Black Knight with visor down," whose onset none may successfully resist.*

Laying to heart the lesson of this Memorial season, and remembering that we, too, are powerless to elude "Mortality's strong hand," let us, my friends, contemplate with composure and anticipate with philosophic resignation the advent of the inevitable hour. "If it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all."

Honored as we are by the presence of one who, as Master of Horse of the Army of Northern Virginia, as governor, senator,

* On the second day succeeding the delivery of this address, April 29th, Brigadier-General Armistead Lindsay Long, late Chief of Artillery of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the military biographer of General Robert E. Lee, "Crossed the river," and rested with his immortal Chief.

southern gentleman, and deliverer of his people from the dominion of the ignorant, the alien, and the freebooter, challenges and receives our sincerest esteem, unstinted gratitude, and warmest admiration, and anticipating from him the compliment of an oration upon the occasion of this happy reunion, I am relieved, my comrades, from the obligation which has for so many years devolved upon me of delivering the annual address before this Association. The hour is at hand when, with satisfaction unalloyed, we will hearken unto the eloquent utterance of this distinguished Confederate chieftain, enlightened statesman, genuine patriot, and chivalrous son of the South. From the realization of this pleasing and privileged anticipation I may not detain you. Pardon me if I indulge in a single suggestion.

It is painfully manifest that if the duration of this Association is to be measured by the lives of its present members, it will, upon the demise of the longest liver, cease to exist and expire by the terms of its own limitation. There will then be none to take the places of those who followed the Red Cross as it defiantly waved when "trenching war" channeled our fields; none who personally shared the fortunes of the Confederacy; none who, of their individual knowledge, might proudly testify to the generations

"No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime";

none who, with a comrade's warrant, speaking in behalf of our Confederate Dead, could charge the living to

"Give them the meed they have won in the past,
Give them the honors their future forecast,
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their life";

none, qualified by actual participation in the common and intimate comprehension of the aspirations and the disasters of that memorable epoch, to succeed to the privileges of this special companionship.

"Fanned by conquest's crimson wing," multitudes laud the victors, while the conquered are consigned to the swallowing gulf of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion. It is of triumphs that muses delight to sing, and the vanquished; are too often summoned by the limner simply to populate the dim back-ground that the images of those who prevailed may appear in brighter array. While the Confederacy, once so puissant, with all its hopes, valorous achievements marvelous exhibitions of political and military power, exists now only as brave

memory, a stalwart tradition, and while this nation will never be revived with the

"Pre-eminence and all the large effects
That troop with majesty,"

it may not be denied that the principles upon which it was founded, the ends it was designed to promote, and the manly traits and patriotic sentiments which it inculcated and engendered, should be as enduring as the ages. Commonwealths, dynasties, and individuals pass away ; but truth, justice, right, valor, virtue, and love of country are deathless.

It may not be disguised that there is a growing tendency to frame excuses for, nay, even to belittle the aims, the inspirations, and the exploits of a Confederate past.

Under the absurd guise of a New South—flaunting the banners of utilitarianism, lifting the standards of speculation and expediency, elevating the colors whereon are emblazoned consolidation of wealth and centralization of government, lowering the flag of intellectual, moral, and refined supremacy in the presence of the petty guidons of ignorance, personal ambition and diabolism, supplanting the iron cross with the golden calf, and crooking

"The pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning"—

not a few there are who, ignoring the elevating influence of heroic impulses, manly endeavor, and virtuous sentiments, would feign convert this region into a money-worshipping domain ; and, careless of the land-marks of the fathers, impatient of the restraints of a calm, enlightened, conservative civilization, viewing with indifferent eye the tokens of Confederate valor, and slighting the graves of Confederate dead, would counsel no oblation save at the shrine of Mammon. Beguiled by the hope of place and gain, misled by false notions, and demoralized by the commercial methods of the present, there is danger, my friends, that the number will increase of those who, failing to appreciate, will neglect to rightly value the aspirations which animated the breasts and nerved the arms of the Southern people during a momentous and defensive crisis, than which the world has known none sanctified by purer self-sacrifice or characterized by loftier enterprise.

Surely, if it can be prevented by precept, example, and honest avowal, we will never consent that our loyalty shall be questioned,

our allegiance to truth, honor and vested rights impugned, or our genuine manhood drawn into controversy at our own homes and within the shadow of our cherished monuments. To our descendants do we naturally and confidently look for the protection of our posthumous reputations. They should be the guardians—they are the legitimate transmitters of the aims, doctrines, and principles which we held dearer than life.

Permit me, then, to make this suggestion for your consideration and future action. Let our sons, by virtue of heirship, be admitted as junior members of this Association ; so that when we pass into the realm of shadows there may be those, sprung from our loins and inheriting our sentiments, who will regard with pride and cherish with devotion the recollections which we deem sacred, and see to it that in the Pantheon wherein honest history shall set up the images of the good and great, there shall be room—ample, honorable, and pre-eminent—accorded to the statutes of Davis and Lee and Jackson and and Johnson and Hampton and of their noble compatriots who imperiled all in the defence of home, in the cause of truth, in the maintenance of right, in the support of freedom, and in the exhibition of every trait appertaining to exalted manhood.

LAST DAYS OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

A Comrade's Experience with Gen. L. S. Baker's Command at Weldon,
N. C., During the Fifteen Days preceding Johnston's
Surrender at Greensboro, N. C.

*An Address delivered before A. P. Hill Camp Confederate Veterans, at
Petersburg, Va.*

BY JAMES M. MULLEN.

COMRADES:

Looking back, perhaps I am justified in saying that my lines during the late war were, in one sense, cast in pleasant places. At the time, and while the conflict was raging, I did not think so; but "blessings brighten as they take their flight." Hudibras says that

"He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day";

and thinking "on my marcies" during the piping times of peace that have succeeded the late unpleasantness, I have learned to properly appreciate my good fortune in being kept out of harm's way. The running away was not of our own choosing, for the boys of our battery would have had it otherwise, and we did not relish the paternal regard of the "powers that were," in our behalf. It did seem, however, that the authorities studiously avoided exposing us to danger, and kept the battery continuously on the move, so as to shield it from the enemy's bullets. Around Richmond, from April to November, 1862, either in camp of instruction or manning some of the heavy redoubts that encircled that city, we took no active part in the bloody scenes that were enacted at Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Cold Harbor, Savage's Station and Malvern Hill, though within sound, and, at times, in sight of bursting of shell and rattling of musketry upon those fields of carnage. From November, 1862, to June, 1863, we helped to guard the line of the Blackwater under Pryor, and assisted in the investment of Suffolk under Longstreet. During the remainder of 1863, with the exception of a few weeks at Chaffin's Bluff, we remained around Petersburg, our principle duty being to stand guard over Fort Clifton. The first five months of 1864 found us on the coast below Wilmington, N. C., about six miles above Fort Fisher. From there we were sent in June, 1864, to Weldon, N. C., where we remained until the close of the war.

When approached, several weeks ago, with the request that, at some future meeting, I favor the camp with some of my war experiences, the same feeling took possession of me that doubtless came over that good woman when about to cast all she had—two mites—into the treasury of the Lord. I was oppressed with the consciousness that what I might be able to contribute would fail to entertain scarred veterans who had "stood like a stonewall" with Jackson, or marched and fought with A. P. Hill's "Light Division." As it was not my privilege to witness or participate in any of the many glorious victories won by that incomparable body of men, the Army of Northern Virginia, the din and shout of fierce battle are not within my experience. It can never be my pleasure to relate with bated breath and glowing cheek to my children and children's children, as one of the actors therein, those mighty passages of arms that made for Lee's ragged veterans a name as great as, if not greater than, that of any armed host whose achievements are recorded in the annals of history. "In all the tide of time" the brilliant deeds of that array of "bright muskets and tattered uniforms" will live and

glow upon the historic page, in attestation of the fortitude, prowess and courage of that noble band of patriot soldiers. Would that I could, as one of the actors in the bloody drama, tell of the charge up the heights of Cemetery Hill, when nothing daunted by

"Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them,"

that gallant command pressed on, at the call of duty, to certain death. But if the privilege accorded the old soldier to

"Weep o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder his crutch, and show how fields are won,"

is denied me, I am possessed of the proud consciousness of having done all I could—all that was permitted me to do—to secure the success of the cause I believed to be right.

It is announced that I shall speak to-night of "A comrade's experience with General L. S. Baker's command at Weldon, N. C., during the fifteen days preceding the surrender of Johnston at Greensboro, N. C." I shall endeavor briefly to recount some of the incidents and events that came under my observation while with this little command during this short but eventful period.

After the evacuation of Plymouth, Washington, Kinston and Goldsboro, Brigadier-General L. S. Baker was sent to Weldon, charged with the duty of holding on to that place, not only for the purpose of preserving railroad communication between the other forces in North Carolina and the Army of Northern Virginia, and those along the line of the Wilmington & Weldon railroad, from Goldsboro to that line, but of collecting supplies for these armies from that portion of Eastern Carolina not actually in the possession of the enemy. The authorities recognizing the importance of this position in these respects—it being one of the principal sources of supply for the armies in the field—instructed General Baker to hold it until the last moment, and, at the same time, watch out for and repel any raids of the enemy coming from the Blackwater and Chowan, and from Plymouth, Washington and Goldsboro. With the force under his command this was no light duty, and he was necessarily absent from Weldon most of his time, looking after the various points under his supervision. Weldon, however, was the headquarters of his department, which was styled "The Second

Military Division of North Carolina." In his absence, the captain of our battery (Captain L. H. Webb, Company A, Thirteenth Battalion North Carolina Light Artillery) was in command.

You will remember that the days of which I speak were times that tried men's souls, and put to the severest test the metal with which the Confederate soldiers were made. All signs indicated that "the end was near at hand." Lee had abandoned Petersburg and Richmond, though this was unknown to us until several days thereafter, as I shall later on show; all of North Carolina east of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad had been given up; and Sherman had made his memorable march through Georgia to the sea, and through the Carolinas, having as his objective point Goldsboro, where he proposed to form a junction with Schofield, moving from Newberne and Kinston, and with Terry, moving from Wilmington. This was accomplished by him on the 23d of March, 1865. The giant arms of an octopus were rapidly closing upon the Confederacy in her final desperate but grand struggle for independence. Just one month previous to the junction of these three armies, flushed as they were with victory, that old war-horse, General Joe Johnston, had relieved Beauregard at Charlotte, N. C., and was charged with the difficult task of collecting and uniting in one army the scattered of Bragg, Hardee, Hood and Beauregard, for one supreme effort to stay the tide of the invader, and he prepared, if necessary, to unite his forces at Danville with those of Lee, who even then contemplated abandoning his position around Petersburg for that purpose, with the hope that the two armies might fall upon Sherman and crush him before Grant could come to his assistance. Vain hope born of desperation; for Sherman, having reached Goldsboro, his next plan was not to follow after Johnston, but open communication with Grant, so that the two might act together. This is shown by his special order, issued April 5th, at Goldsboro, which reads: "The next grand objective is to place this army (with its full equipment) north of Roanoke river, facing west, with a base for supplies at Norfolk, and at Winston or Murfreesboro on the Chowan, and in full communication with the Army of the Potomac at Petersburg; and also to do the enemy as much harm as possible en route." His army was to move on the 10th of April, in three columns of 25,000 each, with his cavalry under Kilpatrick, aiming directly for Weldon until it had crossed the Tar river, the general point of concentration being Warrenton, N. C. But his whole plan was suddenly changed by the news of the fall of Richmond and Petersburg, which reached him at Goldsboro on the

6th of April. Inferring that Lee would succeed in making junction with Johnston, with a fraction of his army, at least, somewhere in the front, he prepared on the day he had appointed (April 10th) to leave Goldsboro, to move straight on Raleigh, which place he reached on April 13th, and found that Johnston had moved further on.

Let us now leave Sherman at Raleigh, and go back to the little force at Weldon. And, in the outset, I take pleasure in acknowledging my indebtedness for much I shall now recount to my old commander, Captain L. H. Webb, than whom a truer soldier never drew sword, and who has very kindly furnished me extracts from his diary kept during this period. I have also obtained valuable information from that gallant soldier, Hon. James C. McRae, then Assistant Adjutant-General on General Baker's staff, and now one of the Superior Court judges for North Carolina.

The task imposed upon this small force, consisting of two or three hundred infantry and our battery, numbering about one hundred and twenty-five men, was no light one. For weeks it had been in a state of constant activity and excitement, enhanced towards the last with continual suspense and anxiety. It had been constantly on the move to meet threatened advances from the directions of the Tar and lower Roanoke and the Chowan and Backwater rivers. If I remember aright, during the month of March it had been sent upon two expeditions through Northampton, Hertford and Bertie counties, to repel reported raids of the enemy's cavalry from the Chowan; one, to and below Tarboro to meet a threatened advance from the lower Tar and Roanoke, and one, down the Seaboard and Roanoke railroad towards Franklin, to check a cavalry raid from the Blackwater. This last expedition, however, was in April, the command returning to camp therefrom the night of April 6th. It was under command of Colonel Whitford, who had with him not to exceed two hundred infantry (about fifty of whom were members of our company, armed with inferior rifles) and two guns from our battery. I was with the expedition as a cannoneer of one of the guns of the battery. I forgot to say that we were conveyed down the Seaboard road upon two or three flat cars, and possibly a box car or two. Upon reaching Boykin's Depot, about twenty-five miles from Weldon, we discovered that all below that point the enemy had torn up and burned the track, so that it was impossible for us to proceed further on the train. Disembarking, we reconnoitered the situation for several miles around and remained there until next morning, when hearing that the enemy was making his way in the direction of Weldon, we boarded the

train and started back. After passing Seaboard, a small station about ten miles east of Weldon, Colonel Whitford, who was riding on the engine, saw one or two men run across the track some six or seven hundred yards ahead. He at once ordered the train stopped. This precaution was not taken any too soon, for as soon as some of the infantry were put off as skirmishers and the situation was taken in, it was discovered that the track for some distance just ahead of us was torn up and that the enemy had ambuscaded both sides. We had passed Seaboard about a mile. As soon as the train was stopped the enemy opened fire upon us. Colonel Whitford caused the train to be run back to Seaboard, where the remainder of the command was put in position to await the return of the skirmishers, who were ordered to fall back as soon as they could ascertain with some certainty the force and purpose of the enemy. They soon reported that the enemy, consisting of a regiment of cavalry, had retired in the direction of Jackson, which was distance some eight miles in a southeast direction from where we were, and away from Weldon. Colonel Whitford concluded to follow on after them, but I suspect with no hearty desire to meet up with them, for he could but know that our force was not able to cope successfully with a full regiment. Upon reaching Jackson, we learned there that the regiment was the Third New York Cavalry, about six hundred strong, well mounted and thoroughly equipped with Spencer repeating carbines, and had passed through that town some hours before, and then must be near Murfreesboro, some twenty-five miles distant. After waiting several hours at Jackson, our guns were ordered back overland to Weldon, while the infantry, under Colonel Whitford's command, retired to Halifax. I shall always remember with pleasure one little incident connected with this affair. Several weeks before, as we had more men than were required or needed to man the guns, about sixty of our company had been armed with rifles and acted with the infantry. When the train was halted and skirmishers thrown off, I was anxious to join them, and endeavored to get one of the riflemen to exchange places with me. I knew he was disaffected, and it occurred to me that he would not hesitate to shirk danger; but I reckoned without my host. He rejected the overture with some indignation, and remarked that if anybody had to use his rifle he proposed to do it himself; and I ascertained that he behaved as gallantly as any man. This but illustrates that it was not cowardice that caused a great many of our soldiers to waiver in their allegiance toward the close of the war, but the terrible hardships to which they were subjected, the

distressing accounts of suffering of their loved ones at home, and the intuitive knowledge that defeat was inevitable. I remember with sadness, without any feeling of censure, many instances of desertion of as brave men as ever marched to the tap of a drum.

On the 7th of April, about 5 o'clock P. M., a telegram was received by Captain Webb, who was in command, from General Johnston, ordering that all trains north of the Roanoke river be recalled at once, all the artillery that could be moved got on the south side, and such heavy guns in the defences north of the river as could not be moved, be destroyed, and the railroad bridge burned. Steps were at once taken to execute the order, and, by hard service all night, the next morning (Saturday 8th) found everything in the shape of guns, ordnance, quartermaster and commissary stores removed from the north side of the river and delivered in Weldon, and combustibles at once gathered and placed at each end of the railroad bridge to fire it as soon as all the trains were safely over. The bridge, however, was not fired that day; why, I will let Captain Webb speak. I quote from his diary: "General Baker came up about 10 o'clock A. M., and ordered me with my battery and Williams' section of artillery across the river again. Upon getting my battery over the river, I put my guns in position along the old line as I thought best, and awaited ulterior orders from headquarters. My only support were the feeble remains of a company of so-called cavalry under Captain Strange. In all the twenty men of his command there was not a single man or officer decently mounted. With my old fiery Bucephalus, "Duncan," I could have charged and overturned every skeleton of a horse in his company. But the men were all true "tarheels," and there was no braver man than Captain Strange." On the afternoon of the 10th the artillery was ordered back on the south side, and preparations made to leave Weldon. According to Captain Webb, there were then at that point about five hundred men, including at least seventy-five stragglers, furloughed men, convalescents from the hospitals, and detailed men.

On the 12th the command to leave Weldon was given. Captain Webb was ordered to take charge of the column and start towards Raleigh, keeping as near the railroad as possible. By 10 o'clock A. M., the column was well on its way in good order, the objective being, if possible, to join General Johnston at or near Raleigh. We marched about sixteen miles that day.

For several days previous to our departure, and even while the artillery was on the north side of the river, everything was done to

put the force in good marching condition. Unfit and worthless animals connected with the artillery, quartermaster and commissary departments, were condemned, and either sold or given away. To supply their places, squads of mounted men were detailed to make detours through the adjacent farms and plantations, to impress horses and mules. The extra men of the command were parcelled out and assigned to the different regular organizations, and everything in the way of stores sent off by rail up the Raleigh and Gaston railroad. The bridge, however, remained in *statu quo*, and was not burned until the night of the 13th, two days after we had marched away. One of the duties imposed upon the men of our battery, just before leaving Weldon, was the collection and destruction of boats along the river, so that, upon the burning of the bridge, communication with the north side might be effectually cut off. Perhaps it was a precautionary measure that could have been very safely dispensed with; and when I recall my experience in the performance of that duty, I am strongly inclined to that opinion. In company with a mountaineer, who knew nothing of boat craft, I was sent up the river for that purpose. After proceeding about half a mile above the bridge, we came across a boat; but the owner, who doubtless had taken the alarm, had hid the poles with which to propel it. Nothing daunted, we improvised the best we could, and started down the river. Tempted by the sight of some fish upon a slide near by, we essayed to cross over and secure them, and had almost reached the prize when my companion's pole broke, and away we went down the rapids. We fortunately passed the worst safely, and by dint of extra exertion reached the shore; but for a few moments there were two badly scared navigators. The rest of the trip to the point we were ordered to bring the boats was made by swinging around, one of us in the stern and the other at the bow, alternately catching hold of and turning loose the bushes along the bank.

The scenes in and around Weldon these few days were heart-rending. As early as the 8th the citizens in the country around, especially on the north side of the river, became panic-stricken, and came crowding into the town, imagining the direst calamities would befall them upon the withdrawal of the troops. We could but remember the kind and hospitable treatment these good and loyal people had always extended to Confederate soldiers, and were deeply touched at their distress. But some of us, who had witnessed similar scenes, took comfort in the thought that it would not be half as bad as they imagined. I remember the confusion and consternation in

and around my own home upon hearing of the capture of Roanoke Island; and yet, the storm of war passed by without inflicting the grievous woes apprehended. But Sherman and his bummers did not pass that way.

By sunrise on the 13th we resumed our march in a hard rain, and with the roads in a terrible condition. Not long after starting we began to meet stragglers making their way to our rear. Among the first to attract our attention was a weary-looking, foot-sore and jaded young fellow in the dirty and tattered uniform of a lieutenant of infantry, who told us he was going home; that Lee had surrendered, and what was left of his army had been paroled. Up to this time we did not know that Petersburg had been abandoned, so completely were we insulated and cut off. Captain Webb, who was in command—General Baker not yet having come up—refused to believe him, and ordered him and some others under guard to accompany the command until their story was verified. But it was not long before all were fully convinced of the truth of their statements, for the roads were soon filled with soldiers returning from Lee's army. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when fully impressed with the fact that Lee had surrendered. Until then I had never permitted myself to doubt the ultimate success of the Confederacy; and, as to the Army of Northern Virginia, I believed that, under "Marse Robert," it was simply invincible. I apprehend this feeling was shared by most of the Confederate soldiers; hence their endurance, courage and devotion under the sorest trials and in the darkest hours of the cause. With Lee's surrender, all hope fled, and thereafter obedience and discharge of duty were purely mechanical. Swift upon the heels of the news of this terrible disaster, and on the evening of the same day, came the rumor that Sherman was in possession of Raleigh, and that Johnston was retiring before him towards Greensboro. Madam Rumor was not a lying jade that time. About night-fall, weary and hungry, depressed with the gloomy outlook, and after a hard day's work, we halted and went into camp near Warren-ton Junction. General Baker had not yet come up, and Captain Webb was in much doubt as to what course to pursue.

Let me narrate the events of the succeeding day in the words of Captain Webb himself. I quote from his diary:

"Friday, April 14th. About day-light this morning the bugles sounded reveille, and as soon as the weary men could be got in line, and the horses hitched, without breakfast, we started for the junction, about four miles distant, intending to feed at that place. I pressed

on ahead of the column to see if I could hear anything of General Baker, and at that early hour I found the road filled with stragglers, all reiterating and confirming the news of yesterday. Nothing could be heard of the general. The column came up in about an hour, was halted, horses fed, and men got breakfast. About the time we were ready to move again a solitary horseman rode up to the depot, in whom I recognized General M. W. Ransom. He dismounted and hitched his horse, while I went forward to meet him. He confirmed the reports of General Lee's surrender, having himself been there and witnessed it. I told of my situation, the reported occupation of Raleigh by Sherman, and that, surrounded by the enemy as I was, I hardly knew what to do with the stores and men under my charge. He replied that he knew nothing of Sherman's position, but hardly thought he was in Raleigh, and that, being a paroled soldier, he could not give me any advice in the premises; but that his brother, General Robert Ransom, was at his house, only about four miles away, and, as he was not paroled, I could consult him. This I concluded to do, and countermanding the orders to resume the march, we mounted and rode off. We found General Robert Ransom at his house (he was home on sick furlough), and I entered at once into the matter which had brought me to his presence. General Matt Ransom was present, but took no part in the discussion. After some reflection, General Robert remarked that under the circumstances he could see no good in holding out longer; explained the difficulties of reaching Johnston if Sherman occupied Raleigh, and that he thought it best to remain where I was, and send a flag of truce to Sherman at Raleigh, offering to surrender upon the same terms accorded Lee's army. At the conclusion of General Robert's remarks, General Matt, forgetful of the fact that he was paroled and could give no advice, sprang to his feet, and exclaimed with flashing eye and extended arm: 'Never! Under no consideration surrender until there is a force in your front sufficient to compel it. But what am I doing! I am a paroled prisoner and have no right to speak in this manner,' and walked out of the room. There was that in his manner, looks, and ringing tones, which settled the question for me, and bidding both 'good-bye,' mounted my horse and rode back to Warrenton Junction. Upon arriving there I found a considerable number of the men in a state of disquietude and disorder, amounting to almost total demoralization. They had broken into one of the cars containing supplies of food, were wantonly wasting the supplies, and were preparing to break open other cars. Springing from my horse

and making my way to them, calling my bugler as I went, I had him sound the assembly, and bade them fall in with their several commands at once. The better and nobler instincts of good soldiers coming to their assistance, they soon quieted down and readily fell into line. I then addressed them as best I could; told them all the news I could learn; of my conference with the two generals; that we had food enough for a week at least, and in that time felt sure something would be done, either by the arrival of General Baker, or in some other way, which would enable us either to continue or close our services as Confederate soldiers in an honorable way. That I proposed now to move on to Ridgway, halt and call a council of officers; and urged them to be men a little longer and trust me, and I would do for them the best I could. My emotions choked my utterance; many of the men wept with me, and all promised implicit obedience to my orders. The column was soon formed and marched to Ridgway, where we arrived about noon. Hastily calling the officers together for consultation, we concluded to send an engine and tender up the road as near Raleigh as possible, and ascertain, if we could, whether Sherman was there or not. An engine on the track, already fired up, was seized, and as many men, armed with Enfield rifles, as could be were put aboard and in charge of Lieutenant Blount, of Tenth North Carolina troops, with orders to go as near Raleigh as he deemed safe, and if he found the enemy in occupation, to return with the best speed possible, burning the most important bridge on the road in his rear. The engine was about to move off, when the president of the road, who lives here, stepped up, and in an authoritative tone, ordered the men off, and the engineer not to move an inch. I renewed my former order, which the president again forbade, denying my authority to impress his rolling-stock in such service. Remonstrances proving unavailing, I directed a sergeant, with a file of men, to remove him into the railroad office and keep him under guard, which being done, the engine moved off up the road. In the consultation with the officers it was decided that if upon the return of Lieutenant Blount, General Baker had not come up or been heard from, another meeting should be called for definite action. At 5 P. M. news came that General Baker and staff were coming, and about 6 P. M. they rode up. Upon his arrival the president of the road was set at liberty, and he at once made complaint to the general; but he endorsed all I had done, and then saying he would make his headquarters with the president, they rode off together. Soon after, he called a council of the officers, from which I returned about 9:30 P. M. With few dissenting votes it was

decided to send a flag of truce to Sherman, tendering our surrender upon the same terms allowed Lee's army. Lieutenant Blount had returned about 8 P. M., reporting that he had gone within twelve miles of Raleigh, and getting what he deemed reliable information that Sherman was in possession of the city, on his return, in obedience to orders, he had burned the railroad bridge over Cedar Creek."

On the morning of the 15th, the general announced an entirely different programme from that determined upon the evening before. That now announced was, to abandon the artillery, and all except absolutely necessary supplies, and with the whole command in as light order as possible, mounted on artillery horses and transportation animals, as far as could be done, and armed as best we could, try to get to Johnston by passing around Sherman's rear. This change met with wide-spread dissatisfaction, but nothing further was done that day.

On the 16th (Sunday), the general was urged by some of his officers to carry out at once the plan originally decided upon, to surrender; for they were satisfied they could not control their men longer. He promised to take the matter under consideration and announce his final decision at an assembly of all the forces that evening. The plan finally adopted was, to try and cut his way through to Johnston with all who would volunteer to follow him, the others to disband and go home as best they could. About fifty volunteered, of which nineteen were from our battery. These fifty were authorized to be mounted on government horses, and armed with Enfield rifles. This was done, and at mid night they took up their march.

I might relate several ludicrous incidents of this march, but I have already detained you too long, and I must hasten on. The next morning, having been up all night, we presented anything but a martial appearance, and, if the truth must be told, our enthusiasm was at a low ebb, for we were pretty well satisfied that ours was a "wild goose chase." Nothing but a sense of duty, and a reluctance to turn back as long as we were called upon to go forward, carried us on. For two days we wandered on over the hills and through the woods of Franklin, Johnston and Wake counties. On one of these days we passed through Louisburg, worn out and hungry. The good citizens of the town received us enthusiastically, and treated us most hospitably. It must have been an amusing sight to see us straggling through the streets, with flowers in one hand and something to eat in the other. It made a deep impression on me at the time, and I shall never forget the scene.

About sundown on the 16th we reached Arpsboro and halted. There the general informed us he had reliable information that Johnston had surrendered, and he had determined to send in a flag of truce to Raleigh, tendering his surrender. On the next day, having recrossed the Tar river and countermarched several miles, we started the flag, the officer in charge bearing the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT, N. C.,
NASH COUNTY, N. C., *April 19, 1865.*

Major-General W. T. SHERMAN,
Commanding U. S. Forces, Raleigh, N. C.:

GENERAL: Finding that General Johnston has surrendered his army, of which my commands forms a part, I have the honor to surrender the command, with a request that the same terms be allowed me as were allowed General Johnston's army. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

L. S. BAKER,
Brigadier-General, C. S. A."

A rumor reached us to-night, that President Lincoln had been assassinated.

About 5 o'clock P. M. on the 20th, our flag returned with a letter from General Sherman to General Baker, stating that General Johnston had not surrendered, but that terms had been agreed upon between them for a cessation of hostilities and the restoration of peace. Accompanying the letter was a copy of the agreement. The letter gave General Baker the right to disband his force upon the terms granted Lee's army. The general, deeming it best to accept these terms, issued the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT, DEP'T N. C.
BUNN'S HOUSE, *April 20, 1865.*

(General Order No. 25.)

The brigadier-general commanding announces to the officers and men who have remained with him that the two grand armies of the

Confederate States having been compelled to make terms with the enemy, it has become necessary that he should disband his command.

The officers and men will be allowed to return to their homes, where they will remain peaceably and quietly, until called forth again by the proper authorities.

He offers his profound thanks to those who have remained with him to the last. Though their labors have not met with present success, they will carry with them the proud consciousness of having done their whole duty to their country, and of having laid down their arms only when they could be of no further service to the cause to which their lives were so freely devoted.

With the kindest wishes for their future welfare, he bid them farewell.

By order of Brigadier-General Baker,

J. C. McRAE, *A. A. G.*"

And the following to each commanding officer in the force, *mutatis mutandis*, to-wit:

" *Captain* LOUIS H. WEBB,

Co. A, Thirteenth Battalion North Carolina Artillery:

CAPTAIN: You will please present the thanks of the brigadier-general commanding to the following-named officers and men of your company, who have courageously remained at the post of duty until the last moment, and who have not feared to trust their safety to him in the hour of adversity. He has done all he can for these brave men, and only surrenders them when it would be folly and madness to continue longer in arms:

Captain L. H. Webb, First Lieutenant H. P. Horne, Sergeant T. G. Skinner, Sergeant J. G. Latham, Corporal L. W. McMullan, Privates James M. Mullen, Alphonso White, Peter McMillan, A. J. Baker, J. A. Jacocks, Daniel Morrison, Nathaniel Hathaway, Richard Bogue, Walter J. Webb, Charles Barber, Thomas H. Snowden, Wm. H. Whedbee, R. W. Happer, and George W. Fentress.

I have the honor to be very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES C. McRAE, *A. A. G.*"

The men were each furnished with the following :

“HEADQUARTERS SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT, DEP'T N. C.,
BUNN'S HOUSE, *April 20, 1865.*”

In accordance with an agreement with Major-General Sherman, Commanding United States Forces in North Carolina, private....., Co. A, Thirteenth Battalion North Carolina Artillery, is permitted to go to his home and there quietly remain, taking with him one horse, his private property.

L. S. BAKER,
Brigadier-General.”

In passing, let me say that the horse was the best pay I ever received from the Confederacy, and he proved a most valuable acquisition.

Early the next morning (Friday, April 21st) we turned our faces homeward, feeling as if a heavy weight had been lifted off our shoulders, and relieved that the suspense was over. Captain Webb, who was going to join his wife on the Blackwater, accompanied the Perquimans county boys, of whom there was about a dozen. This party kept well together, until just before reaching Halifax, when Captain Webb, Wm. H. Whedbee and I pushed on ahead. I quote again from the captain's diary :

“On Sunday, the 23d of April, at Martin's Cross-Roads, Northampton county, N. C., I parted from Mullen and Whedbee, the last two of my company to remain with me.”

And now, comrades, I have but little more to add. After leaving Captain Webb, Whedbee and I pushed on to Murfreesboro; reaching there, we found the ferry had been destroyed, and we were compelled to cross the Meherrin in a small canoe, swimming our horses. Our nearest route home from Murfreesboro would have been to cross the Chowan at Winton, but the citizens of Murfreesboro informed us that at Winton were several Federal gunboats. We did not know how we might be received by the enemy, so deemed it the wiser course to abandon that route and cross the Chowan at a ferry higher up. This we did, but there we met with the same luck as at the Meherrin, and had to cross in a small boat ourselves, and swim our horses. Here a *bit* of good luck befell us—not much, but we were thankful for small favors. We met with a gentleman who had a sulky which he wanted to get to the town (Hertford) in which I lived.

It must be borne in mind we were not cavalrymen, and yet we had been in the saddle seven or eight days, on the go all the time, were completely worn out, and had still before us about sixty miles to travel before reaching our homes. We gladly availed ourselves of this opportunity to change our mode of locomotion. Whedbee and I agreed we should ride "turn about," with my first go. But "all is not gold that glitters," and we are often doomed "to see our fondest hopes decay." I had hardly started before the fear of the thing breaking down took possession of me. The trouble was, compared with the vehicles (caissons and gun-carriages) I had been used to for three years, the frail appearance and elastic motion of the sulky were alarming. I soon yielded the concern to Whedbee, who seemed to take to it better. This was inspiring, and when my turn came again, I claimed the privilege, and accustomed myself to its motions. Whedbee, who lived in the country, left me when I was several miles from home. He was hardly out of sight, when I heard in the direction I was going the booming of cannon, repeated at intervals. It occurred to me at once, that the firing was from the gunboats lying in the river at Hertford, and out of respect to President Lincoln. This was not very comforting; for while there was no reason why I should apprehend trouble or annoyance, I did not fancy facing the music all alone, satisfied as I was of meeting in the town sailors and soldiers from these boats. But seating myself more firmly in my novel vehicle, drawing the reins of my steed tighter, and mustering up courage for the ordeal, I dashed over the bridge and through the main street of the town in fine style. As I expected, the town was filled with sailors and soldiers, but they gave me a cheer as I passed, and shouted, "there goes a johnny coming home in the best style yet." I realized at once that "this cruel war was over," and these hearty greetings from quondam foes went a long way towards reconstructing me.

I would commend the example of these their brethren to those of the North who would keep alive the fires of sectional hate more than twenty-five long years after we Southern soldiers have laid down our arms in good faith. I venture to say that none of the men that greeted me so fraternally that April morning are found in the ranks of those who would deny us the right to meet together to commemorate the deeds of valor of our comrades in arms. They, no doubt, like us, look upon the courage and bravery of the "boys in blue" and the "boys in grey" as a common heritage, to be tenderly preserved and proudly transmitted to posterity. No want of loyalty and devotion to our common country, and the one flag that floats

above us prompts to do honor to our illustrious dead and contribute pittance to cheer the destitute who fought nobly and now endure uncomplainingly. We cherish in our hearts no feelings of disloyalty, neither do we regret the failure to establish the Confederacy. The war was inevitable. Inflamed as were the two sections of our country, the one stigmatizing the Constitution as "a league with hell and a covenant with death," while leading statesman of the other taunted the fanatical anti-slavery sentiment with the boast that "they would live to call the roll of their slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill," there was no arbitrament for the "irrepressible conflict" but the sword. True we fought for a constitutional right, yet better violence to that than the perpetuity of an institution which was the fruitful source of "all our woes." Eliminated of its radical feature, time will right the wrong that was done "State's Rights" (already we see the "Old Ship of State" gradually drifting back to her rightful course), while slavery, that was surely sapping the "bone and sinew" of this Southland of ours, is gone forever. Entertaining these sentiments, which I believe are those of our entire section, when I hear men like Foraker questioning the loyalty of the South to the Union, I feel that they but insult our intelligence and good faith. When they pour upon our heads the vials of their bitterness I am almost constrained to exclaim with old Jacob, "Cursed be their anger for it is fierce; and their wrath for it is cruel." They have yet to learn and appreciate this Southern people; and to their unjust criminations I can but retort in the words of Evan Macombich, when the mob sneered at his promise to come back and redeem his chief, "they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honor of a gentleman."

POINT LOOKOUT.

Address before Pickett Camp Confederate Veterans, October 10, 1890.

BY PAST COMMANDER CHARLES T. LOEHR.

[Richmond (Va.) *Times*, October 11, 1890.]

George E. Pickett Camp Confederate Veterans held a meeting which was largely attended last night. Past Commander Charles T.

Loehr read an interesting and valuable paper on Point Lookout, for which the Camp returned him hearty thanks. Following is the address in full:

"If it were not for Hope, how could we live in a place like this?—Point Look Out, June 3, 1865."

On a fly-leaf of a small New Testament appears these words, as well as the sketch of a cross and anchor, also the date, June 3d, 1865, and the place, Point Lookout, to all of which I acknowledge myself as the author.

In turning back to those dark days of our country's history, I do so simply to present facts and incidents in which I was a participant. I want to show how the Confederate soldier suffered even after General Lee had bid farewell to his army at Appomattox. The words "surrendered at Appomattox," so often quoted by our Southern orators to denote "the soldier who has done his duty," is but partly true. General Lee surrendered about 26,000 men, of whom only 7,892 were armed. A greater part of them were men that were on detail duty, or held some position which kept them safely in the rear. It is a fact that few, very few, indeed, of Ewell's and Pickett's men escaped from those that stood in battle line doing their duty on the evening of April 6, 1865, at the bloody ridge of Sailor's Creek; the men left there as a forlorn hope to do the fighting, with few exceptions, were captured or killed; and I assert without fear of contradiction that there were more fighting men at the close of the war in Point Lookout Prison alone, not to mention Fort Delaware, Hart's Island, Johnson's Island, Newport's News, and other questionable places of amusement, than there were in Lee's whole army at the surrender. I think the remarks necessary in justice to the Confederate soldiers who suffered and starved in the fearful prison-pens of the North, but did not "surrender at Appomattox."

BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.

To begin, on April 1, 1865, the battle of Five Forks was fought. Our thin lines were pushed back and broken by a force perhaps ten times as large, and many of our men were forced to surrender. Our position was about twenty miles west of Petersburg, and the enemy's infantry broke through our line between us and that city, while his cavalry's (Sheridan's) attacked our front, where, however, for a time they were easily repulsed, until our men were withdrawn to face the

infantry columns advancing from our rear and left. This forced our thin lines to retire from the dense masses in blue. Many of our men were not made aware that the enemy had passed them until they found themselves within their lines of battle and prisoners. I, among the latter, was firing at a column which was across our works, when some one called to me "the Yankees are passing us; look behind!" And sure enough, certainly two lines had already passed us, and the third was but a short distance off. I started to run between these lines to get out, but was noticed, and found it impossible to get through alive. Seeing a pit where several wounded and scared Yankees were huddled together, I jumped in among them, they yelling at their men for God's sake stop firing. When the line reached us, I got up, and a very polite Federal stepped out of the ranks, saying, "Sergeant, allow me to escort you to the rear." His captain, however, told him, "You let him alone, he can find the way by himself"; but my new acquaintance insisted on taking my arm, and together we left the field of battle.

SERGEANT KEPLER.

Hearing some one behind me, I looked around, and there was my friend and comrade, Sergeant J. H. Kepler. On my remarking "Halloo Kep; they have got you, too," he replied, nearly breathless, "Yes; confound them, they have got me again." He had just come back to us from prison, having been captured at Gettysburg. That night we remained on the battle field of Dinwiddie Courthouse, where the dead of the 31st of March were still lying unburied around. There were, perhaps, two thousand of us gathered together, captured in the day's battle. The next morning our march commenced towards Petersburg, and after a march of three days we reached City Point on the 4th, having nothing to eat until the night of the 3d. When near Petersburg we received a small amount of crackers and meat.

At City Point several transport steamers were lying, and we were ordered on board of them, each boat being packed with human freight to its full capacity.

UNWILLING PASSENGERS.

Some of the boats landed their unwilling passengers at Newport's News, while most of them, and the one I was on, reached Point Lookout on the morning of the 5th. Landing at the wharf, we were formed in open line for inspection; that is, we had to empty our

pockets and lay our baggage on the ground before us, while the Federal sergeants amused themselves by kicking overcoats, blankets, oilcloths, canteens, and everything that had a U. S. on it, into the bay. This left us in a sad condition, for there was very little in our possession that had not been the property of the United States, at one time or another, and became ours by the many victories and captures we had helped to gain. After putting us in light marching order, we were marched into the prison-pen, or "bull-pen," as it was called. The prison consisted of a space of about twenty acres, surrounded by a high board fence, on the outside of which there was, near the top, a platform for the guard to walk upon. The guards consisted of negroes of the worst sort. Inside of the grounds, about fifteen feet in front of the fence, was a ditch called the "dead line." The sentry fired upon any one who crossed it. The camp was laid in regular rows of small tents, each double row being a division, of which there were ten. These were again sub divided into ten companies of about two hundred men each. Through these streets or rows there ran small ditches; but the land being very shallow, the drainage was very imperfect—Point Lookout being a tongue of land where the Potomac joins the Chesapeake Bay, barely over five feet high at its highest point; and herein was the worst feature of the prison. There was no good drinking water to be had; the water was impregnated with copperas, and tasted quite brackish. To this source was a great deal of the fearful mortality that occurred there traceable.

PRISON FULL.

When we came there the prison was already full, and the small tents were totally insufficient to accommodate us. Many were without shelter of any kind, and exposed to the bad weather which prevailed for the greater part of our stay. We had but few blankets, and most of us had to lie on the bare ground; so when it rained our situation became truly deplorable. Our rations were just such as kept us perpetually on the point of starvation, causing a painful feeling of hunger to us helpless, half-starved prisoners. Four small crackers, or a small loaf of bread per day, and a cup full of dish-water, called pea-soup, horrible to taste, and a small piece of rancid salt meat, was our daily fare. So hungry were the men that they would eat almost anything they could pick up outside from the sewers; potato peelings, cabbage stalks, or most any kind of refuse that hardly the cattle would eat, was greedily devoured. The scurvy, brought on by this wretched diet, was prevalent in its most awful form.

It was not unusual to hear it stated that sixty or sixty-five deaths had occurred in a single day ; and it is said that eight thousand six hundred dead Confederates were buried near that prison pen.

HUMAN ENDURANCE.

It is wonderful how much a human being can stand. I myself, who was never sick during the whole war, was taken down with the erysipelas. It was a bad case, so the Federal surgeon said who examined me. " Entirely too late to do anything for him ; neck and face swollen black and green." Those who did the packing up, that is placing the dead bodies in rough boxes, seeing me, one of them said, " there goes a fellow we will have to box up to-morrow." I was removed to the hospital pen, and with two of my company, Alexander Moss and John Harris, both of whom I saw stretched out in the dead house on the following day. The hospital could only accommodate about twelve hundred sick, and there were no less than six thousand sick and dying men lying within the main building and in the tents surrounding it. Being assigned to a tent where there was room for about sixteen, but which had no less than forty in it, I was placed on the damp ground, only one thin blanket being given me. The two nights I spent there were simply horrible. The praying, crying, and the fearful struggles of the dying during the dark night, lit up by a single small lantern, was awful. The first night about five or six died, and the next morning found me lying next to two dead comrades. The second night was a repetition of the first ; and that day, though just in the same condition, I asked the Federal surgeon to allow me to return to camp, which he at once granted, thinking I might just as well die there as anywhere else. But I got better, how I cannot explain ; perhaps it was my determination not to die there in spite of them, that kept me alive.

GREAT SUFFERING.

Great as the sufferings of the men were from want of sufficient food and medicines, they were much increased from want of clothing. Some were nearly naked, only one ragged shirt to wear, and this covered with vermin. On an occasion of Major A. G. Brady's (the provost marshal) visit to the camp, which happened on an unusually bright day, the men were seated in the ditch in front of their tents, busy hunting for their tormenters, having their only garment off,

using it for the field to hunt in. He smilingly remarked to some who through modesty attempted to hide, "Don't stop, I like to see you all busy." Talking of Major Brady, no one can say that he was not always polite, and he appeared to be very friendly towards the prisoners, yet it is said he made more than \$1,000,000, outside of his pay, from his position. Having charge of all the sutler establishments, and all the money, boxes, letters, and presents passing through or in his hands, his position must have made him a rich man.

NEGRO INSOLENCES.

Next our guards. As already stated, they were negroes who took particular delight in showing their former masters that "the bottom rail was on top." On one occasion one of the North Carolina men, who have a habit, which is shared by our Virginia country cousins, in whittling every wooden object they come across, was enjoying this sport on the prison gate, when one of the colored soldiers shot him down, nearly blowing his head off. This created some little excitement, but what the result was I never learned. During the day we had access to the sink built on piles in the bay, but at night the gates were closed, and boxes were placed in the lower part of the camp, to which the men were allowed to go at all hours of the night. There were hundreds of sick in camp, cases of violent diarrhœa, reducing the men to skeletons. As these men were compelled to frequent these boxes, the negroes would often compel them at the point of the bayonet to march around in double quick time, to carry them on their backs, to kneel and pray for Abe Lincoln, and forced them to submit to a variety of their brutal jokes, some of which decency would not permit me to mention.

FEDERAL SERGEANTS.

The white sergeants in charge were hardly of a better class than their colored brother. They belonged to that class of mean cowards who dare not face the foe on the battle-field, whose bravery consisted in insulting and maltreating a defenseless prisoner. Often I have seen them kick a poor, sick, broken-down prisoner, because he was physically unable to take his place in line at roll-call as quickly as the sergeant demanded. Prisoners were sometimes punished by them too horribly to relate. Men were tied, hand and feet, and had to stand on a barrel for hours; others were bound and dipped head

foremost in a urine barrel—all this for some trifling offence, such as getting water from a prohibited well, stealing perhaps something eatable, or some other small affair.

But most things, whether good or bad, will come to an end. More than two months had passed since Lee's surrender. The Confederacy was no more, and then the Federal Government took courage. About the middle of June it commenced to release those that were still living, but, in consequence of the inhuman treatment they had received, too feeble to fight again. Then we were duly sworn not to fight them again, to support the Constitution and amendments. Also registering our good looks, weight, height, &c., and getting our signatures made us free men again.

WENT TO THE PEN.

Having thus been properly whitewashed, we were sent to the pen for paroled prisoners. This was an enclosed space adjoining the hospital on the east, wherein nothing but sand and some rank weeds could be found. Here the released prisoners were stored until a sufficient number were on hand to make up a boat-load. After spending a day or two without shelter or rations there, we were ordered aboard an old transport—one of those second-handed New York ferry boats. Meanwhile, a fearful storm was raging, the waves were house high in the bay, and when the boat started and reached the open bay the captain found it impossible to proceed; the boat had to return and anchor near the wharf. The next morning a similar start was made, with the same result. That evening Major Brady, the provost marshal, came out in a tug-boat, and ordered the captain to leave at once. On the captain's stating that the boat could not stand the storm, he was again told he had to go; the Government could not afford to pay \$500 per day and allow the boat to lie idle. After finishing their talk, our men on board commenced: "Major, give us something to eat; we have had nothing for three days." The Major promised to attend to this; and sure enough he sent four crackers and a small piece of salt meat to each of us. Then the boat started with its three hundred and fifty human beings into the angry waves. All night the waves were dashing overboard. Sometimes the machinery would stop, while we were ordered from right to left to balance the ship. Thoroughly soaked to the skin, we finally reached Old Point and safety in the morning. No one, perhaps, breathed freer than our captain of the boat. Leaving Old Point after a short stop, we reached Rocketts that afternoon.

ARRIVAL IN RICHMOND.

Could a picture have been taken of the men who arrived in Richmond from the prison-pens during those days, it would not be believed that the men who walked from the boat in Rocketts in June, 1865, were the proud soldier boys that left here in April, 1861. Silent, friendless, and sorrowful each one went his way. No welcome, no cheer awaited their return to this city and to their homes. Oh how few could boast of having homes! Nothing but ruins everywhere; but the man who was a good soldier generally proved himself to be a good citizen. The ruins are gone, war and desolation have passed—may it never return.

I close with the following interesting statistics: The report of Mr. Stanton, as Secretary of War, on the 19th of July, 1866, contains the following facts: He states that the number of Federals in Confederate prisons was two hundred and seventy thousand, of which twenty-two thousand five hundred and seventy-six died; while the number of Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons is put down as two hundred and twenty thousand, of which number twenty-six thousand four hundred and thirty-six died. According to these figures the percentage of Federal prisoners who died in Southern prisons was under nine, while that of the Confederates in Northern prisons was over twelve. These figures tell their own story. We of the South did what we could for the prisoners that fell into our hands. Our poverty and the destruction of our means of supplies plead our cause of not being able to offer better accommodation to them. We, the soldiers of the Confederacy, fared no better; but the Federal Government—it can only offer expediency as an excuse.

FAIRFAX MONUMENT.

Dedication of the Monument at Fairfax Courthouse, Virginia, erected to the Dead Heroes from that County who fell in the
Confederate States Army.

[The following account has been compiled from the *Fairfax Herald* of October 3, 1890, and other newspapers, kindly furnished by

Mrs. S. C. Vedder, Secretary of the Central Committee of the Memorial Association of Fairfax county.]

A little more than two years ago a little notice was inserted in the *Fairfax Herald*, signed "Ex-Confederate," requesting the citizens of Fairfax Courthouse and vicinity to meet in the Courthouse on a day designated, for the purpose of taking steps to erect a monument to the Confederate soldiers of Fairfax who died or were killed during the late war. Captain John N. Ballard was the gentlemen who had the notice inserted and by whose indomitable energy and perseverance an association was formed, of which he was made chairman, known as the Confederate Monument Association. Work was soon begun in earnest, liberal contributions were made and quite a large sum was quickly subscribed, which was considerably augmented by fairs and festivals held in different sections of the county by the ladies, who are always prompt to engage in any good work.

Fairfax Courthouse, where the monument is erected, lies between two railroads, the Washington and Ohio railroad passing five miles on the one side, and the Virginia Midland three miles on the other. Roads lead from Fairfax station on the Midland road, and Vienna on the Washington and Ohio road, connecting these stations directly with the Courthouse. Besides these many county roads centre at the Courthouse.

The contract for the monument was given to Mr. J. F. Manning, of Washington, the contract price being \$1,200. It was placed in position September 15th, and was dedicated October 1, 1890. It stands in the cemetery about three-quarters of a mile north of the village, upon a commanding eminence, formerly the site of the parsonage of the Episcopal Church in that neighborhood. The parsonage was destroyed by fire during the war, and afterwards the ground was purchased by the Ladies' Memorial Association.

The monument is twenty-six feet high and is built of Richmond granite, and stands on a mound of earth about six feet above the surface of the ground. The monument consists of three base-blocks, a die, and a shaft. Upon the second base, in raised letters are the words, "Confederate Dead."

On the front or north side is the following inscription :

"FROM FAIRFAX TO APPOMATTOX.

1861—1865.

"Erected to the memory of the gallant sons of Fairfax whose names are inscribed on this monument, but whose bodies lie buried on dis-

tant battle-fields; and to the memory of their two hundred unknown comrades whose remains are at rest beneath this mound.

These were men whom death could not terrify—whom defeat could not discourage."

Below the above in large raised letters are the words :

"CONFEDERATE DEAD."

On the east side :

"First Virginia Cavalry: J. Conway Chichester.

Fourth Virginia: John H. Lee, Garrison Beach, William Beach, Templeton Selectman.

Sixth Virginia, Company A: Edward Nevitt.

Company T: James Robey, James Wrenn, Joseph Padgett, J. Berkeley Monroe.

Company K: Lieut. Geo. A. Means, Edgar Haycock.

Eleventh Virginia, Company I: Lieut. W. H. Kirby, Summerfield Ball, John Ball, Joseph Nelson, James Nelson, W. Moore, John Terrett, J. H. Saunders, John C. Sewall, Roger Williams, Michael Crow, Augustus C. Williams,

Mosby's Cavalry: Lieut. Frank Fox, D. French Dulany, John Underwood, E. F. Davis, Fenton Beavers, Thomas Simpson, Addison Davis, John B. Davis, W. D. Gooding, John T. Arundell, Zachariah Mayhugh."

On the south side:

"Seventeenth Virginia Infantry, Company A: D. McC. Lee.

Company F: R. M. Lee, F. Simms.

Company K: Robert T. Love.

Seventh Virginia Infantry, Company E: Sergeant S. Z. Troth, James T. Taylor.

Forty-ninth Virginia Infantry: R. T. Halley.

Nineteenth Georgia Infantry, Company K: Matthew Plaskett, Henry Gosling, George Moulden, W. K. Dawson.

Major Alfred Moss, General Ewell's Staff.

Artillery—Stuart's Horse: Major Charles E. Ford. *Kemper's Battery*: Robert Posey. *Danville*: John Wells. Captain James W. Jackson, Washington Stuart.

Navy: Commodore William T. Muse, Surgeon Randolph F. Mason."

On the west side:

"Eighth Virginia Infantry: Major James Thrift.

Company G: Lieutenant G. W. Swink, Sergeant C. W. Reed, Sergeant J. F. Lynn, Sergeant E. F. Money, James Ballenger, A. J. Bradfield, Alfred Hooe, Asa Peck, G. L. Williams, J. W. Williams, Robert Wells, James Forsyth, W. T. Tucker, J. W. Gunnell, C. H. Hutchinson, J. L. Hutchinson, Samuel Jenkins, Frank Steele, Joshua Adams, W. H. Adams, S. E. Horsemaw, Elthum Pearson, Thomas Reed, J. A. Simms, A. Harrison, Arm'd Thompson.

Seventeenth Virginia Infantry, Company D: Captain John T. Burke, Sergeant John R. Steele, Samuel L. Barnes, Walter S. Ford, Lyman Koon, J. Beach, John R. Ratcliffe, Charles H. Ashford, Henry Wrenn, Joseph Freeman, H. F. Harman, Robert Petit, John Newcomb, R. C. Corbett, Simeon Mills, Edgar Thomas, Thomas A. Lynn, Michael Crowley, A. Dove, J. W. Richardson."

Preparations for the unveiling had been in progress for several days. The ladies had decorated the Courthouse in the most exquisite manner, inside and out, and the speakers' stand was also handsomely decorated with flags and flowers.

CROWDS AND ORGANIZATIONS.

Long before noon the village was thronged. Crowds came by every road.

"Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered its little horde of men,"

and sent them to do honor to the fallen braves.

Lee Camp, of Alexandria, under Commander William A. Smoot, came up *via* Virginia Midland railroad and were accompanied by R. E. Lee Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, recently organized. Numbers of members of the Clinton Hatcher Camp, of Loudoun, came *via* the Washington and Ohio, and these organizations were accompanied by large numbers of unattached citizens and many ladies.

Washington, Baltimore, Alexandria, Leesburg, Warrenton, and all the counties of this section sent some representatives for the occasion. The visitors were met at the stations by committees, who brought them to the village in vehicles and entertained them handsomely.

THE PROCESSION.

The dedication procession fell into line on Payne street, the head of the column resting on Court street, and the line moved at 11:30 in the following order:

Chief Marshall, Judge D. M. Chichester, and mounted aids, Captains J. Owen Berry, B. M. Mason, Fontaine Beattie, and J. H. Barnes and Drs. W. D. McWhorter and W. P. Moncure.

Music.

Carriages containing Senator John W. Daniel, orator of the day; Hon. James L. Gordon, the poet; General W. H. F. Lee, representing the Ladies Memorial Association, and the committees.

Music by the Alexandria drum corps.

R. E. Lee Camp Confederate Veterans, of Alexandria, fifty strong, under commander William A. Smoot—black suit, slouch hat, canes and badges.

Camp Marr, of Fairfax, named after Captain Marr, of Warrenton, who was killed in the raid on Fairfax Courthouse in 1861, being the first soldier killed there in the defence of the village.

Other ex-Confederates, well marshalled and presenting a veteran appearance.

R. E. Lee Camp Sons of Veterans, of Alexandria, sixty strong, commanded by Captain Samuel G. Brent—dark clothes, caps, and canes.

Before noon the line, attended by a large crowd, moved down Court street to Mechanics street, thence down Mechanics to Main street, thence up Main street to the cemetery.

AT THE MONUMENT.

On entering the cemetery the band played a dead march until the line had circled about the monument.

The services were opened with prayer by Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, when, after a dirge by the band, Captain J. N. Ballard presented the monument to the Ladies Memorial Association, with the following appropriate remarks:

“LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND COMRADES:

To me has been assigned the duty of making the presentation, and while I could wish that this task had been given to some one else, still I assume the position with pride, and shall consider the honor the proudest of my life. But if in the presentation I should use no elegant language, still I shall utter the sentiments of a candid heart, sentiments that shall find a responsive echo in the breasts of all; and before proceeding to the duty assigned me on this occasion, I will give you a brief outline of the history of this monument which stands before us to commemorate the deeds of our lost ones. Of course many of you are familiar with the facts which I shall state, but for the benefit of those who are not, I shall ask your indulgence for a few minutes. Many years ago an association was formed by the ladies of Fairfax to raise funds for the purpose of collecting together the remains of the Confederate soldiers who, in the defence of a common cause, found sepulchre upon Fairfax soil, and to erect a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead. The purpose was so far accomplished that this handsome lot was purchased, and the grassy mound at the base of this monument now covers the remains of two hundred heroes. At that point the funds being exhausted the ultimate purpose of the association was for a time held in abeyance.

Two years ago the ex-Confederates of Fairfax formed an association and completed the work so nobly begun by the ladies.

The inscription on the monument, “From Fairfax to Appomattox,” illustrates the part taken by the Fairfax soldiers, whose blood stained every battle field participated in by the Army of Northern Virginia. The names inscribed thereon tell of Colonel James Thrift, of the Eighth Virginia Infantry, who was mortally wounded at Seven Pines, and died as he had lived—every inch a hero; of Lieutenant G. W. Swink, Sergeants Reed, Lynn, Gunnell, Hutchinson, Harrison, Thompson, and others of Company G, Eighth Virginia Infantry; of Captain John T. Burke, Sergeants Steele, Ford, Barnes, Wrenn, Pettitt, Richardson, Thomas, and others of Company D, Seventeenth Virginia Infantry; of Robert T. Love and D. McLee, Seventeenth Virginia Infantry; of Sergeants Troth and Taylor, Seventh Virginia Infantry; of R. T. Halley, Forty-ninth Virginia Infantry; of Matthew Plaskett, and W. H. Dawson, and others, Nineteenth Georgia Infantry; of Conway Chichester, First Virginia Cavalry; of Lieutenants

George A. Means, Berkley Monroe, Edward Nevitt, and others, Sixth Virginia Cavalry; of Lieutenants W. H. Kirby, Ball, Sewall, Williams, Terrett, and others, Company I, Eleventh Virginia Cavalry; of Lieutenants Fox, Dulany, Underwood, Davis, Simpson, Gooding, Mayhugh, and others of Mosby's command; of Major Charles E. Ford, Posey, and Wells, of the artillery; of Major Alfred Moss, Captains James W. Jackson, Washington Stuart, and others; of Commodore Muse and Surgeon Mason, of the Navy.

"These are but a handful of dust,
In the land of their choice,
A name in song and story,
And fame shouts her trumpet voice,
Dead, dead on the field of glory."

And now, respected and beloved ladies of the Memorial Association, permit me, on behalf of the Monument Association, to present this monument to you in your keeping, and may you never cease to cherish this as sacred to the memory of those sleeping patriots; and may this shaft always prove an object lesson to which you may point the youth of our country in pride, and bid them emulate the example of their fallen countrymen."

The monument was received by General W. H. F. Lee, who represented the Ladies' Association, in a feeling address.

Hon. James L. Gordon, of Albemarle, then read the following

POEM:

"They died in a dream, it is said, for whom is riven
The veil from the granite's gleam;
But surely never on earth to man was given
The gift of a grander dream;
For they dreamed that Truth from her long, long sleep was waking,
That the skies of Time were red
With Freedom's dawn at last on their people breaking,
And they died thus comforted.

Theirs was the dream that through the old earth's long story,
Wherever man's hope may be,
Has dazzled his eyes and thrilled his soul with its glory—
The dream of a people free!
And these died with the gleam of that dream upon their faces,
With liberty's martyr'd sons.

Days come and go and the hands of the silent hours
Mark the sun's rise and set ;
And the years have covered their battle-fields with flowers,
But their people remember yet
How in the time of strife and tears their mother's
Breast bore the crimson stream
Of the heart's blood of their unforgotten brothers,
Who died in the splendid dream.

And as long as valor and faith on earth are cherished,
And men shall honor the brave,
Bright will grow the story of those who perished
For a cause they could not save,
Till on history's changeless page serene and glorious,
While the spirit of truth find breath,
Their deeds will glow through the eons of time, victorious
Over defeat and death.

Lo! this shaft, which is reared towards God's skies in token
Of a love that shall never cease,
Symbols not any hope that the years saw broken,
But a hope that shall still increase,
Of a time when the bugles shall blow over heights supernal,
Till the quick and the dead are thrilled,
And the Figure in Grey shall be crowned with the days eternal,
And his dream shall be fulfilled."

—JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

After an anthem by the quartette choir and benediction by Rev. Samuel Wallis, the procession re-formed and marched to the Court-house square where the orator of the day, Senator John W. Daniel, made an eloquent address, from which the following extracts were published:

"MR. CHAIRMAN, COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

"Not long ago General Early addressed me a letter, and in doing so he used the same kind expression as the chair did in his flattering introduction, that the proudest distinction I have ever known, and the grandest title any of us have ever worn, is that of Confederate soldier; for there is no story of fame, no dream of glory, nor grander evidence of true manhood than doing simple duty, which those brave boys, a few of whom you have met here to-day to honor, did, I was about to say upon a hundred battle-fields. In the face of a bitter contest they stood firm, and when those fearful odds pressed them back for the last time they were yet the grandest people that ever knew defeat, that are destined forever to be free.

I come not to recount the story of their just fame. I would that I could add one word that would perpetuate and enshrine their memories that future generations may read them as we to-day do the stories of Putnam, Washington, and Light-Horse Harry Lee. We want the rising generation to know from what gallant loins they came. That the cause makes all, and that it alone honors or degrades in the fall; and these brave soldiers did nothing which neither you nor I need be ashamed. They did their simple duty, as old Early said, and have not apologized for it since.

Did there ever stand upon the battle-field an army of such people? There in those ranks you would have seen the young student of the ministry, touching elbows with the blacksmith, the rich man's son and his poor neighbor's plow-boy side by side—all bent upon their course of duty.

I have heard it said that we were an aristocracy that dominated the South. My countrymen, of no people was this statement less true. It is a mistake to attribute the war to the politicians. The forces that brought it about had long been boiling and there was no exit except by the sword.

If the war of 1861 was a mistake, then was the war of 1776 a mistake. In both we were confronted by similar problems, requiring a similar solution; and the forces of both were nearly a century old before they were set in motion. In the Constitution of the United States had the institution of slavery its corner-stone; and the fugitive slave law, which the North openly violated, had its birth nearly a century before in New England, where the first assertion of State rights was made; and where the South urged, in the interest of the entire country, the right of local self-government bequeathed to them—the priceless heritage of their fathers—these people denied it.

It is not my purpose on this occasion to enter upon a disquisition on the right of secession or its obverse. This is not the question before us to-day; but I do say that history knows no grander page to its heroes, nor memory rears no prouder stone to its loved ones than the story of those brave boys. That a great revolution did exist is the best evidence that man can give of the right of that page to be there, and for yonder stone to mark their quiet graves.

What scene have some of you witnessed! I would not to-day go over those hard-fought fields—recount the brave deeds that were done. How those ragged lines wavered not to fall, but to valiantly press to the front, as they did when they looked down the muzzle of Hancock's gun. Late at Seven Pines did brave men do fearful duty.

But, oh, there was a time, my countrymen, when you saw suddenly, like a shooting star that invincible, incomparable Jackson wheel round on the enemy's right flank, and then something terrible happened!

It is true the Confederacy fell, but it did great service to the military world. Success is not altogether a mortal achievement. Man cannot know the purpose of God in defeat. There may be a destiny yet unknown to all, the first workings of which may have only taken shape at the dread field of Appomattox. I believe that all great battles are fought beyond the stars.

I am not one to despair. Wars and defeats precede all great achievements and successes. When the wild Goths and Vandals poured down upon Rome and her arts, and civilization seemed almost blotted out forever, the true Roman spirit arose grander than ever, and from that wreck of former glory arose the *renaissance*. Here in the South have we been tried in the school of adversity, and destiny has not spared the rod. For my own part, I felt at the close of the war that there was nothing left here in old Virginia for John, so I concluded to take Horace Greely's advice, "Go West." I did so. I went out to St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago, but everywhere I went I felt so terribly lonesome. I had gotten out of my latitude, and I just broke out in that old strain, "Oh carry me back to old Virginia," where the ragged boys were that I loved; and sink or swim, live or die, I am going to stay right here with you all. I thank God that I have done so, for I have builded better than I know, and all I am and all I hope to be I owe to these dear people of old Virginia.

Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to assure you that I most profoundly appreciate the honor to which your courtesy has invited me. I bring no gaudy flower to lay upon the monument your noble hearts have placed upon consecrated ground.

It stands like a sentinel of your love pointing heavenward, simple, grand, and beautiful as the story of their lives. As Macaulay has so fittingly said:

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can men die better
Than facing fearful odds—
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods."

I have not spoken of the brave leaders who led those valiant men. Never was a valiant army more valiantly led. One reason why their

few numbers stood so well against the many was that Lee and Jackson and Stuart knew their men. They were like deft masters who knew the keys of their instruments and touched responsive chords.

Before closing this slight tribute I want to add my criticism upon what I conceive to have been the greatest battle ever fought. I refer to the battle of Chancellorsville—a battle waged against all the known rules of war. Forty-five thousand men, weary, poorly clothed, and even worse fed, holding their own against Joe Hooker's one hundred and twenty thousand, "the finest army upon this planet," as he was wont to call it. Hooker had planned the campaign, and he knew he had the forces. What more? He telegraphed to Washington that he would "bag 'em, this time." He went out and reconnoitred: he could station all the Confederate leaders but Jackson. Where was Jackson? Away off from an unexpected quarter came a dull heavy boom—nearer and nearer. Hooker's men could not stand it. Great God! There was Jackson, as Fitz Lee would say, singing, "Old Joe Hooker can't you come out to-night?" But Hooker did not want to come that way. Then came the terrible fall, when the Confederacy heard its own requiem in the funeral dirge of the great Jackson; but Lee, that incomparable chieftian, pressed on with one division around thirteen hundred men; old Jeb Stuart rushed on, and terrible was the story to tell. Think of Robert E. Lee with one division playing against the whole Federal army, and you will know something of this great military feat. Lee was a great man, truly great, modest, unassuming, noble, brave; but I cannot pause to tell the story of his life; it would need greater eloquence than mine—that man without a peer.

They call Kentucky "the dark and bloody ground"; but, my comrades, old Northern Virginia is dark and bloody ground. All her soil has been consecrated. That modest gentleman here (pointing to General Hunton) gave those fellows a trip across the Potomac near Leesburg. That night-hawk, Mosby, swept around, startling whole regiments with his little band of gallant followers. Near here fell John Q. Marr, among the first who bit the dust. Terrible, indeed, as this has been to us of the South, out of it has come good; as the war brought out and developed the manhood of her people, so now will other developments come.

I am reminded of the beautiful dream of the Italian. A fairy presented him with a land of sunshine, beautiful flowers, clear and sparkling waters. Then were fountains at every hand. He passed on slowly, noticing the changes as he followed the limpid streams towards their source. At every turn the land became more rugged,

e flowers less abundant until he reached the cold, rocky, snow-clad Alps themselves. So will the South find the sources of her new life in the fearful storms through which her heroic sons and daughters have passed. And of these fair daughters has history yet to pen its just tribute. To them I bow, for my tongue is insufficient to the task. The women of the South were the genius that inspired her sons to valor. These noble Spartan women sent their boys forth with true lessons learned at the knee—sent them forth with bread in their knapsacks and mother's Bible to keep them true.

'Twas the mothers of this fair Southland—it was her sisters and wives and other dear ones—whose loving faces kept bright the honor and deeds of her men.

God bless you women of Virginia and of the South! The memory of thy brave boys who have passed on have just tribute in such keeping as yours."

General Eppa Hunton being loudly called for, then addressed the assembly in eulogy of the Fairfax troops that were his comrades in arms during the war.

General M. D. Corse, Colonel Arthur Herbert, Colonel Berkeley, and other distinguished Confederate officers, were present, as were also a large number of visitors from Loudoun and Alexandria. The crowd in attendance was estimated at two thousand.

BANQUETED.

After the ceremonies the veterans were banqueted in sumptuous style in the Odd-Fellows' lodge rooms, and at sunset the visitors began their return home.

The occasion was in every sense felicitous. The weather was delightful, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the observances. The following is a fitting conclusion to this account:

"A CARD."

"The Central Committee Memorial Association desire to return thanks to the many whose generous and kindly hearts and ready hands lent such substantial aid, and more than supplemented their efforts to make the occasion of the dedication of the monument to the Confederate dead at Fairfax Courthouse one long to be remembered for its well-rounded success in every particular. An enthusiastic multitude moved as though one heart-beat quickened the impulse

assembled in our village, and with a pride tempered by gratitude massed themselves about the beautiful granite shaft erected to our fallen heroes, and with prayer and anthem and eloquent words gave to their cherished memories the last token of our unfading respect. And now, under God's blue heaven there remains the silent tear in the bereaved household while He has gathered them into His keeping, and there is no "lost cause" in His tender providence. We would that it were possible to thank by name every man, woman, and child for their ready response, for contributing in money and provisions, but we can only say, kind people of Fairfax county, both native born and adopted citizens, and many in Alexandria, Washington, and Georgetown, that you lightened our labors by your kindly words, you made possible the creditable occasion by your money, you helped to entertain our guests by your generous donations, and you revived and accentuated this sentiment: 'The songs of the immortals are the holy melodies of love.' It need only be added that after all expenses are met, upon a clear sheet remains the sum of \$265, which will be used in placing a railing about the mound."

"MRS. S. C. VEDDER,
Secretary Central Committee."

CAPTAIN GEORGE B. JOHNSTON,

First North Carolina Infantry, Confederate States Army.

General James H. Lane, in acknowledging to the editor the receipt of advanced sheets of this volume, writes as follows of a gallant and noble young officer of the First North Carolina Infantry (the roster of the officers of which is given *ante*, pp. 51-55):

"Captain Johnston was not, as published, 'one of my *adjutants*,' but one of my *adjutants-general*—the first of my own selection. When my regiment was cut off from the brigade under General Branch, near Slash Church, in Hanover county, by the Federal divisions of Porter and Sedgwick, and Johnston's company was subsequently cut off from the regiment, after a most gallant fight, Johnston swam the river near by to encourage his men to cross, but when none of them would venture to follow him he would not

desert them, but swam back, rejoined them, was captured with them, and was marched drenching wet to West Point, or rather to the 'White House,' and was subsequently sent to Johnson's Island. He was the son of Rev. Mr. Johnston, of the Episcopal Church in Edenton, and married the daughter of Dr. Johnson, of Raleigh. One of his brothers used to laughingly tell him that he had never been married—that Miss Johnson only consented to take / with him. He was the life of the prison on Johnson's Island, though rapidly nearing death with consumption, and used to read the Episcopal service to his fellow-prisoners every Sunday. He used to tell them that he never knew how to appreciate his prayer-book, especially the litany, until he was himself a prisoner and invoked God's 'pity upon all prisoners and captives.' He had a young, joyous-hearted brother in my command who is now an Episcopal clergyman in Canada, though he has recently been travelling and preaching in England in the interest of missions. This younger brother took charge of the remains of my youngest boy-brother, killed in action at Chancellorsville, and carried them to Richmond for burial in Hollywood. I have two young hero brothers buried in that beautiful cemetery on Monroe Hill."

[Compiled from the *Richmond Dispatch*, January 20, 1891.]

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

First Observance of His Birth-day, January 19th—Ordained by the Virginia Assembly as a Legal Holiday—Observed throughout Virginia, and in Georgia, Maryland and New York.

The Birth-day of General Robert Edward Lee, ordained as a legal holiday by the Virginia Assembly, was on January 19th, 1891—its first recurrence after such action—reverently and generally observed throughout the State. The States of Georgia, Maryland and New York also rendered affectionate tribute to the memory to the immortal Chief of the Armies of the South. In Richmond the weather was perfect. Not a cloud obscured the sky from "the rising of the sun until the going down thereof."

About 2 o'clock P. M. the various bodies of military began to assemble.

A little later and the waving of flags, tap of drum, and blast of bugle gave notice that the soldiers—artillery, cavalry, and infantry—were preparing to move.

The First regiment of Virginia volunteers formed in line at their armory and the Howitzers at theirs. Lee Camp and the Sons of Veterans met at Veteran Hall, and Pickett Camp formed line on the west side of Sixth street north of Broad. The Chesterfield and Hanover Troops came to town during the morning and made a fine appearance in the parade.

FORMATION OF LINE.

Promptly at 2:30 P. M. the line moved off in the following order:

Detachment of mounted police—Captain E. P. Hulce.

Dismounted police—Captain James B. Angle.

Chief-Marshal Brigadier-General Charles J. Anderson and staff.

First Regiment Band.

Regimental Drum-Corps.

Colonel Henry C. Jones and staff.

First Regiment Virginia volunteers (infantry).

Blues' Band.

Richmond Light Infantry Blues, Captain Sol. Cutchins.

Colonel J. V. Bidgood, of the First regiment Virginia cavalry, and staff.

Chesterfield Troop, Captain David Moore.

Hanover Troop, Captain P. H. Hall.

Stuart Horse Guards, Captain Charles Euker.

There was some delay in the movement of the Howitzers, who were ten or fifteen minutes behind the balance of the column as it passed down Broad street to Nineteenth, to Main, to Fifth to Franklin.

THE VETERANS FALL IN.

Here the Veteran corps, under command of Major Thomas A. Brander, fell in ahead of the cavalry. This division consisted of Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, Commander A. W. Archer; Pickett Camp, Confederate Veterans, Commander Jennings, and Sons of Confederate Veterans, Captain W. Deane Courtney.

The march was then resumed up Franklin street to the Lee monument, where the line arrived a little before 4 o'clock.

AT GENERAL LEE'S MONUMENT.

The ceremonies at the monument-grounds were very brief but interesting, and in their picturesqueness tended to remind those there assembled of the unveiling of the statue last May.

Just as the line passed out of Franklin street it was reviewed by Governor McKinney and Mayor Ellyson from the porch of Mr. R. W. Powers's elegant residence, the last on the street, while a youth in the yard below held aloft a beautiful silk State flag.

The column then marched around the monument, the infantry passing onward taking a position in the open field several hundred yards to the north. The cavalry followed in the same direction, while the artillery wheeled into position considerably to the left. The veterans were drawn up around the monument.

SALUTE AND MUSIC.

The regiment then fired a salute, firing at will. The bands played "Dixie," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "My Maryland." The artillery then fired a salute.

There were some manœuvres of the cavalry; the infantry was marched back to the west side of the monument, formed into a dress-parade line, and photographed.

The line was then marched back to the city.

MAJOR STRINGFELLOW'S EULOGY.

The programme of the day was concluded at night at Sängers Hall with a banquet.

At 9 o'clock Lee Camp and numerous invited guests, in all about three hundred and fifty, sat down to a splendid spread of choice viands.

These were discussed with earnestness, and for about three-fourths of an hour knives and forks did good service. At the end of that time Commander Archer introduced Mayor Ellyson as toast-master, who announced that he had communications of regret for absence from W. A. Smoot, of R. E. Lee Camp, Alexandria, Va.; Hugh R. Smith, of A. P. Hill Camp, Petersburg; Captain Sol. Cutchins, of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, and Captain C. Gray Bossieux, of the Grays.

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

The first toast of the evening was, "The Day We Celebrate." In the world's great calendar the advent of moral heroes is designated by white stones, the birth of mighty conquerors is writ in ruby red; let the 19th of January, 1807, be marked with an imperishable diamond to flash from different faces all the colors of the bow upon the natal-day of one who in peace and war, in success and reverse, has for his single watchword "Duty," the noblest term in the English language.

Major Charles S. Stringfellow responded to this sentiment. He said:

"What meaneth the noise of this great shout?" was the question which the victorious Philistines asked of each other some three thousand years ago when the defeated Hebrews saluted the ark of the covenant as it was brought from its resting-place at Shiloh to their camp at Ebenezer, and the significant question we ask of ourselves this evening is: "What meaneth the noise of this great shout?" with which this assemblage of so many of the representative men of Richmond have greeted a sentiment in honor of a chieftain whose flag was furled at last in the gloom of defeat and despair.

The *day* we celebrate! The four and eightieth anniversary of that on which, in an Old Virginia homestead by the blue waters of the broad Potomac, another son was born unto our dear old Mother State, destined in the fullness of time to write his name besides her Masons, her Henrys, her Madisons, her Jeffersons—nay, beside that of Washington himself—on the roll of those immortal few "that were not born to die."

Forever and forever, honored be the natal-day of Robert Edward Lee; forever and forever, upon its return as the years pass by in the long procession of the ages, may Virginia's mothers teach their children the story of his matchless christian life and virtues, and Virginia's sons mark that day with drum and fife and all the pomp and pageantry of grand parade, and gather in public meeting and banquet hall to celebrate and honor it!

And right it is, my friends, that we should so do, for of all the events that history takes note of, one of the most notable is the coming of a truly great man to do his work amongst men; to wisely govern and control by the force of a mighty intellect and imperial will; to labor for them, and by his genius add to their comforts and

promote their material welfare; to think for them and increase their stock of knowledge and clear away the mists of doubt and error that obscure the light of truth; to act for them and by deed and bright example point out the path of duty and stimulate to high endeavor.

END TO KINGLY RULE.

When on the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee moved in the Continental Congress that "these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States," and when on the 4th day of July following that Congress adopted and published to the world the Declaration of Independence which Jefferson drew and the good people of those colonies under the lead of Washington maintained with bayonet and sword for themselves and their posterity, they put an end to kingly rule forever.

But the kings they dethroned were those who rule by the accident of birth or circumstances, and not those kings of men who rule by right in very truth divine—the right of God-given powers so grand in their proportions and so honestly used for the good of their fellow-citizens for the promotion of truth and justice and the defence of right, whether in council hall or tented field, as to command the homage and respect of men.

"Great men never die.
Their bones may sodden in the sun—
Their heads be hung on castle gates or city walls,
But still their spirits walk abroad."

And here to-night, here in the midst of those who knew and honored him in life; here, I may almost say, in this camp of old soldiers who followed where he led, from Richmond to Appomattox, with courage so heroic and devotion so true that the centuries may be challenged to show their peers; here unseen, but not unfelt, the spirit of Lee walks amongst us, and for the moment, at least, fills our hearts with somewhat of his own pure love of gentleness and justice and duty, as consciously or not we resolve as well as may be to imitate his great example, though far, so far away.

TO ALL TIMES AND ALL THE WORLD.

The *man* whose fame and memory we celebrate to-night! Though ours by birth, he belongs not to our time, nor yet to us alone, but to all times and to all the world. I know that amongst those whom he

antagonized there are men cast by nature in so small a mould, with minds so contracted and hearts so mean, that they are still ready to cast a stone at the memory of the rebel Lee. Thank God, there are few, if any such, in the ranks of the brave soldiers who fought against him. But the passions and the prejudices which the war evoked will one day be buried in the grave of the long ago. The red rose and the white bloom side by side on fields once drenched with the blood of Lancaster and York; and though upon the return of the Stuart to the throne of his fathers the graves of the Puritans were despoiled of their dead, and the bodies of Pym and Blake dragged from Westminster Abbey and cast like rubbish into the church-yard of St. Margaret, yet to-day, could one produce but a link of the chain by which Cromwell's body was suspended from the gibbet on Tyburn Hill, it were prized as a precious relic worth a thousand times its weight in gold; for call him, as men may, rebel or lord protector, all England boasts of his name, his genius, and his glory, and her sons with equal pride trace their blood from the dashing cavaliers who rode with Essex and Prince Rupert at Edge Hill, and the God-fearing men who marched to victory with Cromwell at Marston Moor, or followed Hampden to death and defeat at Chalgrove.

Thus it is that the "fashion of this world passeth away," and the fashion of senseless fanatics in the pulpit who have been preaching a crusade of hate in the place of that dear Gospel of peace, which the blessed Saviour preached; the fashion of selfish politicians, who have pained the ears and vexed the hearts of all true patriots with their hypocritical rantings about "rebel brigadiers" and "southern traitors" and "broken oaths"; the fashion of miserable tricksters, who for their own base ends have so long distorted truth and lived on lies. Be sure all this shall pass away and Americans everywhere accept the judgment the world has already rendered: that of all who played their parts on the great stage of our great civil war the greatest, the wisest, and the best was Robert Edward Lee. [Great applause.]

Thrice brevetted in Mexico—at Cerro Gordo, at Cherubusco, and at Chapultepec—he proved himself a soldier with courage as dauntless as Ney's, and always and everywhere bore himself with a dignity, courtesy, and knightly chivalry, which lose nothing by comparison with Sydney or Bayard. He loved his old commander on those glorious fields, he loved the flag for which he had fought and bled, he loved the Union itself with all its glorious associations, and a terrible struggle rent his noble heart in twain when, after Lincoln's

proclamation had accomplished what the appeals of her sister States had failed to bring about and driven Virginia to secession, he was compelled to choose between that Union and his native State.

THE WAY DUTY POINTED.

No one knew better than he the vast power and resources of the North; none more fully comprehended the magnitude of the impending contest and the sacrifice which he would make in casting his fortunes with the South; for Arlington, with all its sweet and cherished memories, lay smiling in the beauty of the opening spring, and he had but to reach forth his hand and grasp the baton of supreme command in the grand army which Lincoln was marshalling for the conflict; but he heeded not the voice of friendship nor the promptings of ambition; he heard not the pleadings of self-interest; he hesitated only long enough to decide which way duty pointed, and deciding that his first allegiance was due to his native State, promptly drew his sword in her defence. And

"Never hand waived sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause as grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

And when after the most tremendous conflict the world has ever witnessed that brave band laid down its banners, heavy laden with the weight of glory and worn with fighting and weary with victory—yielded at last to hunger and want—and when that bright land was darkened with the black pall of despair and that grand cause crushed to earth by the weight of a host in arms well-nigh a million strong, he returned that sword to its scabbard as pure and stainless as when it first flashed in the face of the foe.

This is neither the time nor the occasion, were I competent for the task, by close analysis of his character and deeds, to approximate the place of Lee in the Pantheon of the great.

As a soldier he must yield precedence to Alexander, and Cæsar, and Frederick, and Napoleon; but he was nevertheless a great captain, and as an accomplished English critic has written, "In strategy mighty, in battle terrible, in adversity, as in prosperity, a hero, indeed."

The bloody battles before Richmond, when, like a lion springing from his lair, he took the offensive, and hurling his army like a thunder-bolt on the legion of McClellan, he defeated him at Cold Harbor

and drove him to refuge at Harrison's Landing, proves the truth of this. Sharpsburg proves it, and that brilliant campaign in which he outgeneralled Pope and, shattering his forces at second Manassas, compelled him to seek safety behind the fortifications of Washington, proves it. Fredericksburg and Burnside bear witness to its truth. Chancellorsville and Hooker corroborate it, and Gettysburg, immortal now by the charge of Pickett's brave Virginians, twin brothers in valor and renown with the heroes who died for their country at Thermopylae, tells the same story. The countless numbers of brave men who fell under the flag of Grant from the Wilderness to Petersburg proclaim it from their soldier graves, and Appomattox's trumpet tongue tells it to all the ages, for there, in that Gethsemane of sorrow, he conquered fate itself, and plucking glory from defeat taught the world by his own example the truth of that august maxim which had been the guide of his life, that "human virtue could equal human calamity."

LEE AND NAPOLEON.

When we read the story of Napoleon fretting away his life at St. Helena, and railing in impotent rage at the reverses of his fortune, we can but wish sometimes that he had put himself at the head of the Old Guard whom Cambronne led to undying fame at Waterloo, and perished on that fateful field; but where lives the man who does not feel that the world would have sustained an irreparable loss had Robert E. Lee ridden along his lines at Appomattox and put an end to his grand life and sorrow there, as in one single moment of pardonable weakness he suggested he could do?

When Gordon sent his word that his old corps had by mere attrition been reduced to a "frazzle" he knew that the end he had long foreseen had come, and calling his staff officers around him prepared them for the last sad act in the saddest drama in modern times. "What," said one of them, "what will history say of our surrender?" "That is not the question," Lee replied. "The question is whether it is *right*, and if it is *right*, I take all the responsibility." There spoke the Christian hero! self-poised and self-sustained. As prosperity had never obscured neither could adversity dim his clear perceptions of right nor cause him for one moment to falter in the line of duty. You all remember that when the tidings of the French Emperor's surrender reached Paris, Magenta and Solferino were forgotten, and his lovely wife compelled in the darkness of midnight to abandon her home and fly for her life under the escort of a foreign

prince; but when the people heard that Lee had laid down his sword in the midst of its own overwhelming grief the great heart of the South beat with tenfold sympathy and love for its fallen chief.

Sedan was the grave of the Third Napoleon; Appomattox was for the paroled prisoner Lee the beginning of a new life, illustrated by a victory in peace more glorious than any that had crowned his arms in war; for he lived to conquer the prejudice and hate of all honorable foes and compel the homage of mankind itself by the exhibition of such moral grandeur, such unsurpassed patience in suffering, such fortitude in misfortune, such unequalled self-command, and such Christ-like self-abnegation, that when at last he was borne to rest under the shadows of the blue hills of old Virginia, the wild wail of sorrow that went up to Heaven from the sorely-tried and sorely-stricken South found a responsive echo in every land where men honor the brave and love the good.

And still we

"Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambition's crime;
Our greatest, yet with least pretence.
Great in council and great in war;
Rich in saving common sense;
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

The *cause* we celebrate to-night! Not the cause of sedition or treason, not that of vaulting ambition, nor yet of secession or disunion, but the cause of the statehood of the States, of the Constitution and union of the fathers; the cause that Lee battled for with a giant's might; the cause for which Sydney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson gave their glorious lives, and for which their hero soldiers were content to bleed and die and sleep in unmarked graves on an hundred fields; the cause of constitutional limitations and constitutional law. *That* is the cause we commemorate to-night.

THE CAUSE WILL LIVE.

It did not perish utterly at Appomattox. It did not die with Lee. It will survive the passions of the hour and live when sneering hypocrites and brazen demagogues with their force bills and their unholy schemes of public plunder and private gain shall only be remembered to arouse the scorn and execration of all patriotic men. It cannot die, for it is the cause of liberty itself, and

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

The land we celebrate to-night—the land of brave and honest men, of maids and mothers virtuous and true, of statesmen, sages, and heroes—the land whose whole history is marked by great deeds and redolent of glorious memories—the land of Washington and his great compatriots—the land in whose battle-scarred bosom sleep Lee and his great Lieutenants, Stuart, Hill, and Jackson, with the unnumbered thousands of those gallant men who followed them with hearts as brave—*that* is the land we celebrate to-night.

The *day*, the *man*, the *cause*, the *land*, we meet to honor are all forever linked with the history, the wonderful rise and the untimely fall of that Confederacy of States which in four short years—for years are as nothing in the lifetime of nations—earned for itself an immortality of glory, and then gave place to a Union which from our hearts we pray may endure forever—"an indestructible Union of indestructible States" founded on mutual confidence, mutual respect, and the eternal principles of truth, justice, and right.

"Ah! realm of tombs—but let her bear
This blazon to the last of time:
No nation rose so white and fair
Or fell so free of crime.

"An angel's tongue, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South—
Virginia first and Lee."

GOVERNOR MCKINNEY SPEAKS.

Governor McKinney responded to the next sentiment, Virginia—She holds as a sacred trust the ashes of her dead; she feeds with bounteous hand her living sons; she looks with calm hope to a better future. "If honor calls, where'er she points the way, the sons of honor follow and obey."—*Churchill.*

The speaker began by saying he had listened with pleasure to Major Stringfellow's oration.

Virginia had on every occasion been able to furnish a man to meet the emergency. When in the Union she was looked upon as a leech, and when in the Confederacy she was regarded as the foremost State of the South.

Virginia was the first State where free religion obtained. She was for independence when others were uncertain. The climatic conditions conduced to the growth of brave men; It was not warm enough

to make effeminate or cold enough to dwarf them. In her were embraced forests, fields, rivers, mountains, and valleys, all going to form a country well worth fighting for.

VIRGINIA PLUCK.

The indomitable pluck of Virginians was well known, the governor said. He remembered hearing about one of Pickett's men who went West shortly after the war—to Kansas City. He saw an advertisement for help in a store. When he answered he found several hundred applicants ahead of him. They were calling out, "I was under Grant," "I was under Hancock." He passed in front of the desk, and, holding up a hand from which three fingers were gone, said: "I lost those fighting under Lee in defense of the capital of my native State, Virginia.

The ex-Confederate was given the place, although the employer told him that he was no southern sympathizer, but because he felt that a man who asserted himself under such circumstances could be trusted.

HE MADE THE SACRIFICE.

At the time Virginia seceded Mrs. Lee was an invalid, and a female friend was staying with her. Late at night Mrs. Lee sent for her and told her she was afraid the Colonel was worried, as he had been walking the floor of the room above all night. Just at that moment the Colonel knocked at the door, walked in, and took a seat on the side of the bed. He said he was greatly troubled and wanted advice. "Virginia has seceded today. The United States educated me, and I have been offered the command of her army. But Virginia is my home and the birth-place of my fathers." The old lady responded, "The path of duty is the path of sacrifice." At that Colonel Lee brightened up and said: "I tender my sword to Virginia tomorrow."

This was indeed a sacrifice. The United States was a great Government, equipped for war; and he refused the command of her armies to come to Virginia, who was without a navy, without a treasury, and almost without hope, but which he loved, and was willing to die for.

SCARS OF WAR.

The Governor said he had lately seen a map of Virginia with red flags on it to designate where Virginia troops had fought. The flags were everywhere. They were the scars of war, but they did not

disfigure her. Virginians and other Southern people have no need to be ashamed of the part they took in the war. The northern people came here, bought Libby Prison, and carried it to Chicago to make money out of it. Why not dig up some field where Southern chivalry had been victorious and carry that away, too. Northern men say that they come from the North, but a Virginian does not say he comes from the South, but from "Old Virginia, thank God"; and even the negroes are proud of being Virginians and boast of it, even down to the exact county. Every man is raised free, and therefore they all belong to the "first families."

A Virginian never goes away from home with the intention of staying: he always hopes to make money and come back to the old Commonwealth.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

A friend of his, remarked the speaker, had told him a few days ago that he would so like to live fifty years more, not for the mere pleasure of living, but to see the wonderful progress that Virginia is bound to make in that time. The possibilities cannot be imagined. No man can tell what Virginia will be fifty years from now. Norfolk, Newport's News, Richmond, Roanoke, Glasgow, Buena Vista, Salem, Buchanan, Big-Stone Gap, must become inconceivably great.

Before fifty years have elapsed Virginia, now the fourteenth State in the Union in point of wealth and population, will walk a queen among her sisters.

But, concluded the Governor, no matter what the future has in store, no greater man would ever spring from her loins than the one whom they were then gathered to honor.

Mayor J. Taylor Ellyson responded to the third toast of the evening.

The City—Through dark and trying years her barriers, guarded by her sons, kept at bay mighty armies. Now pushing her lines of hospitable homes and her hives of busy industry beyond the circle of dismantled forts, she beckons to skill and culture, to capital and enterprise, from North and South, from East and West, by open highways, to join in the march "On to Richmond."

In his *role* as toast-master, remarked the Mayor, he always preferred to make others talk rather than to do so himself. He was a little surprised when asked to reply to a sentiment; but he did so cheerfully, for he felt it was an honor to represent the city.

When the Confederate soldiers left Appomattox twenty-five years ago many felt like they would like to leave the State forever. They would have done so but for the example of R. E. Lee, who showed his readiness to identify himself with her future.

The progress of twenty-five years was due to the energy and industry of the Confederate soldiers, and what had been accomplished by these men was by inspiration gathered from the lips of Lee.

When he was in New Orleans in December, 1889, he was glad to hear Mrs. Davis say, when he spoke to her in regard to Mr. Davis being buried here, that several times during his life the President had remarked that when he died they would find "Richmond" engraved on his heart.

And so Richmond came to pay her tribute of love, respect, and affection to R. E. Lee, the man who taught that "the fittest place to die is where man dies for man."

The fourth and last regular toast of the evening was replied to by Commander A. W. Archer, of Lee Camp. It was :

R. E. Lee Camp. The burden of years and the ravages of time may thin the ranks of the war-worn veterans, yet the fond memories of a glorious past will keep their hearts ever young, and the cheerful glow of their camp-fires shall never cease to illumine the imperishable name inscribed upon their banner.

Colonel Archer devoted himself chiefly to the objects of the Camp and the history of its organization and growth. The name of Lee, he declared, is dear to all, and its repetition does not weary. The principles of Lee Camp, assisting the fallen brother, were exercised at Appomattox. He told of how the Camp was organized in a little room by four men, who met to devise ways and means for helping the widows and orphans of dead comrades, and that now in the Soldiers' Home it has the most enduring of monuments. It is the private soldier, the man who did the fighting, that commands the respect of the country to-day.

If in the future the ex-Confederate discharges his duty as faithfully as in the past, when he crosses over the river and meets the great generals who have gone before he will be greeted as a true and faithful soldier.

CONFEDERATE PARSONS.

At the conclusion of his remarks Colonel Archer said that Stonewall Jackson must not be forgotten, and at his suggestion a toast to

his memory was drunk standing. He then called on Major (now Rev. Dr.) James P. Smith, who was with Jackson when he was shot, to respond.

Captain Smith said the subject was one of which he knew much and he hardly knew what to say. He could tell them of how he was introduced to General Lee by Jackson as one of his aides, and how General Lee laid his hand on his shoulder and told him he was a lucky dog. Or he could tell of a Christmas dinner that Lee, Jackson, and Stuart ate together. Or of how General Lee sent him to get news from A. P. Hill, and when he returned the General made him sit down beside him on his blanket and put his arm around his waist and joked with him. And later at night of Lee and Jackson warming their hands at the fire and planning the battle of Chancellorsville. And after Jackson was wounded of carrying a note to him from Lee saying the victory was due to his efforts.

LEE'S GREATNESS.

Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge was called upon by Major Stringfellow to respond to the toast: "In memory of General Lee—great as a man, great as a soldier, and greater still as an exemplar of Christian life."

The Doctor said he would reply by telling what his friend, Major (now Dr.) Smith, was too modest to relate. That was that after General Jackson was wounded that Major Smith shifted his own body so as to put it between the wounded General and the men who were firing on him.

As to the toast, he could say, in the words of Carlyle, who was not a parson, that "a man's religion is his chief part and turns all the rest."

The Doctor said that in point of service he was the oldest man in the regiment, and that counting by seniority he was entitled to ride five yards in front of Colonel Jones.

Referring to the governor's fifty-year prophecy, he said that at the end of that time Norfolk would be a Liverpool, Lynchburg an Edinboro', Richmond a Paris, and Farmville a London.

The Doctor concluded by comparing Lee's memory to the brightly-shining morning star.

After this Judge F. R. Farrar ("Johnnie Reb.") and others spoke.

AT BARTON HEIGHTS.

The Lee-birthday ball, which took place at Barton Heights at night, was one of the most brilliant social events that has ever en-

livened the pretty little suburban town. The dance took place in the "Wigwam," which was handsomely decorated for the occasion, and nearly fifty couples were present. Music was furnished by string and brass bands, and a splendid supper was served.

JUDGE FLOURNOY'S SPEECH.

Hon. Henry W. Flournoy was the orator of the evening and made a splendid speech, which was well punctuated with applause.

Judge Flournoy spoke for about fifteen minutes, dealing almost entirely with the life and character of General Lee. He laid great stress upon the fact that General Lee was the only man of the century whose name is not now reproached by his bitterest enemy.

In speaking of the new South he said that all of it that is good is an inheritance from the old South. There is no new South worth the name, he declared, for the new South of to-day, as it is called, is but the old South under changed conditions.

It is a fact, he continued, that when George Washington retired from the presidency of the United States thirteen men under the leadership of Andrew Jackson refused to vote for resolutions of respect and eulogy upon the man who when he died was styled "The Father of his Country." So stainless and so completely above all controversy was the life of Robert Lee, that when he issued his farewell address to his surrendered army the hearts of his soldiers and his people were more united in devotion to him than when he led the columns of his incomparable army to victory.

HE LEFT HIS RECORD.

He is conspicuous among the great men of all ages in declining to defend himself against the assaults of fanaticism and time-serving politicians, preferring to rest his fame upon the record of his life rather than defend his good name by the denial of base charges, alleged by base enemies. When called upon by loving friends to refute charges of treason preferred against him in the Republican Congress of 1865-'66-'67, he answered: "If the facts of my life as they are known to the world do not refute assaults upon my character no word of defence from me can avail."

No man has ever lived in ancient or modern history who so squared the conduct of his life by the laws of eternal justice and who left so little for the most carping critic to utter against him.

HIS GREATNESS DEVELOPED.

Daniel Webster said it was the occasion that made eloquence. Certain it is that opportunity develops the powers of great men. If there had been no Southern Confederacy Robert E. Lee would have lived and died a colonel of cavalry. The cause for which he fought, the men who followed him, and the women who blessed him with their tears, their prayers, and sustained him with unremitting labor and patriotism, together with his character, have given to the world examples of patriotism, heroism, and endurance, which contain many lessons, the careful study of which must be good for all the people who have and shall live after him. Who can say that such a cause so sustained is without its blessings to all humanity?

When he died it was the judgment of the world that the white flower of a blameless life should be laid upon his bier, and to-day he lives in the memories and hearts of all intelligent, right-thinking people as the most perfect exemplification of all that is great and good and to be desired in human life.

PETERSBURG.

There was a great outpouring of the people, and flags and bunting were displayed in every quarter of the city. Private residences as well as the stores in the business section were elaborately decorated.

There was a general suspension of business in the afternoon, and the streets were crowded with our own citizens as well as hundreds of visitors from the adjoining counties. Many pictures of General Lee were hung in front of stores and residences, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. Confederate, State, and national colors were seen on every side, and one of the features of the observance was the great number of ladies who participated.

THE PARADE.

The column was formed on Bollingbrook street, facing south, with the right resting between Second and Third streets. Ex-Governor William E. Cameron was the chief marshal, and he was assisted by a number of deputies. In the line of the parade were Mexican veterans bearing with them the flag which they carried to Mexico, the Petersburg Grays, the Petersburg Artillery, the Prince George Cav-

alry, A. P. Hill Camp, Confederate States Veterans, the police corps, veterans, members A. P. Hill Camp, the fire department, public-school pupils, and many others who took part in the parade to testify their respect for the man and the day, including the three councils of the Junior Order of American Mechanics. There were two bands in line—one of the Grays' and the other band of the Normal School, composed entirely of colored students. The procession moved through the principal streets of the city and was brought to a stand at the Academy of Music, where an interesting programme had been arranged. Senator Daniel was unable to be present, however, as intimated in Sunday's *Dispatch*, and Hon. C. P. W. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, telegraphed that reasons of State prevented him from coming.

DANIEL APPLAUDED.

So, after prayer by Rev. Dr. Gibson and a short address by Mayor Collier the audience was dismissed. The Academy was crowded from pit to dome, and the stage presented a most picturesque appearance. When Mayor Collier, explaining the cause of Senator Daniel's absence, eloquently referring to him as battling bravely now for the liberties of Virginia as he had battled in the past, a great cheer went up from a thousand throats, and subsequently the Senator's name was applauded to the echo. Mayor Collier made an excellent impromptu speech, and more than once when he alluded to the force bill the audience applauded his sentiments and re-echoed his spirited condemnation of that measure.

Thousands of people were unable to get inside of the doors of the Academy.

GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS.

Among the handsomest and most picturesque decorations were those at the residence of the late William H. Beasley, on High street. The house is located in very spacious grounds, and on the sward in front was a miniature camp, three tents in all, and pacing up and down in camp was Captain John T. Parham, a Confederate veteran, wearing the identical uniform with which he was clothed when he was a soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia. Here also were to be seen many mementoes of the great struggle, one of the most interesting of which was the earthen-ware pitcher which had been used by General Lee. The Beasley Mansion was General Lee's headquarters during his operations around this city, and therefore it is of consider-

able historical importance. It was very beautifully and tastefully decorated. The Twelfth regiment flag, which was borne by that command at the battle of Seven Pines, floated over the miniature encampment, and another object of more than usual interest was the silk flag that was presented to the Petersburg City Guard by the ladies of Petersburg thirty years ago, and which for ten years after the close of the war had lain buried beneath the earth to preserve it from hostile hands. The "camp" was photographed.

MEXICAN VETERANS.

The day passed off without any untoward incident to mar the ceremonies. The only disappointment experienced was the failure of the distinguished orators to be present.

Twelve of the old Mexican-war veterans, occupying carriages, were in the procession and were assigned seats of honor on the stage at the Academy. The ladies of the Memorial Association were also in carriages in the column and sat upon the stage.

PORTSMOUTH.

In Portsmouth the military companies joined the Stonewall Camp and the Independent Fire Company and paraded, after which the column marched to Oxford Hall, and the Rev. Dr. William E. Edwards delivered a scholarly and eloquent oration. He spoke of the importance attached to the great events in history, the sites upon which the great events had been enacted, and most especially the interest which attached to the great men of history, and among these the conspicuous figure of Robert E. Lee. "He was born," the speaker said, "at the close of a remarkable century, and in the midst of stirring and memorable events. The past one hundred years had been a scene of revolution in almost every department of thought. The path was being blazed for the more rapid advance of the car of civilization. Science, dissatisfied with the meagreness of her attainments, pushed out her investigations into new fields of inquiry.

WITH THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

"At the close of this remarkable era and in the midst of stirring events Robert E. Lee appeared, born upon the same spot with the Father of his Country and destined to the same glory if not to an equal success."

The speaker then rapidly ran over the events of General Lee's career up to the civil war, and spoke eloquently of his patriotic devotion and distinguished services as a soldier of the Confederacy.

THE MARVELLOUS INFLUENCE.

"But gentlemen," he added, "we have not yet attained to the secret of the wonderful power, the magical spell—the strange, marvellous influence exerted by that life which this day we study. Men are not great simply nor especially by the intellect, but through the heart. Character is of more value than genius, and what I wish to observe is this, that the military career of our dead chieftain is the canvas on which, from the inner life as from a lantern, is thrown a rarer combination of graces and spiritual excellences than is witnessed in the history of one man in a thousand."

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS.

He then dwelt at length on the leading characteristics of that life: First, duty; second, independence; third, great tenderness; fourth, modesty and humility; and fifth, his patience under defeat. Then in a beautiful and eloquent peroration on the Christian character of General Lee the speaker closed his splendid oration.

ALEXANDRIA.

R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans celebrated the birthday of General R. E. Lee by a banquet at the Hotel Fleischmann at night.

The dining-room of the hotel was very handsomely decorated with flags, Confederate and United States, and with flowers. Extended around the room were tables arranged in the form of a square and laden down with all the good things of the season. In the centre of the table stood a large model of the Alexandria Confederate soldiers' monument (Elder's Appomattox), said to be one of the handsomest in the South.

Promptly at 8:15 P. M. the Camp, with a few invited guests, filed into the dining-room, and for over an hour nothing was heard but the clatter of knives and forks, as the veterans did justice to the bountiful repast spread by mine host Fleischmann.

THE TOASTS.

Then came the toasts, as follows :

The Day We Celebrate. Responded to by Comrade Surgeon Harold Snowden, surgeon Seventeenth Virginia infantry, Confederate States army.

The Infantry. Colonel Edmund Berkeley, colonel Eighth Virginia infantry, Confederate States army.

The Artillery. Captain K. Kemper. First South Carolina artillery, Confederate States army.

The Cavalry. General William H. F. Lee.

The Navy. Captain S. B. Davis.

The Private Soldier. Comrade Alexander Hunter, Seventeenth Virginia infantry, Confederate States army.

A number of *impromptu* toasts were also responded to, and the evening was enlivened by yarns of camp life that brought forth peals of laughter.

THE ADDRESS.

The evening was closed by the reading of General Lee's Farewell Address to the army by Comrade Richard M. Latham.

NORFOLK.

Soon after sunrise flags and bunting were fluttering in the breeze from public and prominent private buildings. The day was observed as a holiday. At meridian the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, under Captain M. C. Keeling, fired a salute of eighty-four guns from Newton's Wharf.

THE PARADE.

Later the Norfolk City Guard, Lee Rifles, Old Dominion Guard, Portsmouth Rifles, Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, under command of Colonel C. A. Nash, of the Fourth regiment, Picket-Buchanan Camp under Commander T. S. Garnett, the Fire Department under Chief-Engineer Thomas Kevill, and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and Typographical Union formed on City-Hall avenue, and headed by the police force and Norfolk City Band made a parade of

the principal streets of the city. All the organizations had full ranks and the column presented quite an imposing appearance.

OVER THE RIVER.

On the return of the procession to Main street the civic organizations and the police were dismissed and the military went over to Portsmouth.

FREDERICKSBURG.

General Lee's birthday was celebrated by an imposing military and civic parade, one of the largest since the war. The streets were lined with people. From balconies and windows the ladies saluted the procession by waving of handkerchiefs and clapping of hands. Many of the houses were decorated with the Stars and Stripes and the Confederate battle-flag. Portraits of General Lee were also numerous displayed. The Stars and Stripes were carried in line by nearly all of the parading organizations. Captain Daniel M. Lee was chief marshal.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

In Atlanta the day was generally observed, markedly by the Virginia Society composed of natives of Virginia.

Saturday evening, January 17th, Captain W. Gordon McCabe, reached the city. He came as the guest of the Virginia Society, and as the orator of the day.

AT THE CAPITOL.

The exercises at the Capitol were held in the House of Representatives, and commenced promptly at 8 o'clock. President Hamilton Douglas called the society to order, and after prayer by the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Funsten, Captain McCabe was introduced. His address was upon the "Life of Lee" and "The Defence of Petersburg." The hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, which was in full sympathy with the theme of the speaker.

CAPTAIN McCABE'S ADDRESS.

VIRGINIANS: I bear to you the greetings of our mother as you gather here to do honor to the memory of her greatest son.

And to you, too, men and women of Georgia, this mother, on

whose bosom lie sleeping so many of your best and bravest—those dauntless heroes who, when she stood ringed with fire, hedged her round with stubborn steel, and with their brave young blood wrote the name of "Georgia" in crimson letters afresh in the very rubric of freedom; to you, too, our mother stretches forth her hand, which no longer wears its mailed glove, and bids you God's speed in that grand career of prosperity which has made the name of this mighty Commonwealth no less renowned in days of peace than in days of war, when she gave her all without grudge and without stint in defence of those principles which since the days of Runnymede have been the common heritage of all English-speaking folk.

HER ETERNAL DEFIANCE.

Aye! Virginia, not without self-reproach that she but follows where she should have led, yields her southern sister homage, in that when "cheap patriots," insolent by reason of success won by others, were seeking even in the halls of national legislation to dim with the breath of obloquy the stainless memory of our matchless leader, and to brand with infamy the cause for which he drew his sword, this grand old Commonwealth rang out her eternal defiance to their calumnies by placing the birthday of Lee in her civic calendar alongside that of Washington, and published to the world this glorious legislative enactment signed with the name of her battle-scarred Chief Executive—that brilliant soldier who for four years followed the tattered battle-flags of Lee and of Jackson—rising from simple captain, grade by grade, through sheer force of skill and daring until as commander of Jackson's old corps he became Lee's right arm in that wondrous final campaign which has claimed the admiration of the brave of every nation.

VIRGINIA REBELS.

In conclusion Captain McCabe said: Virginians, in yonder battle-crowned capital of our ancient Commonwealth looks down upon us in imperishable bronze the "counterfeit presentment" of our mother's greatest son of the first Revolution, seated in easy majesty on his mettled steed, such as he may have seemed to his ragged, expectant soldiery as he scanned with serene constancy the varying chances of the fray that day at Germantown or at Princeton, while grouped beneath him stand the heroic figures of those great Virginians who shared with him the peril and the glory of guiding the new nation

out of the dark and narrow bondage of royal tyranny into the broad light of republican freedom.

"REBEL" he was to those who denied the chartered liberties of his struggling countrymen, but *to-day*, under every sun and in every clime, the name of this "rebel" is to all freemen the synonym of constitutional liberty.

And yet had not success been his, Washington were none the less a patriot and a champion of freedom.

HER GREAT SON OF A SECOND REVOLUTION.

Thus it is that Virginia, true to the ennobling traditions of that mighty past, which teaches us that *patriotism is patriotism* and that *principle is principle* whether glorified by victory or shrouded in defeat, has reared a monument no less impressive and enduring to her greatest son of our second revolution—the peer in military genius, in patriotism, in constancy, and valor of that immortal "Rebel" whose good blade carved out the freedom of the Western World.

"And here and now, my countrymen,
I tell you Lee shall ride
With that great 'Rebel' down the years,
Twin 'Rebels,' side by side—
And confronting such a vision,
All our grief gives place to pride."

"Those two shall ride immortal,
And shall ride abreast of Time,
Shall light up stately history,
And blaze in epic rhyme—
Both patriots—both Virginians true—
Both 'Rebels'—both sublime."

BANQUET AND TOASTS.

After the exercises at the Capitol the society and its guests repaired to the Kimball House, where an elegant banquet was spread. It was the first annual banquet of the society, and no pains were spared to make it a perfect success in every particular. The speakers were as follows: Captain W. Gordon McCabe, Governor W. J. Northen, Mayor W. A. Hempphill, Colonel W. L. Calhoun, Hon. Clark Howell, Hoke Smith, Rev. Dr. George B. Strickland, and Major J. C. Courtney.

BALTIMORE.

"Fall in" was the command at night of General Bradley T. Johnson, as he looked over a great mass of talking, hand-shaking, congratulating Confederate veterans. They had met to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of General Robert E. Lee. The command, as between 1861 and 1865, was promptly obeyed, and the party of more than two hundred gallant veterans marched by twos into the great dining-hall of the Carrolton Hotel, the band playing "My Maryland."

RARE DISCIPLINE.

General Wade Hampton was with the president of the society, General Bradley T. Johnson. The jolly company quickly distributed themselves around the long and spacious tables, all well-laden for their delectation. "Attention," cried President Johnson, and every man arose and reverently listened to a short prayer by Rev. William M. Dame, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whom so many present had known during the struggle on Virginia's soil.

A CONFEDERATE ATTACK.

The attack was then begun, and was continued until there was nothing remaining to attack and nothing remaining to "down." "Dixie" by the band, delayed the disposal of the terrapin course. Everybody involuntarily ceased to eat, and everybody joined in the old battle-cry, and there was long-continued hand-clapping. "My Maryland" made another viand particularly appetizing, and Private James R. Wheeler, the chairman of the committee of arrangements, led in the loud acknowledgement of the State ode.

THE CHARGE RENEWED.

With a "Hi-ye-yi" the assault was renewed. "My Maryland" merged into a medley of "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Dixie," "Yankee-Doodle," and other inspiring strains during the day of combat and conflict of Confederate and Federal, and there were cheers and good nature for everybody. If it is given to the spirits of great commanders to sit at the banquet board with the followers and admirers still in the flesh, General Robert E. Lee must have kissed the phantom-blade in salutation to the noble men whom he often led.

THE FIRST TABLE.

The gentlemen at the first table were General Bradley T. Johnson (presiding), General Wade Hampton, General Hooker (congressman from Mississippi), Captain Booth, Major W. H. Wigfall, Major Skipwith Wilmer, Colonel Spencer Jones, Rev. William M. Dame, Captain A. J. Smith, General J. L. Brent, Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas, Major R. M. Blundon, Captain L. N. Hope and Winfield Peters.

THE NEW YORK VETERANS.

Their First Annual Dinner.

The Confederate Veterans' Camp of New York gave its first annual dinner this evening in the great dining-room of the New York Hotel. The hall was tastefully decorated with the Stars and Stripes and in the centre there hung a portrait of General Robert E. Lee. The music during the dinner was rendered by the Confederate Veteran Camp quartette. The *menu* was engraved on satin paper and bound by love-knots of red, white and blue ribbon.

MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

Colonel A. G. Dickinson acted as master of ceremonies. When the dessert was announced he appeared with Miss Winnie Davis, "the Daughter of the Confederacy." Miss Davis was simply attired in black tulle over silk. She was accompanied by the Duchess d'Auxy, a relative of Justice Lamar, of the Supreme Court. Miss Davis was greeted with ringing cheers thrice repeated.

THE GUESTS.

Covers were laid for one hundred and sixty guests, among whom were General Daniel E. Sickles, General E. P. Alexander, Colonel Charles T. O'Ferrall, Colonel Charles O'B. Cowardin, M. Glennan, Hon. Benton McMillan, Hon. Eugene S. Ives, Hosea B. Perkins, Hon. Ashbel P. Fitch, Colonel Charles Marshall, General FitzJohn Porter, General William C. Oates, Colonel John A. Cockrill, Major George W. McLean, Hon. John S. Wise, Hon. C. S. Baker, Colonel William Lamb, General P. M. B. Young, Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. W. W. Page.

THE TOASTS.

Colonel Dickinson made the opening address, and the following toasts were responded to: "The Memory of Lee," Colonel Charles Marshall, of Baltimore; "Let Us Have Peace," General Daniel E. Sickles; "The Confederate Veteran," General William C. Oates, of Alabama; "Our Country, the United States," Colonel Charles T. O'Ferrall, of Winchester, Va.; "The Soldier-Journalist of '61-'65," Colonel John A. Cockrill; "Our Old Home, the South," Hon. Benton McMillan, of Nashville, Tenn.; "Our Soldier Dead," drunk in silence.

THE MUSIC.

The Confederate Veteran Camp quartette, consisting of Messrs. Wilbur Gunn, Frederick Schilling, S. Cameron, and Alfred Poindexter, rendered some excellent music during the evening, "The Star-Spangled Banner," "I'se Gwine Back to Dixie," and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," being among their selections. Messrs. Gunn and Poindexter sang solos.

In Memoriam.

GENERAL JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON.

The last but one of the six full generals of the war for Southern Independence (General Beauregard now alone remaining), General Joseph Eggleston Johnston, died at his residence in Washington, D. C., on the night of March 21st, 1891. His death excited profound emotion, and throughout the Southern States the testimony of regard in which he was held was touchingly manifested.

RICHMOND.

In Richmond, Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans led in the initiative. At a meeting of this body, held March 23d, a committee

of which Colonel Archer Anderson was chairman, was appointed to prepare resolutions to the memory of General Johnston.

The following chaste and touching tribute from the pen of Colonel Anderson was submitted by him in a meeting of Lee Camp, held March 27th, and was unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

"A great soldier has passed from among us.

The death of General Joseph Eggleston Johnston has filled every southern veteran's heart with sorrow, and we have met to give utterance to the deep and abiding feelings of respect and veneration which must ever be associated with his honored name.

His career will occupy a great space in the military annals of his country. It illustrates almost every species of military excellence.

As a youth he had stored his mind with all the lessons to be drawn from the great campaigns of history and the deductions of military science. This exact knowledge was supplemented and adorned by a general culture unusual in the training of a soldier. But his love of books never impaired his eagerness for action. The records of the past kindled in his whole nature a passionate ardor to emulate the great deeds of the heroes celebrated by poet and historian. He was essentially a man of action, and on the very first occasion when he confronted a force of hostile Indians he signaled his fitness to lead men in battle.

SECOND ONLY TO LEE.

Distinguished in the Florida war he showed himself at each step of his career equal to every call of duty. No officer, save only Robert E. Lee, emerged from the Mexican war with a more brilliant reputation for vigor, forecast, and valor. But the war between the States furnished the arena on which he was to display the great qualities of head and heart and soul, which alone fit men for the command of armies.

The secrecy and rapidity of his movement from Patterson's front to Beauregard's support secured victory at Manassas. During the next eight months his bold countenance concealed his paralyzing inferiority of numbers and resources, and held in inglorious inactivity the grand army of McClellan.

Quickly changing his line of operations to confront the Federal army in its advance upon the Peninsula he now illustrated that distinguishing quality of his genius which led him always—even at the cost of distrust and reproach—to sacrifice everything subordinate

and unessential to bring about the substantial and necessary conditions of decisive military success. He withdrew his army skilfully from a faulty position to bring McClellan to battle at a distance from his base, where, after the concentration of all our resources, a Confederate victory might determine the issue of the campaign.

In the act to win the rich prize of his strategy he was stricken down at the head of his columns at Seven Pines by two severe wounds—always, like Hannibal, the first to go into battle and the last to come out.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST SHERMAN.

But his campaign against Sherman will furnish the imperishable justification of his fame. The most brilliant military critic of our time, the English officer, Chesney, has declared that it places him by the side of Turenne in the roll of the world's great generals. Those who followed Robert Lee in what was perhaps the grandest of his campaigns, the campaign of 1864, will understand the greatness of Johnston's leadership when they consider how nearly Lee's campaign resembled in method and results Johnston's fighting march from Dalton to Atlanta. But there was this striking difference. When Lee reached Richmond and Petersburg, his adversary gained possession of a better base and a shorter line of communications than he ever before possessed. When Johnston reached Atlanta his army was in as high a state of vigor, cohesion, and military devotion as Lee's, and Sherman was dragging a lengthening chain of weak and attenuated communications. The opportunity long sought and prepared for a decisive stroke was snatched from Johnston's hand, as many think, by the Executive mandate, which deprived the Army of Tennessee of its beloved and trusted chief. The absolute devotion of that army to him established his possession of one of the prime characteristics of a general—the power to arouse enthusiasm in his followers. But he had done enough for enduring fame. The verdict of the skilful and vigorous soldiers who led the Federal army, including their brilliant chief, Sherman, declaring Johnston to have been a great and daring commander, is one of the most striking tributes to military merit known to the annals of the war. The men who felt his blows admired him most.

RECALLED TO HIS SHATTERED COMMAND.

One crowning testimony to his worth was reserved to heal the hero's wounded pride. At the darkest hour of the war Robert E.

Lee recalled Johnston to the command of the shattered fragments of the Army of Tennessee. In the heroic spirit of the great of old, whose custom was "*inadversis vultum secundae fortunae gerere, moderari animos in secundis*," Johnston answered that call of duty. The audacity and fierceness of his attack, with a mere handful of Confederates, on Sherman's army at Bentonville showed what great aggressive strokes might have been delivered had adequate means been wielded by that daring spirit. Men who had stood near him in battle had long before read this in his flashing eye and grim, firm-set, lion-like mouth. Never was war-like temper more visibly stamped on feature, gesture, and bearing, than in the person of this grand leader in the crisis of action. To see him then was to receive a new impulse to battle.

A MODEST AND FAITHFUL CITIZEN.

But the soldier who had been so great in war was ready when peace returned to discharge with modesty and fidelity every duty of the citizen. For the last twenty-five years he has lived among us a life of quiet and unassuming fulfilment of public and private trusts. Crowned with honor, revered and cherished by his countrymen of all sections and parties, he has completed in peace and dignity the span of an existence prolonged beyond the ordinary limit, and comforted in its later years by an abiding conviction of a life beyond the grave, and by all the assurances of Christian faith and piety.

His fame is secure in the keeping of his countrymen.

Profoundly imbued with these sentiments R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, of Confederate Veterans, has heretofore ordered its hall to be draped in mourning for thirty days in honor of the illustrious commander, a member of this camp, and now resolves that the foregoing minute be placed upon its records and communicated to the family of General Johnston."

WANT THE REMAINS INTERRED IN HOLLYWOOD.

Mr. D. Smith Redford, Colonel F. A. Bowery, Colonel William P. Smith, Major James W. Pegram and Mr. E. C. Crump were appointed a committee to request Mayor Ellyson to call a mass-meeting of the citizens, at such time and place as he may designate, to pass resolutions requesting that the remains of General Johnston be interred in Hollywood. The committee was instructed to request the Mayor to invite such citizens as he may select to deliver addresses at the mass-meeting.

THE MASS MEETING.

In pursuance of the request of Lee Camp, a meeting of the citizens of Richmond was held April 2d, in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce.

The meeting was called to order by Judge George L. Christian, on whose motion Mayor J. T. Ellyson was elected chairman.

Mayor Ellyson on taking the chair said he had called the meeting at the request of Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, to take suitable action to secure the removal of the remains of General Joseph E. Johnston to Richmond. He did not hesitate to comply with the request and issue the call, for that he felt that in so doing he was but carrying out and, indeed, anticipating the wishes of the citizens of Richmond, who he knew would endorse any action of the meeting looking to the end in view.

On motion of Mr. W. L. White, Judge George L. Christian was elected secretary.

It was moved and carried that a committee on resolutions be appointed, and the chair announced the following: Major Robert Stiles, Colonel W. H. Palmer, Colonel Alexander W. Archer, Judge E. C. Minor and Mr. Joseph W. Thomas.

RESOLUTIONS REPORTED.

The committee, after consultation, reported through Major Stiles the following:

"VIRGINIA mourns the last of her great Soldier Triumvirate, Jackson, Lee, Johnston—all stainless; each one as good as great.

Within a year after he drew aside the veil that hid the image of the God-like Lee, Johnston himself passed from us, and beyond that greater vale the three Christian heroes have entered upon immortal comradeship. Weeping Virginia, though Rachel-like lamenting her children because they are not, may yet lift her bowed head with this proud reflection: Even in these degenerate days have I borne peerless sons, and while in some sense I must give them up, yet are they mine forever.

More essentially perhaps than other great American, Joseph E. Johnston was the soldier—the *trained, professional soldier*. As such, he was less perfectly in touch with the mass of the people, and in proportion to his merit less appreciated by them than were most of the other heroes of the war. The christian civilization of to-day

rightly yearns for Peace, but wrongly refuses to estimate fairly the greatness that is born of the profession of arms alone. A quarter of a century ago, as the majestic figures of our great generals emerged from the smoke of battle, and moved out from the soldier life, from camp and march and field, into the unromantic walks of our selfish, scheming business world, men marvelled at them as anomalies and demanded "whence have *mere soldiers* these characteristics ; this purity and consecration, this majesty and strength?" Those of us who have to some degree lived and loved the life of the soldier make answer, "These men were cast in this mould ; they are not anomalies, but the lofty yet normal outcome of a grand system of physical and mental and moral training." What, then, is the training and what are the formative elements of this life?

ESSENTIAL CHARACTER OF THE SOLDIER LIFE.

We answer : The essential character of the soldier life is "SERVICE"—its all pervading law is "DUTY." Its first lesson is OBEDIENCE *unquestioning*—its last lesson COMMAND *unquestioned*. Its daily discipline ACCOUNTABILITY *unceasing*—its final burden RESPONSIBILITY *unmeasured*. Its every-day experience HARDSHIPS, PERILS, CRISES *unparalleled*—its compensation FIXED PAY. Its inspiration PROMOTION FROM ABOVE.

Here is the mould. Does it not prefigure the man we mourn and honor to-night? His purity, his loyalty, his directness, his robustness, his majestic simplicity, his devotion to duty, his heroism? Yes! God made him in body, mind, and soul a youth capable of responding to this noble training and absorbing these lofty influences ; but they made him the man and the hero he was.

Thus was he *soldier-trained* to a great character and a grand career, to a majestic manhood and a mighty life; but his spirit soared even higher, because he was also *God-created* high-souled, and broad-minded. It is noteworthy how his soldier-training and his soldier spirit entered into, inspiring or modifying, his almost every act and utterance, and yet how his personal elevation and breadth bore him up and away above and beyond the mere soldier.

FOUGHT BRAVELY UNDER WHAT HE CONSIDERED INJUSTICE.

Where will you find anything finer than his palliation of the failure of a gallant officer afterwards prominent upon the Federal side to espouse the cause of his native South upon the ground, as he said,

tha this friend was essentially a soldier and had failed to secure in our service the rank to which his worth and his position in the old army justly entitled him—all unconscious the while of the noble contrast which his own conduct presented in turning his back upon a higher position in the old service than any other southern officer sacrificed, and never sulking, but fighting to the bitter end under what he considered injustice like to that which repelled his friend?

His mere intellectual pre-eminence does not even require distinct assertion. Not only does his career throughout bear witness to it, but it is perhaps not too much to say that by the general consensus of competent opinion in the United States, North and South, Joseph E. Johnston is ranked as at least the peer of any officer upon either side during the late war, not in intellect *only*, but in all the learning and skill of his profession.

He was even more than this. It is questionable whether there can be found, in all the annals of war and of defeat, a sublimer exhibition of imperturbable poise of soul and perfect command of the very utmost of one's supremest powers, than is furnished by Johnston's great double act of soldiership and statesmanship, in the battle of Bentonville and the convention with Sherman.

But not only did his comprehensive intelligence and his high-souled strength overlap and rise above the broad, high ideal even of the true soldier—if soldier only—but his heart and his affections were so rich and so loving that, even his lion-like masculinity could not banish from his intercourse with his family and his friends a tenderness that was absolutely womanly. General Dabney Maury says he kissed him upon both cheeks and then upon his lips when parting with him for the last time. It was one of his peculiar habits to embrace and kiss men whom he especially loved and trusted. He was not only affectionate and tender—"he of the lion-heart and hammer-hand" and body battle-scarred—but he was the most affectionate and the most tender of men.

WE CRAVE THE NOBLE BODY.

Let it be added, to complete the picture, and with devout gratitude to Almighty God, that he who, with such compelling will and such a mighty hand, controlled and led men, followed his Divine Master with the humility and the confiding trust of a little child; therefore be it

Resolved, 1, That in the life of General Joseph Eggleston Johnston Virginia recognizes with maternal pride the career of a great Christian

soldier, without fear and without reproach and full of well-earned honors.

2. That in his death she mourns the loss of one of the most noble and the most loyal of all her heroic sons.

3. That, so far as such final disposition of his remains can be harmonized with the wishes and plans of the General's family, the people of Richmond and, we are confident, the people of Virginia as well, crave the noble body, scarred with ten honorable wounds, and ask that they be permitted to lay it reverently to rest here, in his native soil, at such place in or near the city of Richmond as may hereafter be determined upon.

4. That the foregoing minute and resolutions be communicated to the family of General Johnston, accompanied by our reverent sympathies."

MAJOR STILES' REMARKS.

Major Stiles, in speaking to the resolutions, said that General Johnston was the grandest man he had ever known in respect of personal friendly relations. He was, however, so essentially a soldier that he was not in touch with the people and was not esteemed as other men were.

The speaker believed that if he could communicate with the old hero he would thank him for putting before the people the life of the soldier. Public sentiment, continued Major Stiles, does not do justice to the soldier. The whole force of modern society is given to the accumulation of wealth. The soldier never accumulates. It was contended that the time of the soldier had passed. This is not true. All civilization is born of the blood of the soldier and founded on the bullet and the sword. The Christian civilization is iron-bound and will be until the millennium. The contrary idea was a false representation of the Christian religion. The speaker showed how Sir Philip Sidney, Havelock, Chinese Gordon, Jackson, Lee, and others were not anomalies, but the development of the soldier-life, and drew a striking picture of General Johnston—the soldierly type.

INFINITE AND ABSOLUTE COURAGE.

He was, Major Stiles said, the embodiment of infinite and absolute courage. There was as much courage and nobility in his small frame as could have been packed in that of a man of six feet six inches. The

life of the soldier was, said Major Stiles, service. He was cut off from everything that others enjoy. It was a priesthood of consecration. He was separated from the people, from their aims, and from their ambitions, standing way off on the frontier protecting the State and the women and children.

DUTY.

As for duty the soldier had put that word where it never was before, and he obeyed because those above him had a right to command.

There was, asserted the speaker, no more important lesson for the people to learn than that of obedience. The centurion had given the best analysis of obedience.

Major Stiles then attested to the responsibilities of the military life, and showed how General Johnston measured up the full standard of all that combined to constitute the ideal soldier.

NO POLITICIAN.

The speaker's description of what difficulties he and others encountered in trying to make a politician of General Johnston was very amusing, and in this connection he told some anecdotes at the expense of himself and friends, which illustrated General Johnston's straightforwardness, that provoked bursts of merriment.

General Johnston, added Major Stiles, was one of the most charming conversationalists he had ever heard talk, and was the most affectionate and lovable man he had ever met. He had often kissed the speaker, and it was his habit whenever he parted from a family to kiss the younger members. Major Stiles' description of his last interview with General Johnston was so pathetic as to draw tears from the eyes of all present.

AN ELOQUENT AND TENDER TRIBUTE.

Major Stiles spoke for half an hour, perhaps, and nothing short of a *verbatim* report of his remarks could convey anything like an adequate impression of his eloquence and tenderness in his reference to his old commander and friend.

At the conclusion of Major Stiles' remarks the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

After some remarks by Captain Louis F. Bossieux, the meeting adjourned.

MEMORIAL MEETING.

A Memorial Meeting was held at the Academy of Music, Sunday afternoon, April 26th. The commodious hall was filled to its utmost capacity.

Lee and Pickett Camps Confederate Veterans attended in a body. Governor McKinney and Colonel William E. Tanner and ladies occupied one of the proscenium-boxes, and on the stage were the gentleman who took part in the services, the Committee of Arrangements of Lee Camp, and the singers.

OPENED WITH PRAYER.

Colonel Alexander W. Archer, commander of Lee Camp, was master of ceremonies and introduced in a few remarks Rev. Dr. W. E. Judkins, who opened the services with prayer.

Rev. Dr. Landrum read appropriate selections from the Scriptures, after which the whole assemblage, led by Captain Frank W. Cunningham, united in singing "Rock of Ages."

A quartette consisting of Captain Cunningham, Mr. Lohman, Mrs. Rowe, and Mrs. McGruder chanted a hymn, at the conclusion of which Colonel Archer introduced Rev. Dr S. A. Goodwin, pastor of Grove Avenue Baptist Church, who delivered a beautiful oration on the life and character of General Johnston.

DR. GOODWIN'S ADDRESS.

The eloquent speaker opened by saying that the vast audience had assembled to give utterance to the profound respect and ardent admiration which all had for General Johnston, whose unselfish patriotism and military prowess have enshrined his name forever in the hearts of the southern people, and who, the speaker said, struck the first stunning blow in their defence and gave the last in the hour of their despair. Then, after sketching General Johnston's early life and education, Dr. Goodwin said: "His knowledge of military science was, perhaps, the most accurate and comprehensive of any man of this age. This gave him that sweeping observation, that minuteness of detail, and that insight into the plan of his opponent that so pre-eminently distinguished him as a strategist and soldier. Time, space, and numbers were all present to him. The forming of every company, however distant, was mentally visible to his eye. And the movement of every squadron, however remote, was audible to his ear.

This aspect of his genius shone with resplendent brightness in his fighting march from Dalton to Atlanta.

COMPARED WITH LEE'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

"The brilliancy of this campaign," the speaker continued, "will further appear by comparison with that of the last of General Robert E. Lee's, which is justly considered one of the most skilfully conducted in the annals of war. When Lee reached Petersburg Grant gained a better base of operation and a shorter line of communication than he had ever before possessed; but when Johnston reached Atlanta he was nearer his own base of supplies, while Sherman, in the language of a brilliant military critic, was dragging a lengthening chain of weak and attenuated communication.

"Sherman, too, was greatly the superior of Grant. Sherman was a wily adversary, whose well-laid plans were difficult to forecast and hard to defeat. Grant, conscious of his overwhelming numbers and resources, and reckless of the lives of his followers, hurled them upon the daily diminishing ranks of Lee with the single object of destroying him by the mere force of attrition. With this one object in view his plans were not difficult to foresee, nor hard to defeat. Sherman, like a skilled pugilist, evaded every blow of his adversary that was possible, and effected by manœuvre what he could not accomplish by force. His greatly superior numbers enabled him to flank Johnston with comparative ease and safety whenever he offered him battle."

HIS DECISION OF CHARACTER.

Referring to General Johnston's decision of character, the speaker said: "He formed his plans only after mature reflection and upon accurate knowledge, and once made he rarely changed them. Neither the smile of friends nor the scorn of foes could turn him from what he believed to be right. This decision of character, which is one of the essential qualities of a great commander, more than once subjected him to the mistrust of the Government and to the severe criticism of his friends. This trait of his character is strikingly illustrated in his retreat from Dalton to Atlanta. Both the Government and the people clamored for battle. But he knew better than either that the army which he confronted, three times that of his own in number, under a sagacious and resolute leader, and covered by entrenchments, was not to be beaten by greatly inferior numbers. He himself says: 'I thought it best to stand on the defensive, to spare the blood of our

soldiers by fighting under cover habitually, and to attack only when bad position or division of the enemy's force might give us advantages counterbalancing that of superior numbers.' The wisdom of this course was subsequently clearly developed and fully justified.

COOLNESS AND COURAGE.

"With great decision of character he combined unrivalled coolness and courage. He appeared absolutely insensible to fear. The roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the clash of squadrons, and the shock and confusion of battle seemed to compose rather than to agitate him. His heroic courage and sublime composure enabled him in the greatest confusion of battle to readily discover the slightest weakness of his assailant and to promptly repair any mistake or disorder of his own. He watched the tide of battle with the same composure as that with which the expert chess-player watches the movements of his opponent. So calm was he amid every difficulty and so composed was he amid every danger, that what had been so eloquently said of the great Conde is eminently true of him, that those fighting around him declared that 'if they had an affair of importance to transact with him they would have chosen for it that very moment when the fires of battle were raging around him, so much did his spirit appear elevated above them, and, as it were, inspired in such terrible encounters, like those lofty mountains whose summits rising above clouds and storm find their serenity in their elevation and lose not a single ray of the light by which they are enveloped.'

LEAVING THE OLD ARMY.

"His battles with the Indians and his service in Mexico demonstrated those qualities of coolness and courage, skill and strategy, that so pre-eminently distinguished him as a commander. He emerged from the Mexican war adored by the army and trusted by the Government. He had but to will it and the forces of the United States would ultimately have been placed in his hands. But his ambition yielded to patriotism. Leaving behind a brilliant post and sacrificing the possibilities of a glorious future, he offered to the South his life and his sword. He was made a general in the Confederate army. His unwillingness to exchange his plans for those of the Administration more than once brought upon him the censure of the Government and the criticism of his friends, but neither the doubt of one nor the mistrust of the other cooled his ardor nor

weakened his loyalty for the cause to which he had pledged his life and honor. This trait of his character shines out with conspicuous brightness and beauty in the closing days of the bitter and bloody struggle. The grand army of Lee was reduced to the last extremity. It had at last worn itself away by continuous victories. That of the Tennessee, snatched from the hands of Johnston at the very moment of giving its decisive blow, had been broken, beaten, and butchered at Franklin after sustaining against overwhelming numbers one of the bloodiest conflicts in the annals of war. So fierce was the conflict that the soldiers snapped their bayonets in each other's faces. The resources of the Confederacy were exhausted. Its armies were almost naked and starving. The spirit of the people was broken, and further resistance seemed madness. Defeat and disaster were certain. Gloom rested like a pall over the whole South. Under these distressing circumstances Johnston was recalled by Lee to the command of the army from which he had been arbitrarily removed. It would have been natural for him to have refused.

HE THREW ASIDE PRIDE.

But, throwing aside his wounded pride, he responded at once to the call of duty and devotion. Gathering the broken and scattered fragments of his once compact but now dispirited and depleted army, he infused into it once more his own indomitable will and energy, and hurled it again upon the strong and arrogant column of Sherman. The audacity, the fierceness, and the success of his attack at Bentonville is not surpassed by the heroes of Thermopylæ nor the patriotic defenders of Lyons. Not until the heroic Lee had succumbed to overwhelming numbers and resources, not until the Confederate Administration was without organization or habitation, not until further resistance on his part would have been the murder of his brave followers, did he surrender the men who followed him with ardor and who would have died at his bidding.

MODESTY AS A CITIZEN.

"His courage as a soldier was only excelled by his modesty as a citizen. Great corporations sought him for his administrative ability, and the people of Virginia as an acknowledgement of his merit sent him to represent them in the Congress of the United States. He discharged with modesty and fidelity every public and private trust committed to his keeping. There is not a stain upon his honored name.

"But the crowning glory of General Johnston was his simple and sublime faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. When he marched he acknowledged God as his guide; when he defended a line he knew that resistance was vain unless Jehovah formed around him a rampart; when he fought he sought from Heaven his force, and when dying he trusted the merits of the Saviour.

In conclusion Dr. Goodwin said:

"Full of years and honor, he has gone from among us. As the Romans placed in the vestibules of their homes the images of their illustrious ancestors, that their children might be constantly reminded of their virtues, so let us place in our own Hollywood the body of General Joseph Eggleston Johnston, and over it place an enduring monument, that our children may be constantly reminded of his virtues and stimulated to copy his example. There beside the brave who followed him he will rest in peace, and the rushing river as it rolls to the sea will sing till the the resurrection his greatness and glory."

CLOSING EXERCISES.

At the close of Dr. Goodwin's address Rev. L. R. Mason, of Grace Episcopal church, offered prayer.

Captain Cunningham sang "Some Sweet Day Bye and Bye," and the audience sang "The Coronation" and the "Doxology."

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. George H. Ray, D. D.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, April 26, 1891.]

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL JOHNSTON.

By GENERAL DABNEY H. MAURY.

SERVICES IN MEXICO.

I first saw General Johnston at Vera Cruz in March, 1847, when, after a bombardment of two weeks, the city raised the white flag, and General Scott appointed Captain Robert E. Lee and Captain Joseph E. Johnston of his staff to go into the place and arrange the terms of its surrender. They were then distinguished young officers,

intimate friends to each other, and their martial appearance as they rode superbly mounted to meet the Mexican officers gave a general feeling of satisfaction to our army that such representatives of the "North Americans" had been chosen for such an occasion.

A few days before General Scott had published to his army a congratulatory order announcing "the great victory won by the *successful General Taylor*" on the field of Buena Vista. We young Virginians felt very proud that day.

After disposing of Vera Cruz we moved on toward the City of Mexico. The army marched along the great National road, made by the old Spaniards, till about April 12th, when some cannon-shots from Cerro Gordo checked the advance guard of our cavalry, and made us know Santa Anna was prepared to give us battle there.

WOUNDED IN MEXICO.

Captain Johnston was ordered to make a reconnoissance of his position. "C" company of the Rifles (now Third cavalry) was a part of his escort, I being attached to it. We had been halted in the timber, just out of sight of the enemy, some twenty minutes, when we heard the rattle of musketry, and a few minutes later the order came to "fall back to the right and left of the road" to let the bearers of Captain Johnston pass by. He had received two severe wounds while making a daring reconnoissance, and was borne back to Plan Del Rio and placed in the most airy house in the village, where I also was borne five days later, being severely wounded.

Stevens Mason, captain of the Rifles was taken there also, and a few days after Lieutenant Darby (John Phoenix) was brought in and laid on a cot by my side.

A DISCIPLINARIAN.

The rooms were separated by partitions of reeds, which admitted the passage of air and sound. And we could converse from one room to another. Darby's coarse humor was irrepressible. Nothing could stop it, and it gave annoyance especially to Captain Johnston, who was as pure as a woman in word and thought. But he lay quiescent, without any expression of pain, though his wounds were the most grievous of all, and silently endured Darby's jokes till he heard him one day order his servant to catch a lamb from a passing flock and have it cooked for dinner. Then he lifted up his voice and said, "If you dare to do that, sir, I will have you court-martialled."

After ten days General Scott had all of us borne on litters up to the beautiful city of Jalapa, where we were in a delicious climate and luxurious quarters.

After getting strength enough to walk to Captain (now Colonel) Johnston's quarters (he had been promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the fine regiment of *voltigeurs*) I went to see him every day, and we there formed an attachment which ever grew until the end. His nephew, the gallant young Preston Johnston, of the artillery, was his constant companion and nurse. Ten months later both had been shot down in battle "in the valley." Young Preston Johnston was killed instantly. His uncle, then heading the *voltigeurs* at Chapultepec, was again severely wounded.

TENDER AFFECTION.

Only a month ago he told me with deep feeling of his distress on hearing of his brave boy's death, and how Lee, who broke the news to him, wept as he grasped his hand and told it. The affection between these two great men was very tender.

A COMPARISON.

After the Mexican war we met no more on duty until about 1858, when a board of cavalry officers was assembled in Washington to establish a uniform equipage for our cavalry and artillery regiments. We were occupied several weeks on this business in Winder's building, where during the same time Captain William B. Franklin and Raphael Semmes were serving together on the light-house board.

One day after our daily session Franklin said: Now that you have seen Lee and Johnston working together for some weeks, how do you estimate the two men? In previous discussion I had thought Lee more full of promise and capacity.

I said: While both are as earnest and intelligent as possible, I have noticed that Colonel Lee often yields his opinions to those of the board or of other members of it, while Colonel Johnston has never on any occasion yielded his, but frequently has made the board yield to him. In fact, he is the one man who seems to have come to his work with a clear and fixed idea of what is needed in every detail of it.

CORDIAL INTERCOURSE.

Our intercourse, as you know, has been cordial, and even affectionate, ever since we met in Mexico. I was with him for a few days after

the first battle of Manassas and accompanied him as he rode over the field and described the course and incidents of the fight. Then, I being ordered to the West, met him no more until about Christmas, 1862. When he came to our army at Grenada with President Davis, who reviewed and inspected it, the army was in position in our entrenchments on the Yallabusha. I commanded the centre and was in my place when General Johnston rode out from the President's *cortège*, greeted me most cordially, and asked me to ride with him, which we did for several hours.

A MISTAKE.

He had just returned from an inspection of Vicksburg, and told me he had never seen so much fortification, and thought it a mistake to keep so large an army in an entrenched camp; that the army ought to be in the field; that a heavy work should be constructed to command the river just above Vicksburg at "the turn," with a year's supply for a good garrison of about three thousand men, which would guard the river better than the long line of dispersed guns and entrenchments and troops which extended above and below Vicksburg for more than twenty miles.

While commanding the Department of the Gulf I occasionally sent him supplies of provisions, troops, and some siege-pieces, which he mounted on the works of Atlanta, declaring *thereby* his intention to "*keep that place*." After his removal from command I received this very interesting letter from him:

MACON, GA., *September 1, 1864.*

MY DEAR MAURY:

I have been intending ever since my arrival at this place to pay a part of the epistolary debt I owe you. But you know how lazy it makes one to have nothing to do, and so with the hot weather we have been enduring here I have absolutely devoted myself to idleness. I have been disposed to write more particularly of what concerns myself—to explain to you as far as practicable the operations for which I was laid on the shelf, for you are one of the last whose unfavorable opinion I should be willing to incur.

You know that the army I commanded was that which, under General Bragg, was routed at Missionary Ridge. Sherman's army was that which routed it, reinforced by the Sixteenth and Twenty-third corps. I am censured for not taking the offensive at Dalton—

where the enemy, if beaten, had a secure refuge behind the fortified gap at Ringgold, or in the fortress of Chattanooga, and where the odds against us were almost as ten to four. At Resaca he received five brigades, near Kingston three, and about three thousand five hundred cavalry, at New Hope church one—in all about fourteen thousand infantry and artillery. The enemy received the Seventeenth corps and a number of garrisons and bridge guards from Tennessee and Kentucky that had been relieved by “one-hundred-day men.”

FOUGHT EVERY DAY.

I am blamed for not fighting. Operations commenced about the 6th of May. I was relieved on the 18th of July. In that time we fought daily, always under circumstances so favorable to us as to make it certain that the sum of the enemy's losses was five times ours, which was ten thousand. Northern papers represented theirs up to about the end of June at forty-five thousand. Sherman's progress was at the rate of a mile and a quarter a day. Had this style of fighting been allowed to continue is it not clear that we would soon have been able to give battle with abundant chances of victory? and that the enemy, beaten on this side of the Chattahoochee would have been destroyed?

SHERMAN'S ARMY STRONGER.

It was certain that Sherman's army was stronger compared with that of Tennessee, than Grant's compared with that of Northern Virginia. General Bragg asserts that Sherman's was absolutely stronger than Grant's. It is well known that the Army of Virginia was much superior to that of Tennessee. Why, then should I be condemned for the defensive, while General Lee was adding to his great fame by the same course? General Bragg seems to have earned at Missionary Ridge his present high position. People report at Columbus and Montgomery that General Bragg said that my losses had been frightful; that I had disregarded the wishes and instructions of the President; that he had in vain implored me to change my course, by which I suppose it is meant assume the offensive.

UTTERLY UNTRUE.

As these things are utterly untrue it is not to be supposed that they were said by General Bragg. The President gave me no instructions and expressed no wishes except just before we reached

the Chattahoochee, warning me not to fight with the river behind us, and against crossing it, and previously he urged me not to allow Sherman to detach to Grant's aid. General Bragg passed some ten hours with me just before I was relieved and gave me the impression that his visit to the army was casual. He being on his way further West to endeavor to get us reinforcements from Kirby, Smith and Lee. I thought him satisfied with the state of things, but not so with that in Virginia. He assured me that he had always maintained in Richmond that Sherman's army was stronger than Grant's. He said nothing of the intention to relieve me, but talked with General Hood on the subject, as I learned after my removal.

THE OBJECT.

It is clear that his expedition had no other purpose than my removal, and the giving proper direction to public opinion on the subject. He could have had no other object in going to Montgomery. A man of honor in his place would have communicated with me as well as Hood on the subject. Being expected to assume the offensive he attacked on the 20th, 22d, and 28th of July, disastrously losing more men than I had done in seventy-two days. Since then his defensive has been at least as quiet as mine was; but you must be tired of this.

We are living very quietly and pleasantly here. The Georgians have been very hospitable. We stopped here merely because it was the first stopping-place. Remember us cordially to Mrs. Maury. Tell her that the gloves arrived most opportunely. Mine have just been lost, and it would have been impossible to buy more, and they are lovely.

Just before I left the army we thought the odds against us had been reduced almost six to four. I have not supposed, therefore, that Sherman could either invest Atlanta or carry it by assault.

Very truly yours,

J. E. JOHNSON.

Major-General Maury.

Since the great war between the States we have been often so associated as to impress me with the tender nature which underlay the martial mind and person of our great soldier. As a host, and with his wife he was attentive and tender above all men. She was very humorous and jovial and delighted to have a joke on him, and he enjoyed it from her as heartily as any of us.

One day at Sweet Chalybeate Springs a party of us, as usual, assembled before dinner around one of John Dabney's great hail-storm juleps. The General was sitting near the baluster of the portico, which overlooked the wall beneath, and deep in some narrative, when he was interrupted by a shriek which startled us all and broke in upon his story. After looking over to learn the cause of such a yell, he recommenced his story, but was again interrupted as before. Again he looked and then again resumed, only to be interrupted a third time. Then, fierce as Mars, he looked down upon the screamer and said: "Why don't you run away? Why don't you run away?" I suggested, "Well, that's fine advice for a great general to give." Turning savagely upon me he said, "If she will not fight, sir, is not the best thing for her to do to run away, sir?" Mrs. Johnston, with a burst of her hearty laugh, said, "That used to be your plan always, I know, sir." This relieved us all, and we burst into a laugh in which he joined as heartily as any.

A TERRIBLE GOBBLER.

The cause of all of this disturbance was a young women in a red cloak, upon whom a turkey gobbler charged. The girl stood still and shrieked with fear. The gobbler then wheeled in retreat, only to make another charge on the paralyzed women, whose only recourse each time was to shake herself and shriek until somebody came and drove the gobbler away.

ELDER'S PICTURE.

The State of Virginia employed Jack Elder to paint his portrait—a good one it is—and now hangs in the rotunda of our Capitol beside Lee's. I was asked to go and keep him in chat while the artist was at work. The first sitting was occupied by him in discussing Napoleon, Marlborough, and Wellington, and a short-hand writer might then have recorded the most terse *critique* ever pronounced on these great commanders.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

He placed Napoleon above all of the generals of history. Marlborough he ranked above all Englishmen, and censured Macaulay for allowing his partisan feelings for King William to transmit as history his aspersions of Marlborough. Wellington he considered a very great general, but denounced his brutality in Spain in giving to sack by his British soldiery the cities of the people he was sent there to defend and protect.

HIS OPINION OF FORREST.

The next day we had another sitting, and he discussed the generals of our war. He spoke most highly of Forrest, whom he had closely observed, and declared to be the greatest soldier the war produced. You know how keenly he felt that the Virginians had known so little of him in our war. His strongest desire was to be identified with Virginia. 'Twas this caused him to agree to go to Congress, and up to the last he often expressed his wish to live in Virginia.

A TRUE DESCRIPTION.

One day during his canvass for Congress, Mrs. Johnston, meeting me on Main street, said: "Can you tell me where my husband is?" I went at once and found him, and said: "The handsomest and brightest woman in Richmond is looking for her husband."

There is but one woman in Richmond who answers that description, and she is my wife. I'll go to find her at once."

Some time after I heard he had been laid up by an accident to his leg, and went to see him. He was sitting in the parlor with his leg extended over a chair. His wife was by him, and affected to triumph over him in his crippled condition. I said: "That is very ungrateful in you so to treat the husband who loves and admires you as he does," and then told her the above incident. She said: "You old goose you, do you let him fool you in that way? Don't you know he said that to you knowing you would come and tell me?"

He joined heartily in the laugh, as he always did when she raised one at his expense.

HIS TENDER CARE.

You remember that ten years or so ago Mrs. Johnston was very ill for many weeks at the White Sulphur. The General nursed her with the tender care of a mother. He never left her except to get a hurried meal, from which he hastened back to her sick chamber. Mrs. James Lyons was an active and constant friend, and so soon as Mrs. Johnston began to improve in health she insisted that the General should relax his anxious watch, and induced him to take the air for an hour or two every day. But he would never go far from their cottage door, but sat upon a fallen tree on the lawn in sight and sound of it, and conversed with a friend. On these occasions he talked all the time, and all he ever said was full of strong conviction and good sense.

RETICENCE AND EMBARRASSMENT.

Genial and confiding as he was to the friends he knew and trusted, he was reticent and even aversive to those whom he did not like, and was quick to resent any freedom or liberty from those he did not like nor know. Of all men in the world he was the least fitted for the work of canvassing a Virginia district, and he never went upon the hustings that his friends did not fear he would give offence to somebody—and in this we were disappointed. He could not overcome his embarrassment in making an *extempore* speech, and therefore tried to write out his speeches and get them by heart. But he found it impossible to commit to memory what he had written himself, though in all other directions his memory was the most accurate and retentive. Towards the last years of his life he could not command it in little matters, and was often at a loss for the exact word he wished. This was a great trial to him, and in it he recognized the beginning of the end. There was a magnetic power about him no man could resist, and exact discipline followed at once upon his assuming any command.

A WRETCHED CONDITION.

When he took charge of the great army, which had been defeated and disorganized before his arrival to its command, it was in wretched condition. Most of the general officers were in open hostility and avowed mistrust of the general commanding, and indiscipline prevailed throughout. When Johnston came the change was instantaneous, and henceforth no army of the Confederacy ever equalled Johnston's in drill and high discipline.

HOW HE IMPROVED IT.

General Carter L. Stevenson was one of the division commanders of that army, of the largest experience and military accomplishments. He had served in every army of the Confederacy and actively in all of our wars since 1834. He told me he had never seen any troops in such fine discipline and condition as Johnston's army the day he was moved from its command.

General Randall L. Gibson had been in constant action in the Western army (he it was who closed an honorable record by his masterly command of the defences near Spanish Fort, on the eastern shore of Mobile bay, in the last battle of the war between the States), and says that when Johnston assumed command of that army it was some-

what demoralized, but when the campaign with Sherman opened the worst regiment in it was equal to the best when he came to its command. A Missouri soldier of Cockrell's brigade, which Johnston declared to be the best body of infantry he ever saw, was on his way back to his regiment after recovery from a wound. I asked him, "What do you all think of the change of commanders?" "Oh, sir, we are mightily cut down about it!"

"The bomb-proofs and the newspapers complain of his retreats. Why, we did not miss a meal from Dalton to Atlanta, and were always ready for the fight. We never felt we were retreating."

GRANT'S OPINION.

During that campaign Bishop Lay went to City Point to get a pass from Grant to enable him to return to his home. He told me Grant sent for him, invited him to his headquarters, and talked freely with him for a long time. He seemed to the Bishop to feel that he was handling Sherman's army during that campaign. He said that the telegraph was a wonderful accessory of war; that every night he and Sherman conversed by it an hour or two about the movements of the army on that day, and what it was to do on the next. And he said: "Bishop, when I heard your government had removed Johnston from command I was as happy as if I had reinforced Sherman with a large army corps."

SCHOFIELD.

During the past year General Johnston, responding to me, said in his emphatic manner: "Yes, I consider General Schofield much the ablest soldier and the highest gentleman who has occupied that office since I have known it."

Such a tribute from such a source must be very gratifying to such a soldier as Schofield is. And you know just praise is the breath of the soldier's life and its highest aim.

THE BEST SHOT.

The General bitterly deplored the long inaction which his severe wounds at Seven Pines enforced upon him. When he was lying at Mr. Joseph H. Crenshaw's, in Richmond, where he was brought from the field, his medical director, Dr. Fauntleroy, told me an old Virginian called to pay his respects and sympathy.

He said: "Not only do we deplore this cruel affliction upon you, General, but we feel it to be a national calamity."

"No, sir," said Johnston fiercely, rising suddenly upon his unbroken elbow, "The shot that struck me down was the best ever fired for the Southern Confederacy, for I possessed in no degree the confidence of this Government, and now a man who does enjoy it will succeed me and be able to accomplish what I never could."

EMBITTERED HIS LIFE.

The consciousness of wrong done him and of the non-appreciation by his Government bore hardly upon him all through our long war, and was a misfortune for him and for our cause, and embittered his life to its end. Proud and unyielding as he was to injustice, he was quick and gentle in his sympathy for all that were weak and unfortunate.

For over fifty years he was the tender, devoted lover of his wife, and was always true and affectionate to his kindred. He loved young people and drew them to him. He yearned for children of his own. He and my children were fervent friends. Only a few months ago he said to me: "You are truly blessed in your children"; and it will ever be their and my consolation that we enjoyed his affection, for he was the honestest, bravest, and gentlest gentleman who ever gave us his trust and love.

A STUDENT OF HISTORY.

To the end of his life he was a student of history bearing upon his profession. During the past few months I found him reading memoirs of Tamerlane (Timour the Tarter), of which he read me nine striking pages, as on another day he read me, with great feeling, "Thiers' narrative of the last days of Napoleon at St. Helena."

And the very last day I saw him—the last on which he left his chamber—I found him with Du Guesclin open before him.

WE WILL MEET AGAIN.

His disease had then become very grave and distressing. I sat by him but a short time, and expecting to go on a long journey next day I told him so, and said good-by. He drew me to him, kissed my cheek, then again kissed my lips tenderly as a father. I said: "We will meet again soon if the yellow-fever don't carry me off." He said, with strong emotion and emphasis: "Yes, we will surely meet again." I never saw him any more.

DABNEY H. MAURY.

GENERAL JOHNSTON'S REPORT OF BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES

The following is the official report of General Johnston of the battle designated by the Confederates as Seven Pines and by the Federals, Fair Oaks. It was dated Richmond, June 24, 1862.

General S. COOPER, Adjutant and Inspector-General:

SIR: Before the 30th of May I had ascertained from trusty scouts that Keyes's corps was encamped on this side of the Chickahominy, near the Williamsburg road. On that day Major-General D. H. Hill reported a strong body immediately in his front. On receiving this report, I determined to attack him next morning—hoping to be able to defeat Keyes's corps completely in its more advanced position before it could be reinforced. Written orders were dispatched to Major Generals Hill, Huger and G. W. Smith. General Longstreet being near my headquarters, received verbal instructions. The receipt of orders were acknowledged.

General Hill, supported by the division of General Longstreet (who had the direction of operations on the right), was to advance by the Williamsburg road to attack the enemy in front. General Huger, with his division, was to go down the Charles City road in order to attack in flank the troops who might be engaged with Hill and Longstreet, unless he found in his front force enough to occupy his division. General Smith was to march to the junction of the New-Bridge road and the Nine-Mile road to be in readiness either to fall on Keyes's right flank, or to cover Longstreet's left. They were to move at daybreak. Heavy and protracted rains during the afternoon and night by swelling the streams of the Chickahominy increased the probability of our having to deal with no other troops than those of Keyes. The same cause prevented the prompt and punctual movement of the troops. Those of Smith, Hill, and Longstreet were in position early enough, however, to commence operations by 8 o'clock A. M.

Major-General Longstreet, unwilling to make a partial attack, instead of the combined movement which had been planned, waited from hour to hour for General Huger's division. At length at 2 o'clock P. M. he determined to attack without those troops. He accordingly commenced his advance at that hour, opening the en-

gement with artillery and skirmishers. By 3 o'clock it became close and heavy.

In the mean time I had placed myself on the left of the force employed in this attack, with the division of General Smith, that I might be on the field where I could observe and be ready to meet any counter-movements which the enemy's general might make against our centre or left. Owing to some peculiar condition of the atmosphere the sound of the musketry did not reach us. I consequently deferred giving the signal for General Smith's advance till about 4 o'clock, at which time Major Jasper Whiting, of General Smith's staff, whom I had sent to learn the state of affairs with General Longstreet's column, returned, reporting that it was pressing on with vigor. Smith's troops were at once moved forward.

The principal attack was made by Major-General Longstreet, with his own and Major-General D. H. Hill's division—the latter mostly in advance. Hill's brave troops, admirably commanded and most gallantly led, forced their way through the *abatis* which formed the enemy's external defence, and stormed their entrenchments by a determined and irresistible rush. Such was the manner in which the enemy's first line was carried. The operation was repeated with the same gallantry and success as our troops pursued their victorious career through the enemy's successive camps and entrenchments. At each new position they encountered fresh troops belonging to it and reinforcements brought on from the rear. Thus they had to repel repeated efforts to retake works which they had carried, but their advance was never successfully resisted.

Their onward movement was only stayed by the coming of night. By nightfall they had forced their way to the "Seven Pines," having driven the enemy back two miles, through their own camps, and from a series of entrenchments, and repelled every attempt to recapture them with great slaughter. The skill, vigor, and decision with which these operations were conducted by General Longstreet are worthy of the highest praise. He was worthily seconded by Major-General Hill, of whose conduct and courage he speaks in the highest terms.

Major-General Smith's division moved forward at 4 o'clock—Whitney's three brigades leading. Their progress was impeded by the enemy's skirmishers, which, with their support, were driven back to the railroad. At this point Whitney's own and Pettigrew's brigade engaged a superior force of the enemy. Hood's, by my order, moved on to co-operate with Longstreet. General Smith was desired

to hasten up with all the troops within reach. He brought up Hampton's and Hatton's brigades in a few minutes.

The strength of the enemy's position, however, enabled him to hold it until dark.

About sunset, being struck from my horse severely wounded by a fragment of shell, I was carried off the field and Major-General G. W. Smith succeeded to the command.

He was prevented from resuming his attack on the enemy's position next morning by the discovery of strong entrenchments, not seen on the previous evening. His division bivouacked on the night of the 31st within musket-shot of the entrenchments which they were attacking, when darkness stayed the conflict. Major-General Smith directed the attack, and would have secured success if it could have been made an hour earlier.

On the morning of the 1st of June the enemy attacked the brigade of General Pickett, which was supported by that of General Pryor. The attack was vigorously repelled by these two brigades, the brunt of the action falling on General Pickett. This was the last demonstration made by the enemy.

Our troops employed the residue of the day in securing and bearing off the captured artillery, small arms, and other property, and in the evening quietly returned to their own camps.

We took ten pieces of artillery, six thousand muskets, one garrison flag, and four regimental colors, besides a quantity of tents and camp equipage.

Major-General Longstreet reports the loss in his command as being about.....	3,000
Major-General G. W. Smith reports his loss at.....	1,283
Total.....	4,283

That of the enemy is stated in their own newspapers to have exceeded ten thousand—an estimate which is, no doubt, short of the truth. Had Major-General Huger's division been in position and ready for action when those of Smith, Longstreet, and Hill moved, I am satisfied that Keyes's corps would have been destroyed instead of being merely defeated. Had it gone into action even at 4 o'clock the victory would have been much more complete.

Major-Generals Smith and Longstreet speak in high terms of the conduct of their superior and staff officers.

I beg leave to ask the attention of the Government especially to the manner in which Brigadier-Generals Whiting and R. H. Anderson and Colonels Jenkins, Kemper, and Hampton, exercising commands above their grades, and Brigadier-General Rhodes, are mentioned. This and the captured colors will be delivered by A. H. Cole, of my staff.

I have been prevented by feebleness from making this report sooner, and am still too weak to make any but a very imperfect one.

Several hundred prisoners were taken, but I have received no report of the number.

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) J. E. JOHNSTON, *General.*

[From the *Richmond Times*, March 29, 1891.]

THE BATTLE IN WHICH GENERAL JOHNSTON WAS WOUNDED.

DESCRIBED BY HIS COURIER, DRURY L. ARMISTEAD.

FARMVILLE, VA., *March 28, 1891.*

Among the many who will cherish the memory and mourn the death of that grand old soldier and chieftain, General Joseph E. Johnston, there will be no one more sincere and loving than his old courier and soldier, Drury L. Armistead, of Prince Edward county, who so gallantly rescued him from the battle-field of Seven Pines, and to whom the General was so attached, and upon one occasion said: "Armistead is one of the bravest and truest soldiers I ever saw." Your correspondent has fortunately obtained the following account from Mr. Armistead of that memorable day:

A MEMORABLE DAY.

General Johnston having removed his headquarters from a position on the River road, 29th May, 1862, to a position on the Nine-Mile road several miles east of Richmond, and having decided to attack McClellan after the heavy rain of the evening and fore-part of the night of that day, called for couriers to carry dispatches to his corps

and division commanders. The couriers detailed declared themselves entirely unacquainted with that section of the country, and the impossibility of finding the way anywhere on such a terribly dark night. I offered my services, which were accepted. General Johnston called me in his office and gave me instructions, pointing out on the map where I would find Generals Whiting and Smith, and said: "Deliver these dispatches to Generals Whiting and Smith and bring me their receipts for them as soon as possible; if you fail you had better not show yourself to me again.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

I immediately started to find General Whiting. It was the worst night I ever saw. The rain poured down in sheets, the thunder roared, and the lightning, though blinding, was my only guide through the dense darkness. I rode at a full gallop until in the darkness I was suddenly knocked off my horse by a blow upon the breast. Somewhat dazed, upon rising I found a long pole placed across the road on a fence on either side, but tall enough for my horse to pass under. Though feeling hurt I remounted and proceeded on my way to find General Whiting, which I did after arousing a good many Dutch sleepers to direct me. After delivering my dispatches to General Whiting and taking his receipt for them, I proceeded to find General Smith, which I did with great difficulty. On my return to General Johnston's headquarters I found General Whiting's camp-fires lit and his men all astir. I arrived at headquarters on the morning of the 30th of May, some hours before daybreak, and delivered the receipts for the dispatches, for which the General thanked me.

THE BATTLE BEGINS.

The battle commenced on our right early in the day and raged with unmitigated fury. The left wing of our army was not moved forward until later in the day, when it pushed down the Nine-Mile road in the direction of York River railroad, encountering the enemy's guard pickets, which we drove in, captured their camp and a good many stores. The enemy seemed to be in full retreat. Our lines were pushed forward rapidly, General Johnston and staff riding in front of his line of battle. Just as he reached the point where the York River railroad crosses the Nine-Mile road the enemy opened a tremendous fire with musketry and artillery from a body of woods on our front and left. General Johnston and staff rode back about

two hundred yards to an elevated position near a small house, which he occupied until he was wounded. The fire of artillery and musketry in our front was then terrific. I being in a few yards of where General Johnston sat on his horse, dismounted and stood with my horse before me. I had an oil cloth strapped on the front of my saddle directly in front of my breast. The minnie balls were flying so very thick I thought I would stoop a little behind my horse, when as I stooped a bullet tore through the oil cloth, just missing the top of my head. It was a powerful close shave. About this time fresh troops going into battle stopped to load their muskets near where I stood, and double-quickened towards the enemy. When the line moved forward after loading, there was an old fellow who had not finished loading, and while thus standing, a shell struck the ground in a few feet of him; but he coolly remarked to himself, "you cannot do that again!" During this time the battle was raging with great fury all along the line.

THE GENERAL WOUNDED.

Most of General Johnston's staff having been sent off on duty except myself and Colonel ——, and the air seeming to be alive with whizzing bullets and bursting shells, Colonel —— would move his head from side to side, as if trying to dodge them. General Johnston turned toward him and smiling said: "Colonel, there is no use of dodging; when you hear them they have passed." Just after saying this a shell exploded immediately in his front, striking the General from his horse, severely wounded and unconscious. I immediately sprang forward, catching him up in my arms, carried him out of the enemy's fire. Others coming to my assistance we moved him back about a quarter of a mile, and laying him down, hastily sent for a stretcher.

A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

He then regained consciousness, and finding that he had lost his sword and pistols said: "The sword was the one worn by my father in the old Revolutionary war and I would not lose it for ten thousand dollars; will not some one please go back and get it and the pistols for me?" And several others and myself volunteered. On returning to the battle-field we found our line had been considerably pressed back and the spot where General Johnston fell to be midway between the line of battle, which was blazing in all its fury, with men falling

all around like leaves. I dashed through our line to the spot where the General had fallen, snatched up the sword and pistols, jumped upon my horse and was making back to our lines, when I hadn't got more than twenty yards when one of the pistols fell out of my hand. I quickly sprang to the ground, picked it up, when just as I did so a discharge of grape from a battery of artillery planted within a hundred and fifty yards from where I was, tore up the earth all around me; but I leaped upon my horse and reached our lines in safety, where I met one of the men who had volunteered to go back for the sword and pistols. He demanded me to turn them over to him. I said: "No; I will take them to the General myself." He replied, "I am your superior officer, and have the right to order you." I said, "Superior officer or not, you will not get this sword and these pistols unless you are a better man than I am, and I don't think you are."

I then hastened to General Johnston, and we carried him several miles towards Richmond, to a house where we stayed all night, and had his wounds dressed by a surgeon.

BROUGHT TO RICHMOND.

The next day, the 31st of May, we moved him to Mr. Crenshaw's home on Church Hill, in Richmond, where he remained until he was convalescent, I remaining with him by his order until he recovered from his wound, except the time during the seven days' battle, when he ordered me to report to General R. E. Lee as courier. General Johnston thanked me for recovering his sword and pistols, which were of the finest make, being a present from the inventor, Colonel Colt. The General made me a present of one of the pistols, and had on it engraved, "From General Joseph E. Johnston to D. L. Armistead," and on the reverse side of the breech "Seven Pines."

On his recovery he also gave me a furlough to visit my home and two hundred dollars. The furlough was accepted, but the money I declined. When General Johnston was ordered to the command of the Western army, he offered to take me with him; but my friends didn't want me to leave the State, and I decided to remain. I have never met the General from that time until last year in Richmond at the unveiling of General Lee's statue. I also met him a few days later, the 30th of May, at Seven Pines, exactly twenty-eight years to the day from the time that I carried him off of the field.

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN MEMPHIS TENN., MARCH 31, 1891.

MEMORIAL OF HIS LIFE AND ADDRESSES BY MAJOR T. B. EDGINGTON,
GENERAL GEORGE W. GORDON, COLONEL CASEY YOUNG AND OTHERS.

The services in honor of the memory of General Johnston, held in Memphis, Tennessee, in the Grand Opera House, on the night of March 31, were of the most impressive character.

Throughout they were marked by simplicity and earnestness. The speeches were not marked by oratorical flights, but they were eloquent, for they told the life story of a man among ten thousand. The music, sadly beautiful, seemed typical of the transportation of a commotion into a land calm and quiet. On the stage to the right there stood the picture of Johnston draped and embowered with flags and flowers. To the left a broken column built of immortels, roses, lilies and smilax reared its head. Between the two stood the speakers of the evening. With his hand resting upon a sable-colored table, Colonel Luke Finley read the memorial address prepared by himself, Samuel P. Walker, Lude E. Wright, George W. Gordon and L. B. McFarland. It was a tribute to a comrade from men who had followed him in the wake of war and had stood shoulder to shoulder with him when the battle fiercely raged. It told of his career, the momentous part he played in the greatest war of modern times; it recited his life as a citizen and told of his noble attributes and characteristics. No more eloquent tribute could be paid to any man than that contained in that address. The Hon. T. B. Edgington and General George W. Gordon stood beside that picture and column and laid garlands of praise upon the tomb of their departed friend, and the Hon. Casey Young, in language both beautiful and eloquent, told of the departed one's career as a servant of the people and of his sunny home-life.

In the rear of these emblems were three rows of chairs, occupied by the vice-presidents of the meeting, and still further back were rows of seats arranged for the military. The audience filled the theatre long before 8 o'clock, and the Southern Mothers and the members of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association had taken their places in the boxes before the soldier boys put in appearance. Shortly the "tramp, tramp," announced their arrival and they

marched upon the stage in the following order: Rozier Zouaves, Hibernian Rifles, Bluff City Zouaves, Maurelian Cadets, Jones Cadets and the Chickasaw Guards.

The officers of the ceremonies were:

Hon. Josiah Patterson, master of ceremonies.

Vice-Presidents—Mr. Joseph Flynn, Captain L. B. McFarland, Mr. Luke E. Wright, Mr. J. A. Taylor, Captain J. Harvey Mathes, Mr. W. A. Collier, Colonel R. Dudley Frayser, Mr. James E. Cleary, Mr. John Linkhauer, Mr. J. H. Martin, Mr. T. B. Gurley, Mr. Napoleon Hill, Major T. H. Hartmus, Hon. E. S. Hammond, General A. J. Vaughan, Dr. G. B. Thornton, Hon. T. W. Brown, Hon. J. S. Galloway, Hon. M. C. Gallaway, Captain W. W. Carnes, Mr. Henry Buttenberg, Mr. Z. M. Estes, Mr. B. Vaccaro, Major B. J. Semmes, Mr. W. J. Crawford, General M. T. Williamson, Major R. J. Person, Captain E. A. Cole, Mr. J. M. Keating, Hon. J. Montedonico, Colonel C. M. Heiskell, Hon. Martin Kelly, Mr. F. R. Brennan, Hon. J. W. Clapp, Major G. W. McRae, Captain H. C. Warriner, Mr. W. H. Carroll, Mr. Holmes Cumming, Mr. John W. Cochran, Colonel C. W. Frazer, Mr. A. D. Gwinn, Major J. J. Murphy, General James R. Chalmers, Mr. A. J. McLendon, Mr. P. M. Winters, Mr. Thomas H. Allen, Sr., General R. F. Patterson, Mr. Fred Wolff.

The programme of ceremonies, as follows, was commenced a little after 8 o'clock:

1. "Repose in Peace" (paraphrase).....Arnold's Orchestra.
2. Opening Remarks.....By the Chairman.
3. Prayer.....Rt. Rev. C. T. Quintard.
4. "Nearer, My God, to Thee".....Choir and Orchestra.
5. Memorial Address.....Hon. Luke W. Finley.
6. "How Blest The Righteous When He Dies".....Choir and Orchestra.
7. Oration.....Hon. T. B. Edgington.
8. "Asleep in Jesus".....Choir and Orchestra.
9. Oration.....General George W. Gordon.
10. "Rest, Spirit, Rest".....Choir and Orchestra.
11. Oration.....Hon. Casey Young.
12. "St. Cecilia—Hymn.....Navarro.

Arnold's Orchestra.

13. Benediction.....Rev. M. N. Long.
14. "Bereft".....Lenox.

Arnold's Orchestra.

It had been announced that Hon. Isham G. Harris would preside over the exercises, but as he had been called unexpectedly to New

York on congressional business, Hon. Josiah Patterson filled the place in his stead. Throughout the proceedings the assemblage was not chary of applause, and Mr. Patterson receiving a good share of the same at the expiration of his opening address, which was in the following words:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In the absence of the Hon. Isham G. Harris, himself a distinguished figure in the war between the States, and who for many years enjoyed the personal friendship of the late General Joseph E. Johnston, I have been requested to preside over these memorial exercises. As the epoch of the war recedes into history, the matchless spirits who guided the contending armies are passing away. Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Hancock, Meade, Thomas, Logan, Farragut and Porter; Davis, Lee, Bragg, Hood, Forrest, Cheatham, Price and Semmes have all passed the mysterious border which divides time from eternity, and are resting with the spirits of Albert Sydney Johnston, Jackson, McPherson, Polk, Hill and Cleburne.

At last the beloved commander whose death we mourn, returning from the funeral of his great antagonist, full of years and of honor, bade the world adieu, and passed into history side by side with Sherman. As the struggle recedes into the past our sense of its magnitude deepens, and the figures who stood in its forefront grow in proportion. As each year rolls by it becomes clearer and clearer to the patriotism of the American people that these great names are a common heritage. The future patriot from Maine and the future patriot from Texas, under a common flag, and in the pride of a common country, will do equal honor to the memories of Grant and Lee, and Johnston and Sherman.

If I were asked to state the most important incident in American history, I would answer the magnanimity extended by Grant and Sherman in accepting the surrender of the Confederate armies, and the absolute good faith of Lee and Johnston in guiding the steps of their people back to the fold of the Union. Distinguished gentlemen will, before the conclusion of these exercises, speak of the military achievements of General Johnston. I wish, in a word, to emphasize the dignity and loyalty with which he returned to the flag of his fathers. He has demonstrated in his life, which was prolonged to us for so many years, that patriotic devotion to a common country is not

inconsistent with that pride which the Confederate soldier feels in the part he took in the unequal struggle of a heroic people.

Speaking for the veterans who followed the leadership of the lamented Johnston during the war, and who are soon to follow him to the grave, there is nothing so gratifying to their patriotic aspirations as the knowledge that their children will be citizens of a great and magnanimous country, and that they can be loyal to its flag without dishonor to their ancestry. It is a source of infinite pride to them that brave and patriotic men throughout the republic mourn the loss and cherish the memory of Joseph E. Johnston."

Bishop Charles Todd Quintard then advanced to the footlights and as he bowed his venerable head he requested the audience to rise. As soon as his request had been complied with he, in a strong voice, began the recital of several beautiful and appropriate selections from the Church of England service for the burial of the dead, commencing with the declaration of belief, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and ending with the Lord's Prayer, in the recital of which he was joined by the audience.

The choir and orchestra then rendered "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and on its conclusion Congressman Patterson introduced Colonel Luke W. Finlay, and remarked that the memorial that would be read by him had been prepared by five comrades who had followed General Johnston in the fortunes of war.

The memorial follows.

HIS LIFE IN DETAIL.

General Joseph E. Johnston was born in Cherry Grove, Va., February 3, 1807, and died in Washington City, D. C., March 21, 1891, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was graduated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, in the same class with General Lee, in 1829, and was commissioned second lieutenant of the artillery. His service in military and topographical duty was continuous in that rank until 1836, when he was promoted to first lieutenancy of artillery and made aid-de-camp to General Winfield Scott in the Seminole war. A civil engineer in 1837-38, and in July, 1838, he was appointed first lieutenant in the corps of topographical engineers and breveted captain for gallantry in the Seminole war.

In that war a ball struck him above the forehead and ranged backward, grazing the skull the entire distance, the only injury he then sustained, though his uniform was perforated with thirty bullets. He continued in the service of the United States as soldier and topo-

graphical engineer ; and in the war with Mexico participated in the siege of Vera Cruz, and the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and the storming of the City of Mexico ; and was breveted major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel April 12, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct on reconnoitering duty at Cerro Gordo. He was severely wounded at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec, where, September 13, 1847, he led a detachment of the storming forces, and General Scott reported that he was the first to plant regimental colors on the ramparts of the fortress. After the Mexican war he was returned to the rank of captain of topographical engineer, and served as chief of that body in the Department of Texas in 1852 and 1853, and acted as inspector-general on the expedition to Utah in 1858. June 30, 1860, he was commissioned quartermaster-general of the United States army, but resigned that post on the 22d of April, 1861. He was commissioned major-general of volunteers in the army of Virginia, and, with General Robert E. Lee, organized the volunteers of that State—and being summoned to Montgomery, the Confederate capital, he was appointed one of the four brigadier-generals there commissioned, and was assigned to the command of Harper's Ferry. General Robert Patterson, commanding the Federal forces, was then advancing from the north of the Potomac and General Johnston withdrew his command, the Army of the Shenandoah, from the *cul-de-sac* at Harper's Ferry and took position at Winchester. When General Beauregard was attacked at Manassas by the Federal army under General McDowell, July 18, 1861, General Johnston, covering his movements with Stuart's cavalry, left Patterson in the Valley and rapidly marched to the assistance of Beauregard. On reaching the field he left Beauregard, whom he ranked, in tactical command of the field, but assumed responsibility in charge of the battle then about to be fought. He then commanded the consolidated forces, designated as the Army of the Potomac, and held the position at Manassas Junction till the spring of 1862, when finding General McClellan about to advance, he withdrew to the defensive line of the Rappahannock. He fought the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, in which he was wounded and incapacitated for duty until the following autumn.

APPOINTED A BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

On August 31, 1861, General Johnston was appointed one of the five full generals authorized by an act of the Confederate Congress, commissioned in the following order : Samuel Cooper, Albert Sid-

ney Johnson, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston and G. T. Beauregard. In March, 1863, he was assigned to the command of the Southwest, including the forces of Generals Bragg, Kirby Smith and Pemberton. In May, 1863, General Grant crossed the Mississippi river to attack Vicksburg in the rear, and General Johnston was ordered to take command of all the Confederate forces in Mississippi. Straightway he endeavored to withdraw Pemberton from Vicksburg and reinforce him from Bragg's army, but his plan miscarried by reason of Pemberton's failure to obey his orders, and Vicksburg capitulated to Grant. In December, 1863, he was transferred to the command of the Army of Tennessee, with headquarters at Dalton, Ga. During the winter of 1863-'64 he energetically engaged in organizing and disciplining this force, which had been beaten and broken at the battle of Missionary Ridge November, 1863. Shortly thereafter, by May, 1864, he had collected and mobilized forty-three thousand men of all arms, and was subsequently reinforced by General Polk's and other forces, which increased his army to about sixty thousand. May 14, 1864, General Sherman advanced on General Johnston's position at Dalton, Ga., with the combined forces of three Federal armies—the Cumberland, under General George H. Thomas; Tennessee, under General James B. McPherson, and the Ohio, under General John Schofield—aggregating ninety-nine thousand strong, with two hundred and fifty-four guns. And thus was inaugurated one of the most memorable campaigns of the war—one that lasted more than two months with daily fighting of some character.

Sherman did not attack Johnston's position at Dalton in force, but making slight demonstrations at Mill Creek Gap, flanked it by sending McPherson's corps through Snake Gap with a view of striking his rear at Resacca. But there he found a portion of Johnston's army in an entrenched position, and attacking which with a portion of his command, was repulsed with severe loss. Johnston retired across the Oostenaula successfully to Kingston, Adairsville, Cassville, and thence across the Etowah river to Alatoona Pass. Being flanked by Sherman he retired to a position near New Hope Church, where he was again fiercely attacked by a portion of Sherman's army, which was repulsed. At Dallas, near New Hope Church, Sherman again assailed Johnston with the same result. Being flanked in this position, Johnston retired and took a strong position on Kenesaw Mountain, a portion of which line Sherman assaulted with force on June 27th, but was repulsed with greater loss than in any battle during the campaign. Thus failing to dislodge Johnston by direct at-

tack, Sherman again flanked him, and Johnston retired and took a position on the northwest bank of the Chatahouchie river, but subsequently abandoned that line and retired south of the river and took a position in front of Atlanta, where, during his preparations to attack Sherman as he crossed the Chatahouchie river, by order from Richmond, he was superseded by General J. B. Hood.

DRIVE SHERMAN BACK.

In February, 1865, General Johnston was ordered by General Lee (then the commander-in-chief of all the armies of the Confederate States) to take command of the "Army of Tennessee" and all the troops in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, "to concentrate all available forces and drive Sherman back." The available forces were five thousand men of the Army of the Tennessee, near Charlotte, N. C., and eleven thousand scattered from Charleston throughout South Carolina. Sherman had sixty thousand men. General Johnston urged General Lee, through the Richmond authorities, to withdraw from Richmond and unite with him and beat Sherman before Grant could join him, but Lee replied that it was impossible for him to leave Virginia. Collecting such troops as could be gotten together, Johnston threw himself before Sherman, and on the 19th and 21st of March attacked the head of his column at Bentonville and captured four pieces of artillery and nine hundred prisoners. Johnston then retired before Sherman to Raleigh, thence toward Greensboro. In the meantime Richmond had been evacuated, and on April 9th Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia to Grant. Johnston thereupon assumed the responsibility of advising Mr. Davis, whom he found at Greensboro, that the war having been decided against them it was their duty to end it. Mr. Davis agreed that he should make terms with Sherman, and on April 18, 1865, he entered into a military convention by which it was stipulated that the Confederate armies should be disbanded and conducted to their State capitals to deposit their arms and public property in their State arsenals, the soldiers to execute an agreement to abstain from acts of war and to abide the action of the State and National authorities; that the several State governments should be recognized by the executive of the United States upon their officers and legislatures taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States; the people and inhabitants to be guaranteed all their rights under the State and Federal Constitutions; general amnesty for all acts in the

late war ; war to cease and peace to be restored. This agreement was rejected by the authorities at Washington, and on April 28th Generals Johnston and Sherman signed another, surrendering the Confederate army on the terms of the agreement between Grant and Lee. How touching were his parting words to his soldiers in May, 1865 :

"COMRADES: You will return to your homes with the admiration of our people, won by the courage and noble devotion you have displayed in this long war. I now part with you with deep regret, and bid you farewell with feelings of cordial friendship and with earnest wishes that you may have hereafter all the prosperity and happiness to be found in the world."

AS A CITIZEN.

After the war General Johnston was president of a railroad in Arkansas, president of the National Express Company in Virginia, agent for the London, Liverpool and Globe Insurance Company and for the New York Life Insurance Company at Savannah, Ga. In 1877 he was elected to Congress from the Richmond district in Virginia. He was afterwards appointed by President Cleveland commissioner of railroads of the United States, and he held that office till the close of Cleveland's administration. The request of his distinguished adversary, General Sherman, that he be reappointed by the incoming administration to the office of railroad commissioner of the United States, was to him a testimonial far higher and more glorious than the office itself. These distinguished men, who were directly opposed to each other in the field of war and in one of the most remarkable campaigns in military annals, though acquainted before the war, entertained for each other after the war an exalted mutual regard and the most cordial personal friendship. General Johnston attended and officiated at the funeral obsequies of General Sherman, his great antagonist, only a few weeks before he was summoned to follow him. He forgot not the soldiers he led.

In September, 1890, after twenty-five years had passed and true American citizenship had taken charge of the destinies of this Republic, and when, after the white heat of the conflict, the North and the South had each recognized the need of the other in the new national life, and the people of the States had entered upon the grander destiny opening up before them, with loving words he writes :

"Your very cordial and friendly invitation to me to attend the reunion of Confederate soldiers at Memphis on the 2d proximo is infinitely gratifying, although I shall be unable to avail myself of it.

The most important personal business I have had compels me to remain at home at the time indicated and deprives me of a very great pleasure—that of meeting in Tennessee many of my military associates not seen by me for some five-and twenty years—meetings that give me as much pleasure as I am now capable of feeling. Begging you to assure your association of the regret this deprivation causes me, and thanking you cordially for the very agreeable terms of your invitation, I am, yours faithfully.”

Such is the brief outline of the career of this noted man, whose character and deeds we commemorate to-day. For four-score years and more he was making that record which he leaves to the country. During much of this period he was of the men of this country one of the most notable. He lived and labored among generations of men not without great leadership. Fitted for his chosen profession by a finished education, his after life gave ample proof of the talents with which he was endowed and the great capacity for affairs which marked his career. He was not only a man of mental force, but likewise had those other characteristics which fitted him for the field in which his lot was cast. The impressions of his youth and the trend of his political thought were such as we would naturally expect from one of his noble manhood, and his associations with the illustrious thinkers and statesmen with whom he lived, who wielded for generations the affairs of this Republic, and whose manly virtues shine conspicuous in the annals of these States. That under such tutelage, circumstances and surroundings from his earliest youth he should have an exalted idea of the sovereignty of his State and a genuine love for her welfare, as did Lee and other gifted patriots, we might well expect. While he held these views and entertained such convictions as to his duty, he held in no less honor those of a different political faith. At the same time he gave up his conscience to the keeping of no man, however great, or however exalted.

FAITHFUL TO HIS CONVICTIONS.

Whatever may have been the deficiencies of his resources naturally incident to his surroundings, the laborious energy and industry with which he mastered every detail of the work in hand, ever characterized him, and it is to his lasting honor that he was ever faithful to his convictions. The performance of his duty, in whatever state of life he was called upon to labor, was the first and foremost impelling power of his nature. Educated, intellectual, with a high sense of

duty, endowed with indomitable will, full of devotion to his State, and thoroughly indoctrinated with a love of self-government and home rule, the historian might well look for a prominent place for such a man in the annals of our country's past. Exalted courage, cautious energy, skilful attention to details, a careful preparation for the work in hand, and masterly conception characterized our distinguished leader both in the war with Mexico and as a Confederate leader. Those vices which here and there have marred the characters and stained the lives of many gifted ones in private life, war and politics, left no mark on his illustrious career. It was not to be expected that a man thus reared and trained and educated, and with such convictions of right, should have drawn his sword against his native State. How he performed his duties in the great struggle history will tell.

The South has reason to honor her illustrious dead. Go ask a soldier who marched under his leadership if you wish to hear the story of simple loyalty. He remembers how sweet his sleep on the tented field, where this master-spirit was at the head of the army conscious that no surprise awaited him, and that whether in advance or retreat his watchful eye surveyed the lines, and that no hostile force held him in his grasp. Simple in his characteristics, watchful in his manner, careful in every detail, courageous in every act, wide-awake in every field, loving with a big heart the soldiery that toiled and marched and fought and stood ready to give up life itself at his command, no wonder to-day that the South, whatever may have been its successes or reverses, with her abiding confidence in his integrity and his loyalty to truth, mourns his loss. We are not alarmed at the place history shall assign him. Safely we can commit to the future the estimate of his modest worth, fidelity to trust, integrity of character, intellectual power, military skill, unrivalled mastery in caring for, preserving and moving a command and the many virtues that adorned his glorious manhood. And though he may have no splendid mausoleum to mark his last resting place, the memory of his deeds, his virtues and his fidelity to trust will live in the affections of his people, in the traditions of the country, and in the history of her people as long as men shall honor virtue and revere the lives and deeds of the eminent dead. Masterly tactician, matchless strategist, heroic soldier, exalted citizen, loved by his own soldiery, to whom he was a "shield," honored by his brave and manly adversaries, he has joined Stonewall Jackson, who served under him, and Lee, whom he esteemed the foremost man of the age,

and other noble ones, leaving us this inheritance. Who shall say that the youth of this land in the generations that follow shall not emulate this splendid example of Christian manhood?

HIS NAME WILL NOT DIE.

When the applause that greeted the glowing eulogy had died away the chairman introduced the Hon. T. B. Edgington as a gallant Federal officer who would lay a garland of praise upon the tomb of a man whom he had fought against.

MAJOR EDGINGTON'S ADDRESS.

The address of Major Edgington is here printed from the manuscript kindly furnished by him to the editor of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*.* It is as follows:

It has been said that it is from the calm level of the sea that all heights and depths are measured. No base line of measurement can be made on the crests of stormed-tossed waves. None can be made on the surface of the uplifted waters; when the seas lash their tides against the continents, along that never-ending skirmish line, where the sea gives its shells to the shingle, and where the earth gives its streams to the sea.

No measurment of the mountains can be made while their peaks are hidden out of sight above the black storm cloud.

So it is with General Joseph E. Johnston. No fair and just estimate could be made of him until the tumult of civil strife had ended, and the clamor of faction and rivalry had become stilled.

He was a trained soldier of great and varied experience.

He was educated at West Point; had served as lieutenant of topographical engineers; had served in the wars with the Indians; served with distinction in the war with Mexico, where he was promoted to the rank of colonel for meritorious services. At the outbreak of the

*An impressive address by Major Edgington—"The Race Problem in the South—Was the Fifteenth Amendment a mistake?"—delivered at the National Cemetery, Memphis, Tennessee, Memorial Day, 1889, was republished in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XVII, pp. 22-23.

war he resigned his position of brigadier-general and quartermaster-general in the United States army and took command of the Confederate forces at Harper's Ferry.

He immediately pointed out to the Confederate War Department that it was totally impracticable to attempt to hold Harper's Ferry, and that it was necessary to withdraw that portion of the army to a point near Winchester, Va., in order that it might support, and be supported by the forces under General Beauregard at Manassas. These views were at first rejected, but their adoption became a military necessity shortly afterwards, when his suggestions were adopted at a considerable loss in military stores and supplies.

That great and humiliating defeat of the Union army at Manassas was the result of his strategy and bravery. He moved his army from the vicinity of Winchester with such secrecy and celerity and formed a junction with General Beauregard at Manassas that General McDowell was not aware of the move when the action begun. Johnston commanded. He ranked Beauregard. The Union army made a terrific assault on the Confederate's left and drove it back and would have gained the victory, but for the fact that Johnston rallied his forces with marvellous speed and coolness, encouraged his men by his presence and example, and strengthened the position with reinforcements. He was in the thickest of the fight, and sometimes leading regiments to the charge whose officers had fallen. In this battle he displayed all the dash and genius of Napoleon at Austerlitz. He viewed the theatre of war as a skilful player would a game of chess. When the several parts or pieces were not properly supported, he considered that the game of war was badly played. Johnston's faculty for military combinations on a large scale, in which the several parts will support each other in any emergency, was one of his most prominent characteristics. Long before the battle of Seven Pines, where he was wounded and disabled, he demonstrated to the Confederate War Department the military necessity of withdrawing the Confederate forces south of the Rappahannock, and of making Richmond the seat of defensive operations. His views were at first strenuously opposed, but their adoption soon became imperative, and the war in Virginia was afterwards conducted, to its close, on the general plan that he had suggested. Upon his recovery from his wounds he was sent to take command of the Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi. Both these armies were closely pressed by the Federal forces in the vicinity of Vicksburg and Chattanooga at points that were not in supporting distance of each other. His

duties required his presence in both places at one and the same time. If he committed any blunders while he was in this trying situation, they never became apparent to his adversaries. To a Union soldier the conclusion is irresistible that the Confederate authorities expected Johnston to perform impossibilities, and that upon his failure to perform these miracles he was visited with censure. In short, the Confederacy expected Johnston to make up by military strategy for what it lacked in material resources.

The geographical position of the Confederacy was such as to forbid the adoption of any extensive Fabian policy of warfare, such as is usually adopted by the weaker belligerent. The South had no inhospitable steppes and snow-drifts, like Russia had for Napoleon after the burning of Moscow, where the enemy could find nothing for its comfort and relief except hospitable graves. She had no boundless territory covered with forests like the army of the revolution, where it might retreat, and where the enemy dare not follow. Her extreme border was sea-girt and exposed to attack from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. The Mississippi river and its tributaries transported the enemy's troops and supplies from the North into the very heart of the Confederacy.

While Johnston had no field of operations suited to his genius in simply defensive warfare, and while he did not possess the men or means for offensive operations, yet he was equally well adapted to either mode of warfare under favorable conditions. The crowning act of Johnston's military career is to be found in his defensive campaign from Dalton, Georgia, until he crossed the Chattahoochie river near Atlanta. On the 6th day of May, 1864, General Sherman, with an army of ninety-nine thousand veterans, advanced on Johnston's position at Dalton, where he had an army of forty-three thousand men, which soon became reinforced and increased to sixty-four thousand before he reached Cassville. The policy of Sherman was to compel Johnston to fight in open field or retreat. The policy of Johnston was to compel Sherman to fight him in a strongly fortified position. In this series of battles, from Dalton to the Chattahoochie, the Federal forces were kept almost continuously on the skirmish line while the Confederates fought behind entrenchments. This resulted, in a very heavy loss to the Union army in killed and wounded, while the Confederate losses were very much less. When Sherman flanked the several fortified positions, one by one, Johnston would fall back in good order, with all the orderly precision of a dress parade, to take another fortified position. This was all done too without any

loss of arms, ordnance supplies or equipments, and without depressing the spirit and courage of his army. This was unique. It has no parallel in history. The wisdom of his policy in this campaign was fully established afterwards by the disasters that befell the army under General Hood through his aggressive policy. In this campaign General Joseph E. Johnston, as a military strategist and tactician, has builded for himself a monument as high as the lofty mountains from whose summits he sometimes viewed the armies below; as lasting as the hills on which he sometimes constructed his rifle-pits.

Sherman says in his memoirs that "General Grant told me that he (Johnston) was about the only general on that side that he feared." This was said in front of Vicksburg, and related to the generals whom Grant had known personally during the Mexican war. Grant in his memoirs criticises Pemberton for returning to Vicksburg instead of making an heroic effort to make a junction with Johnston. He says Johnston would not have made such a move as Pemberton made. Sherman in his memoirs reviews the Dalton campaign; and finds everything to commend in Johnston's tactics, and nothing to criticise except that Johnston did not attack his advance as it crossed the Chattahoochee river. He made this criticism in ignorance of the fact that this was Johnston's plan, which was frustrated by having been relieved of his command. Grant in his memoirs says: "The very fact of a change of commanders being ordered, such circumstance was an indication of a change of policy, and that now they would become the aggressors—the very thing our troops wanted. For my own part I think that Johnston's tactics were right."

Grant, Sherman and Rosecrans were of the opinion that Johnston was one of the greatest generals of the war. His enemies on the field have vindicated him. Time has vindicated him. Events have demonstrated the soundness of his judgment and the correctness of all his plans and manœuvres from the beginning of the war until its close. He made no mistakes. This much cannot be said of any other general of prominence on either side during the war.

He was the equal of Marlborough in planning and executing, and in the coolness and clearness of his intellect during the hottest of the fight. As a military strategist he was much like Washington. In history Johnston will stand among the greatest military leaders. He will stand out from the low stature of the average military chieftain like a Chimborazo under the Equator, with a torrid base running up through all climates to a frigid peak, and surrounded by belts of the herbage of every latitude. His record as a civilian has adorned and

embellished his character as a soldier. His patriotism and devotion to duty always, from first to last, there is no room at all to question. The impulses of his heart were noble. His private life was pure. His illustrious example both in military and civil life is a standing rebuke to the sycophancy of the courtier and the duplicity of the demagogue. His loss is a national calamity. The entire nation mourns his loss. The luster of his great name is the common heritage of the American people. In the grave the jealousies of rivals, the intrigues of faction, the asperities of sectional animosities do not disturb his repose. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well. While he sleeps his fame arises with awakening light. He trod a thorny pathway in life ; but

"He is freedom's now and fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

After the choir had sung "Asleep in Jesus," Colonel Patterson introduced General George W. Gordon.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL GORDON.

Said General Gordon :

It was my honor to have served in the army commanded by General Johnston during his memorable campaign in North Georgia in 1864, and to have had his personal acquaintance during that time, as also to have met him frequently since the war. And while it is with a melancholy pleasure that I would now speak briefly concerning him, I am deeply sensible of my inability to do justice to the career of that distinguished citizen and eminent soldier, even under the most favorable conditions of time and opportunity, but more especially so in the limited time required by these ceremonies. I will, therefore, not attempt more than to offer a few observations touching his military and civic career, and will confine my remarks relating to his military operations to the time during which he commanded the Army of Tennessee.

The campaign already referred to, was inaugurated in May, 1864, by General Sherman advancing upon General Johnston at Dalton, Georgia, with (in my judgment) the most magnificently appointed, the bravest and the best army that was marshaled by the Federal government during the war. It was, in round numbers, one hundred

thousand strong, with two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery; while Johnston's army numbered between fifty and sixty thousand. And I here remark that General Sherman was too sagacious, too well acquainted with the skill and ability of his wily adversary, ever to jeopardize a general offensive engagement with him, or even to attack him, with the major portion of his command, at any time throughout the campaign. His policy was, in moving upon Johnston's various positions, to press forward a heavy line of skirmishers, strongly supported, as near to his position as possible without bringing on a general engagement, thereby developing the location of Johnston's line, and if he found a salient or supposed weak link in his line, then to furiously assault that particular point with a massed force, evidently intending, if the assault succeeded, then to wheel right and left on the flanks of the broken line, and at the same time to order a general attack along our entire front. But it so happened with all these gallant assaults, that Johnston's line was never broken or seriously embarrassed, but the assaulting columns were invariably repulsed, and in some instances with losses that were frightful. And thus it was that Sherman was compelled to dislodge Johnston (if he would dislodge him at all) from his various positions by making flank movements, which he did slowly and continuously, and fortifying as he went, as if anticipating an offensive movement by his vigilant antagonist. By this policy he finally forced Johnston beyond the Chattahoochie river to a point in front of Atlanta, which city was then fortified and garrisoned by several thousand State troops of Georgia, and from which position in front of Atlanta General Johnston informed the speaker soon after the war that he intended to move forward and attack Sherman with his entire veteran army, as he crossed the Chattahoochie river, leaving the State troops in the works to protect Atlanta; and that if he failed to demolish or defeat him he then intended to fall back to the fortifications around Atlanta, and hold the place as long as possible. But just as this movement was about to be inaugurated he was relieved of the command of his army, and thus ended his military operations in Georgia.

During this celebrated campaign, and upon which the eyes of the whole country, both North and South, seemed to be fixed in anxious suspense, Sherman had the advantage of superior numbers, as also the moral advantage of being the attacking force, while Johnston had the inestimable physical advantage of fighting for the most part from behind strong entrenchments, and was thereby enabled to inflict a loss upon his adversary of about four to one—Sherman's

loss, as I now remember it, being about forty thousand and Johnston's ten thousand. As accounting for this great disparity in losses, and as indicating the gallantry and fierceness of some of General Sherman's partial assaults, I refer to his attack upon that part of our line at Kenesaw Mountain, known afterwards by the Confederates as "Cheatham's Angle," by the Federals as the "Dead Angle," where he massed a division in columns of four lines, brigade front, and stormed a salient, almost a right angle in our line—the first line of the storming column coming in a rushing run, with bayonets fixed, with guns loaded but uncapped—the idea being that we were fortified (as we were) and that the first line should not break the force and momentum of the charge by stopping to fire, but to take us with the bayonet in a rushing onset. It was a gallant, a magnificent charge, but a most disastrous failure, for when the front line of the attacking force arrived within thirty paces of our line, strongly fortified with breastworks and head logs, it encountered our abattis, which was made of sharpened brush and tree tops, with the sharpened points projecting toward the enemy and spread out about thirty paces in front of our line, and built to the height of a man's waist. When the front line of the storming column reached this formidable obstruction it was compelled to halt, and the rear lines closed upon it. In the mean time a deadly fire, at short range, had been opened from our line upon the front and both flanks of the assaulting column, and for a few moments the carnage was awful—too awful to be long endured by human courage or mortal sacrifice. The column that obstructed fired in great confusion for a few moments, and then staggering and falling, it fled to a lodgment under the brow of the hill on which our line was located, leaving eight hundred dead in the space of about two hundred paces front, as I was informed by a Federal officer, as he and I looked upon the appalling scene three days afterward during a truce to bury the Federal dead. Johnston's losses in this engagement were insignificant by virtue of his complete defenses, being at this point something less than twenty.

Those of us who served under General Johnston fully appreciate the sagacity and wisdom of General Sherman's policy in never engaging him in a general battle when in position, for when he was attacked he fought with the desperation of a crowded lion.

To summarize: During this campaign, brilliant on both sides, Johnston retreated nearly one hundred miles, fighting to some extent almost daily, never losing a dollar's worth of commissary or quartermaster stores. Sherman said he retreated with clean heels,

was never taken by surprise, his army never panicked or even confused, its discipline, its *esprit du corps*, its *morale* and its confidence in him maintained until the very hour his sword fell from his hand at the command of his Government—at the same time inflicting a loss upon his antagonist of four times that of his own.

Referring to the defensive or Fabian policy of General Johnson during this campaign, and in regard to which there was and is a diversity of opinion both North and South, but concerning which your speaker does not deem it appropriate on this solemn occasion to express any opinion; yet he does not deem it inappropriate to say that it seems but fair to the voiceless dead to remark that General Johnson appeared to be profoundly impressed at this period of the war with the momentous fact that the available resources of the Confederacy, both in men and material, were practically exhausted and alarmingly growing less; that our armies were daily diminishing by death, from disease and casualties in battle, and without any means by which to recruit them. It therefore appeared to be a matter of the supremest importance to husband his resources in every regard, and more especially in respect to the lives of his men. And hence the policy pursued by him at that juncture of the struggle seemed to be imperatively demanded by the situation, and that the offensive policy was warranted only when an obvious advantage was presented, such as appeared to be presented when Sherman's army was divided in crossing the Oustenaula river, and, believing which, Johnson issued his battle order and formed his lines for an offensive movement, but which plan he suddenly abandoned, as he states, upon the representations of Generals Hood and Polk, two of his lieutenant-generals, and ordered a retrograde movement, "a movement," he adds in his report, "that I have ever since regretted."

If, therefore, we would justly consider the wisdom and propriety of his policy, they ought to be viewed in the light of the facts we have mentioned, as also in the significant light of subsequent events.

In the especial matter of logistics, or that branch of the military art which includes the moving and supplying of armies, General Johnston was, in my judgment, without a parallel in either of the great contending armies. Those who served under him well remember that harmonious system, that masterly method, and that freedom from confusion with which he handled and swayed a large army, whether moving it on the general march or marshalling it on the field in "battle's magnificently stern array." Each command moved to its designated place on the march or in the line of battle with the methodical

precision of a well adjusted machine. He possessed a genius for military organization ; was a born quartermaster and commissary ; and when he could not obtain clothing and food for his men you may be sure they were not to be had—you may be sure they were not there. His anxious efforts to keep his army supplied with all the necessary material, his care for the lives and safety of his men, super-added to his great generalship, elicited the loyalty and devotion of his army to a degree that was only equaled by that of the army of Northern Virginia to the invincible and immortal Lee.

As an instance of the confidence and devotion of his army, after he had left it and after it had been beaten, battered and broken by the battles around Atlanta, Jonesboro', Franklin and Nashville, and he had been recalled by the voice of the country to its command in North Carolina, and the men heard that he was coming and was then in the vicinity of the army, many of them left their camps, guns, equipage, everything, and set out to find him, and when they did so they embraced him with shouts of joy and tears of affection ; and the old hero was so deeply affected by their demonstrations of devotion that his strong frame trembled with emotion, as it had never done in the fiery face of booming battle.

Soon after this the battle of Bentonville occurred, in which his old soldiers, though tattered and torn, barefooted and ragged, fought with the same courage and alacrity that had characterized them in the better days of their hope and power. But do not understand me to say or imply that that army (the army of Tennessee) ever refused to fight under any commander who ordered it to battle. It never did. And at the storming of Franklin, Tenn., under command of General Hood, men never fought more bravely or died more freely. That was a battle which, for desperate, reckless courage, will rank with Gettysburg or Balaklava.

As another evidence of General Johnston's military sagacity and of his ability to divine the plans and movements of his adversaries, I have heard it stated that General Sherman said he never made a movement, while confronting him, in which Johnston had not anticipated him. I have also seen it stated that General Sherman esteemed him the greatest soldier of the Confederacy ; and very naturally might General Sherman, himself a great soldier, think so, for he had known and felt the masterly stroke of his majestic arm.

When the war was ended, the partisanship of the soldier was at once submerged in the nationality of the citizen ; and General Johnston exerted his influence in the establishment of peace, in behalf

of sectional reconciliation and national union. He at once recognized that we then had but one flag, one Union, and one country; and he desired to see that flag respected, and that Union permanent, and that country glorious.

He was distinguished for the catholicity of his sentiments and the general conservatism of his nature, for the punctilious integrity of his public acts and the probity and purity of his private life. He was one of the patriots of the century, one of the soldiers of the age, and one of the men of the times. And thus it is that we have assembled for the last time to do honor to truth, to virtue and to genius as exemplified in the life and character of this eminent man—the last of the great leaders of a fallen cause. If it were in my power I would take these beautiful flowers, evergreens and immortelles which the ladies have here so lovingly and sympathetically provided, and which so fittingly typify the beauty of his life and the durability of his fame, and reach out my hand to-night and place them upon his grave, as our last tender tribute to departed worth. Life's eventful scene with him is ended. He is now where there is no more strife, no more struggle, no more booming of guns, no more fighting of battles.

The tempests may roar and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he is free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Let him rest, let him rest ! ”

The oration of General Gordon was received, perhaps, with better effect upon the audience than any other delivered during the ceremonies. General Gordon had served under Johnston in the Atlanta campaign, and as with a soldier's knowledge he reviewed those memorable scenes, his listeners were wrought to a full sensibility of the circumstances and situations, and were *en rapport* with the plans laid out by him who was destined never to carry them into completion. General Gordon paid a glowing tribute to his dead commander of old days.

The choir then sang : “ Rest, Spirit, Rest. ”

ADDRESS OF COLONEL CASEY YOUNG.

Colonel Casey Young said no words he could utter would add to the eloquence which had been showered upon the memory of Gen-

eral Johnston that night. The speaker knew him and learned to love and honor his character. He knew him as the humble follower of a great leader, and, to moderately speak of him, as a gallant soldier.

Other gentlemen who had spoken of him knew him as a great soldier. He saw him in other days when the roar of the last battle had died in defeat and when he had turned his steps to the pursuit of peaceful avocations. No man did more to destroy sectionalism than Joseph E. Johnston. He was called to represent his people in Congress. There it was that he knew him, and no man served the Government better than did Johnston.

"I knew him in his home," said the speaker. "It was then that the beauties of his character were open to view. In the field he was the great leader; at home he was the kind, gentle father and loving husband. When the history of this war has been written no page will be brighter than that which records the deeds of Joseph E. Johnston. I think the time will come when the passions of war are cooled and its true story is written, and the judgment will then be that Joseph E. Johnston was inferior to no man in the war."

Colonel Young's speech was an eloquent tribute to the life and character of General Johnston. He told in clear-cut, ringing words of the deeds which will make his name live in the annals of the world.

This address concluded the regular programme of orations.

Chairman Patterson then announced that during the day he had received dispatches from the following named persons expressing sympathy with the purpose and spirit of the meeting and regret at inability to attend, to-wit: General G. T. Beauregard, Governor Stone, of Mississippi; Governor Eagan, of Arkansas; Senator Walthall, of Mississippi; Hon. Albert McNeill and Hon. James D. Porter, of Tennessee. The chairman also read a letter from Mrs. W. E. Moore, chairman of the Women's Confederate Monumental Association at Helena, Ark., expressing regrets that the association could not be represented at the meeting to do honor to the memory of General Johnston.

The orchestra rendered with fine expression the music of the hymn St. Cecilia, and the assemblage dispersed after benediction by Rev. N. M. Long.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

DISCOURSE OF REV. B. M. PALMER, D. D.

On the occasion of the Johnston memorial services held in the First Presbyterian Church, in New Orleans, La., Sabbath evening, April 26th, a highly thoughtful and impressive discourse was delivered by Rev. B. M. Palmer. At the request of the Associations of Confederate Veterans, before whom it was delivered, Dr. Palmer wrote it out from memory for publication. This rendition is here presented. Its earnest and dispassionate spirit commands regardful consideration.

DANIEL ii. 20-22: "Daniel answered and said, Blessed be the name of God forever and ever; for wisdom and might are His; and He changeth the times and the seasons; He removeth kings and setteth up kings; He giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding; He revealeth the deep and secret things; He knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with Him."

There is a pathos in this assemblage which will subdue any heart that duly considers its significance. The life of a generation has almost passed since the two sections of this country were locked in deadly strife. It was a conflict which put to the test the strength and manhood of both the contending parties. Immense forces were put in the field, and were recruited as fast as they were depleted. These, marching from either extreme, met in the centre with a force of encounter that caused the continent to tremble to its base. It was a conflict gigantic in its proportions and heroic in its endurance—terminated at length only through the exhaustion of one of the combatants, when the stained and battered banner must needs be furled upon its staff, and peace resume its gentle sway.

During the six and twenty years which have elapsed nearly all the leaders in the stupendous struggle, both in council and in camp, have been summoned into the land of silence and of shadow. With the field-glass ranging over the whole plain of battle, the eye detects here and there only a single commander left, now bending under the weight of years and infirmity, who once led brave men to the fray. And of these few we meet to-night to mourn the departure of one who was among the most conspicuous of them all.

Providence has its symbols no less than Grace—through which it gives shape and substance to the truths it would seal upon the minds and hearts of men. Of these impressive emblems nothing could be more suggestive than the consentaneous death of the two commanders who were pitted against each other through a great part of this historic struggle—pre-eminently so in the memorable retreat from the mountains of Tennessee to the border of the Atlantic, and then northward through the Carolinas almost to Virginia. I cannot here undertake to signalize this retreat, except to say it is difficult which most to admire, the prowess and energy of the advance, or the masterly, stragetic defence which retarded that advance and conducted an orderly retreat. It was a retreat which will take its place in future history with that of the famous Ten Thousand under Xenophon from the neighborhood of Babylon along the upper Tigris, through the mountains of Kurdistan and Armenia, to the Greek settlements upon the Euxine.

The whole nation stood in solemn silence when the first of these warriors, at an advanced age, breathed his soul into the hands of his Creator. But when the Confederate chieftain, whom we mourn to-night, stood with an ungloved hand beside the bier of his formal rival and foe, performing the last act of earthly friendliness in reverently bearing the body to the repose of the tomb, a sublime object-lesson was furnished by an ordaining Providence to the entire republic. Then, as if the destinies of the two were interblended to the last, he who had assisted at the funeral rites of the other reached home himself to die. And now the comrades and followers of this distinguished leader are assembled in the house of God, in the solemn Sabbath hour when night has drawn her curtain around the earth, to gather the memories of the past into garlands, which shall be laid in affectionate reverence upon this new-made grave.

It appears to me almost a sacred inspiration, veterans, which prompted the observance of this memorial with religious rites. Had it occurred in an earlier year, it would perhaps have called for a great civic demonstration, with all the pomp and circumstance of military display, disinterring the records of the past and throwing the furlled banner again upon the breeze. But the instinct of reverence has brought you here, without the blare of trumpet or flash of armor, to sit between these twin graves and recognize the burial of an ancient feud. That these two warriors, almost the last who fought on either side,

should simultaneously sleep in death, marks this as an epoch in our career, when a new leaf must be turned in the nation's record, and a new history must be written on a clean page. When great men die they and their achievements are consigned to history, beyond the vain applause which vexes the ears of mortal men. For be assured, long before the final tribunal at which all actions are uncovered in the presence of an unerring Judge, there is a human court, the solemn Tribunal of History, whose verdict, purged of prejudice and passion, will render at least a proximate vindication of justice and of truth. The time for vapid oratory has ceased, when the pallid shades appear before the Rhadamanthus and the Minos, who decree to the true Immortals the prize of eternal fame. I trust that I construe your purpose aright, when I decline to re-open the issues of the past, leaving them to the adjudication of that day when the record shall be purged of calumny and error, and every false judgment shall be revised in the final verdict of mankind. In these obsequies of the past let us learn from the Supreme Ruler the lesson which He intends to teach.

For this purpose I read to you the words of the Prophet Daniel, after the interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream had been disclosed in a vision by night: "Blessed be the name of God forever and ever; for wisdom and might are His; and He changeth the times and the seasons; He removeth kings and setteth up kings; He giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding; He revealeth the deep and secret things; He knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with Him." The leading thought here is the divine supremacy over the affairs of men; the same truth announced afterward to Nebuchadnezzar by Daniel, in declaring the downfall of his greatness: "This matter is by the decree of the watchers, and the demand by the word of the holy ones, to the intent that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth to whomsoever He will, and setteth up over it the basest of men." Daniel iv., 17. But a deeper truth lies covered here than simple superintendence of human fortunes. It is the divine purpose running throughout history, the secret thread around which all events crystalize. The Supreme Ruler renders His own thought in the free actions of intelligent and responsible agents; who, in accomplishing their designs, at the same time execute His infinite and eternal purpose. Thus, He who is the author of history, must also be its interpreter—disclosing a contin-

uous plan in the rise and fall of empires. Hence the Prophet ascribes to Him the "wisdom and might" which are necessary to this sovereign administration; and in "removing and setting up kings." He alone "reveals what is in the darkness" by means of "the light that dwelleth with Him."

Our relations to God are not alone those of the individual. Observe that we are born in the bosom of relationships, so that no one liveth or dieth to himself. From the first breath we depend upon others for the preservation of that life which from others was derived. Until in adult years we assume our own position in the world, we are under the law of the household and yield subjection to the authority of the parent. In this primary commonwealth man finds himself face to face with God, not in the isolation of his individual being, but in the association with others where joint duties are imposed and correlative obligations are assumed. Indeed, in all the stages of life we drift upon the current of our social instincts into associations of various kinds, and the guilds thus constituted, as they turn upon a common interest, are all animated by a common spirit; which gives to each a communal character and form. Countless as may be the units of the human race, they co-exist as the factors of a constituted whole. The threads may be single, but they are woven into a texture which combines them all. How minute soever each may be when separated and alone, it is indispensable to the integrity of the fabric, whose beauty and strength would alike be impaired by the slightest flaw. The Providence, therefore, over the individual necessarily aligns him with the society to which he belongs; and thus the Divine rule is extended over the whole breadth of history through all ages. Thus we find men distributed into races and nations, each enclosed within corporate limits, under such environment and acted upon by such influences as to evolve a composite character.

It is thus we speak of race and national characteristics that differentiate entire communities as clearly as the personal traits which distinguish the individual. It is a most interesting study to investigate the elements of which this aggregate character is composed, and to enumerate the subtle influences by which it has been fashioned. But whether the analysis be successful or not, we are obliged to accept the obtrusive fact that there is, for example, such a thing as national integrity and honor, quite as sensitive as that of the individual—

and for the assertion and protection of which, as all history attests, the most desolating wars have been waged.

No less true is it, that organized societies are invested with trusts, greater or less, for which they are held responsible before God. Just as individuals are thrown into different providential positions, are endowed with different capacities, and are called to the exercise of different functions, so it is with kingdoms and nations. Why, there is China, with her four hundred millions of people—nearly one-half the population of the globe—yet without adding a fraction to the general history of the world. There is Africa, stretching its length between the Tropics and beyond them, occupied for thousands of years by naked savages engaged in internecine and tribal wars; yet, so far as the broad record of mankind is concerned, the Dark Continent might just as well have been sunk in the depths of the two oceans which wash its borders—utterly dead, without a history.

Going back to what is termed the history of the past, look at the monotonous continent of Asia, with its ancient colossal empires, following each other in almost funeral procession, without diplomatic intercourse, each swallowing its predecessor, and without breaking the dead level of Asiatic civilization, until it was impinged by the progressive people of Europe. Here again is this Western Hemisphere on which we dwell, and where from the beginning the Red man has roamed through primeval forests; so far as history is involved, it might as well have emerged only three hundred years ago from the waters of the sea to become the home of a ripe civilization and of its immortal records.

Now, in contrast with all of this, look at little Palestine, of no larger extent than one of the smallest States of this Union, yet the historic pivot upon which the Old World empires were balanced. What an illustration of the sovereignty which allots to nations the trusts which they are to fulfil—that around this little Hebrew State Tyre and Sidon, Egypt and Syria, Babylon and Persia, Greece and Rome, should revolve as satellites, finding their significance in its history, as the moons of Jupiter find their office in attending the orb around which they sweep! Who can interpret these anomalies in the divine administration? Only He who knows His own purpose in the creation and distribution of races and nations, can explain why the few and the weak should be chosen for the highest achievements. In what we fondly style the philosophy of history, the attempt is made to fix the

value of each element in the life of a people, reducing the actions of men to mere forms of logic. But even where the interpretation is just, it is partial at best; and the world's history is read in sections and patches at last. But if the entire record could be placed before us in a single view, disclosing a unity of design in all its parts, how grand the lesson to those who decipher the one thought of the Deity pervading and illuminating the whole!

I have but half expressed the majesty of the conception. This earth of ours is but a speck or mote in the vastness of the universe. Look above you upon the face of the sky, and see uncounted worlds in the immensity of space. Not single worlds only, but worlds collected into systems, grouped into families, bound to each other by domestic ties, swinging together in wider orbits around a centre common to them all—for aught we know, the Sapphire Throne, from which the power of a supreme will issues to uphold and control them all. Has each of these a history of its own? And do their several records blend in a history that is truly universal? The creative thought is greater than all combined. What if this thought should throb as the mighty pulse of universal life and action? What if in the august future the vast canvas should be unrolled, disclosing in a single panorama the history of all worlds, in the connection of all the parts with the ineffable glory of Him who thus reveals Himself in the stretch of His wisdom and in the grandeur of His power? Truly "the Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof."

I have not uttered these sentences merely to dazzle you with the splendor of this generalization; it is full of comfort as well. A single life may be insignificant in its isolation, whilst in its relation to society it may be of inestimable value. Here, for illustration, is a piece of tapestry into which has been woven the history of a kingdom. The separate gossamer thread may be tinged with a color inappreciably faint, yet without its presence there would be no shading of the picture. Precisely so the most obscure life may be indispensable to the design which is in the mind of the Infinite Artist.

Our distinctions between great and small disappear from history when projected on the scale of the divine purpose. In like manner disasters and defeats occur in the career of every people; yet they no more disturb the march of universal history than do the regressions of the planets the harmony of the stellar world. God is in

providence, whether its control be over the world of matter or of mind; and the pious heart bows in reverence to the Supreme Will, assured that failure can be written upon nothing within the scope of its comprehensive design.

These reflections may be brought closer to ourselves. Reference has already been made to the severe civil conflict through which this country has recently passed. A civil war, as waged between citizens of the same Commonwealth or State, is necessarily a contention for principles which are drawn into dispute to be more fully defined. These lie, more or less, at the foundation of all governments, sometimes rather by implication than in formal statement. Even when embodied in constitutional provisions there may arise differences of interpretation; or the full sweep of a recognized principle may not be understood except through its outworking in the experience of a century. In the conflict which ensues one of the parties may be overthrown; yet in so far as they stood for what is true, their defeat is not the death of their cause. Truth is immortal, and can never die. It is the thought of God translated into the dialect of man. Often in the history of our race truth has been buried in a protest until the world is ready for its assured resurrection. Hence it comes to pass, at the close of a protracted struggle, there is neither undue exaltation with the victor, nor undue depression with the vanquished. The dignity of the conflict, and the conviction that living principles cannot be displaced by physical force, preserves the one party from unseemly vanity or contemptuous scorn; and protect the other, even in the bitterness of defeat, from any sense of humiliation or shame. He greets the generation after him, assured that no child can arise to be ashamed of his father or of the deeds he has wrought.

Another consequence ensues. Such a conflict can only occur among a people both intelligent and brave; and so far from necessarily disrupting them, often consolidates them in a union more strong and lasting. Ours is not the only country which has been torn by internal strife. There is England, for example, in her long conflict between prerogative and privilege, so graphically described by Macaulay, yet more securely standing than ever before upon the principles of constitutional freedom. So it must prove with ourselves. The principles which are true will survive all conflicts, and while it has been determined that we remain together, all else is remanded

as before to the council chamber and the halls of debate, until the mind of God shall be further disclosed in the future fortunes of our people.

The practical lesson taught us to-night has already been set before our eyes in the example of our great leaders who now sleep in death. They instantly accepted the will of Jehovah in the defeat of their arms ; and, without a murmur of discontent, turned to the civil duty of building up all the interests of our common country. Let us imitate their example, and with them sleep at last under the benediction of a land restored to peace. My fervent prayer for you, and for all who share with us the memories of the eventful past, is that we may sit down together in the kingdom which cannot be moved, and unite in the eternal song: "Allelulah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

MAJOR-GENERAL STEPHEN D. RAMSEUR :

HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

An Address before the Ladies' Memorial Association of Raleigh, North Carolina, May 10th, 1891.

BY HON. WILLIAM R. COX.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

When Xerxes looked upon the countless hosts of Persia, he is said to have wept when he reflected that within one hundred years from that time not one of those then in his presence would be living. It is with similar emotions every survivor of the war between the States must be moved, when called upon to pass in review and comment upon the heroic deeds and still more heroic sufferings, of those who participated in that fierce and unrelenting conflict.

It is now over a quarter of a century since the last hostile gun of the war was fired; the laws are everywhere respected and obeyed; and every citizen, irrespective of section or service, recognizes it as its first duty to march to the defence of his government, whenever menaced by foes either from within or without.

To such as may question the policy or propriety of these memorial reunions, and inquire why these gatherings of the people, which may keep alive the estrangements of the past, we commend the remarks of that eloquent New Yorker, Chauncey M. Depew, who, upon a similar occasion, forcibly and truthfully declared that "vapid sentimentalists and timid souls deprecate these annual reunions, fearing they may arouse old strife and sectional animosities; but a war in which five hundred thousand men were killed and two millions more wounded, in which States were devastated, and money spent equal to twice England's gigantic debt, has a meaning, a lesson, and results which are to the people of this Republic a liberal education, and the highest chairs of this university belong to you."

The ladies of this association, have a just appreciation of the necessity for preserving the truths of history for the future historian, who, with a juster prospective which distance may give, shall write a history of our common country. They have wisely decided that at each annual reunion, an active participant of the war shall be called upon to portray the life and character of some distinguished comrade, who in the late war yielded up his life in obedience to the laws of his State, and for a cause his conscience told him was right. The necessity for preserving the data thus collected, becomes more important from the fact that in every war, whatever may be its original merits, writers will always be found to misrepresent and belittle the vanquished; while with fulsome adulation they sing pæans to and crown with laurels the brow of the victor. Even distinguished participants in such strifes are not slow to yield to importunity, autobiographic memoirs of colossal achievements scarcely recognizable by their friends, the effects of which are misleading. In the late war, and by the chroniclers of that war, we were denounced as rebels and traitors, as if the promoters of such epithets were ignorant of the fact that in our Revolutionary war Hancock, Adams and their compeers were denounced as rebels and traitors, while Washington and Franklin threw up their commissions to join this despised class. Indeed, the very chimney-sweepers in the streets of London are said to have spoken of our rebellious ancestors, as their subjects in America. Therefore, with a conscience void of offence, while we would not and should not forget our hallowed memories of comradeship and of common suffering, we cherish them alone as memories, and seek no willows upon which to hang our harps, no rivers by which to sit down and weep, while we sing the songs of the long ago.

Wars have existed from the beginning of time; and, despite the

spread of Christianity and the growth of enlightenment, will probably continue until time shall be no more. In the war between the States there was but little of malice, of vengefulness and vindictiveness. As to its origin there is little probability of our agreeing, so long as it is insisted that the North fought chiefly for the eradication of slavery and the South for its perpetuation. At the formation of this government

SLAVERY

existed in every State. New England, which ultimately became the principal theatre of free-soilism and abolition agitation, was at one time more interested in the slave trade than any other section of our country. It is not mere speculation that prompts us to declare that had her soil and climate been adapted to the cultivation and production of the chief staples of the South, she would have recognized it as a great outrage to have been compelled to relinquish so profitable an institution without her free consent. By prospective enactments our Northern friends gradually abolished slavery, and large numbers of their slaves were sent South and sold. The money arising from such sales was carried North, invested in manufactories, ships and brick walls. Their section prospered, and we rejoice in their prosperity as a part of our common country. In an address delivered by Mr. Evarts before the New England Society he said that, the Puritan believed in every man attending to his own business, but he believed every man's business was his own. There is a great deal of truth portrayed in this sportive suggestion. Having profitably escaped from this "great iniquity," their restless intellectuality early prompted them to express their abhorrence of slavery. The great body of the American people really cared very little about this institution, or, at least, if they deprecated its existence they recognized it as a matter of local legislation, for which they were not directly responsible; therefore, the question of its abolition for over half a century made but little headway, and only became a potential element of discord, when it was discovered that its agitation would have the effect of securing the ascendancy of one of the great political parties of the country. As slavery only obtained in the minor section of the Union its agitation, on sectional grounds, ultimately had the effect of promoting a crisis, which enabled ambitious and aspiring politicians to inflame the passions of their followers, until they were prepared to see their country plunged into a war, which the border States, led by Virginia, did all that lay in their power to avert. Recognizing the weakness

of this institution, as well as the fact that they were numerically greatly in the minority, the slave-holding States simply asked to be "let alone." But as it was threatened that they should be surrounded by a cordon of free States until slavery had "stung itself to death," and that this government could not exist "half free and half slave," the purposes of the dominant section became so manifest, the Southern States felt that, in justice to themselves, they could no longer remain quiet. The causes for this agitation had their existence in the colonial era, when slavery was universal; and the settlement was postponed on account of the difficulty of arriving at a satisfactory solution. Two irreconcilable theories of

POPULAR GOVERNMENT

were at the outset proposed. The one advocated by Mr. Hamilton contemplated a strong centralized authority, fashioned after that of a limited monarchy; the other, which was proposed by Mr. Jefferson, recognized the people as the source of all power, and insisted that they should be left as free and untrammelled from governmental control as its exigencies might demand. The one contemplated a magnificent central government, with that ostentation and parade that keeps the masses in awe; the other a simple, economic, democratic government, regulated and governed by the people. The followers of these statesmen were known by the party names of Federalists and Republicans. The elder Adams was the first President of the Federalists, and during his administration and with his approval the Alien and Sedition laws were passed, the effect of which was to abridge, if not imperil, the freedom of the press in its criticism upon public officials. This measure, with others of an unpopular nature, so outraged public sentiment as to elect Mr. Jefferson, the apostle of Democracy, to succeed Mr. Adams by an overwhelming majority, and the views he entertained and ably advocated laid the foundation for that great popular approval which maintained his party in power, with but brief intervals of interruption, from that time up to the beginning of the war. The student of history will discover that the institution of slavery played a minor part in the political agitations of this country, so long as our politics related alone to questions of mere national policy. The first serious difficulty of more than local significance which threatened our institutions, arose from the imposition of an excise tax on distilled spirits, and was known as the "Whiskey Rebellion." The second, from the hostility of the New England States to

the War of 1812, which seriously interfered with their commercial traffic. So great was this discontent that a convention was called to meet at Hartford, Conn., which had in view the secession of the States there represented from the Union. In 1820 was passed what is known as the Missouri Compromise, which in effect was simply a truce between two antagonistic revenue systems, while the nullification movement was directed against the tariff system. So that up to this time the chief complaint against any legislation of our country, arose from dissatisfaction to its economic system.

Prior to the war the North had devoted herself chiefly to trade and manufacturing, to mechanic arts and industrial pursuits, while the South, owing to its easier lines of life, the fertility of its soil, with its genial climate and "peculiar institution," had turned her attention to the science of politics and a consideration of governmental affairs, the consequence of which was that the controlling voice and influence in the councils of the nation rested with her. As the North, by its industry and enterprise, grew in wealth and the development of a more liberal education, she became impatient and restless under this control, and resolved at all hazards to escape from it. Free-soilism and abolitionism, which up to this time had been the obedient hand-maid to any party that would lend its co-operation, were believed to be the potential elements by which to arouse the apprehensions of the South as to the security of slavery, and thus tend to the arrangement of parties on sectional lines. From this time forward the leading statesmen of the South were denounced and vilified as aristocrats and slave-drivers; and on the recurrence of every national contest, this new party resorted to every device to create animosities between the sections. At this time the Democratic party was so strong it became factional, and was finally disrupted through the political jealousy of its leaders. In consequence of its division, in the ensuing election four presidential candidates were offered for the suffrage of the people, and Mr. Lincoln was elected. As it was the first time in the history of our country that a president had been elected by a purely sectional vote, and a large portion of his followers were believed to be intent on either the abolition of slavery or a disruption of the Union, the gravest apprehensions were felt. The situation at that time is so lucidly and graphically described in the memoir of Richard H. Dana, recently prepared by Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Minister to England under Mr. Lincoln's administration, I cannot better present the matter than by using his language: "Looking back on it now, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, it is curious

to see how earnestly all played their parts and how essential to the great catastrophe all those parts were. The extremists on both sides were urging the country to immediate blows, regardless of consequences, and by so doing they were educating it to the necessary point when the hour should come. Had the Southern extremists prevailed, and the Southern blood been fired by an assault on Fort Sumter in January, the slave States would probably have been swept into a general insurrection while Buchanan was still President, with Floyd as his Secretary of War. Had this occurred, it is difficult now to see how the government could have been preserved. The Southern extremists, therefore, when they urged immediate action were, from the Southern point of view, clearly right. Every day then lost was a mistake, and, as the result proved, an irreparable mistake. On the other hand, had the extremists of the North prevailed in their demand for immediate action they would in the most effective way possible have played the game of their opponents. Fortunately they did not prevail, but their exhortations to action and denunciations of every attempt at a compromise educated the country to a fighting point."

That large and respectable body of patriotic citizens who were wedded to the Union and dreaded war, and above all things a civil war, were in favor of any compromise which might result in preserving harmony between the sections. It is difficult at this time to appreciate the excitement of those stormy days. Moderation and silence was but little understood or appreciated. The firing upon Sumter fired the hearts of both sections, and followed, as it was, by a call of Mr. Lincoln for troops to make war upon the States, promptly welded the States of the South into one common bond. They felt that if they must fight they preferred to fight strangers rather than their neighbors who were contending for the maintenance of their own rights, and that to yield to the party in power at such a juncture was but to invite further aggressions on their rights, for that this would involve their subjugation and the overthrow of their most cherished institutions. That no permanent compromise was practicable; that war at some time was inevitable must now be clear to all; that the war has taken place; that the abolition of slavery has occurred; that the South has been thrown open to settlement, to free and unembarrassed communication to the outside world; that the greatness of our section and the capability of our people to maintain free institutions has been manifested, and that the war has proved a great educator to all, is now conceded. In turning over the government to our Northern friends, the much misrepresented people of the South can

point with pride to the fact that the declaration that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be free," was penned by a Southern statesman; that this declaration was made good under the leadership of a Southern general; that "the Father of the Constitution" was a Southern man; that through a president, a Southern man, our boundaries were extended from ocean to ocean and from the gulf to the lakes; and that prior to the late war all assaults against the integrity of the Union were compromised and accommodated mainly through Southern statesmanship. When, after fifty years of its existence, the government was turned over to the statesmen of the North, in the language of one of her gifted and eloquent sons, the South surrendered it to her successors "matchless in her power, incalculable in her strength, the pride and the glory of the world."

It is of

STEPHEN D. RAMSEUR

that we now propose to speak—his life, his services, and his lamented death. In the Piedmont section of our State there is a county named in honor of that Revolutionary hero, Benjamin Lincoln, who at the time was in command of the Continental soldiers in Charleston harbor, fighting for the freedom and independence of the American colonies. This county was originally a part of Mecklenburg, the "Hornets' Nest" of the Revolution, and her sons partook of the sturdy patriotism of their neighbors. In her territorial limits was fought the battle of Ramseur's Mill, and other stirring scenes of like nature. Lincoln, though one of the smallest counties in the State, gave to history such well-known Revolutionary names as Brevard, Dickson, Chronicle, and others, who, though less generally known, were no less patriotic and determined in upholding their principles. The county-seat of Lincoln, with that want of imagination and originality for which Americans are celebrated, is called Lincolnton, a small village long distinguished for the culture, refinement, and unobtrusive hospitality of her people. While her citizens were not wealthy they enjoyed such affluence as enabled them to be independent and self-reliant. About the year 1837 there was born in Lincoln county three children, each of whom became distinguished in war before attaining his twenty-seventh year; and also from among her accomplished daughters came the wives of Stonewall Jackson, Lieutenant General D. H. Hill, and Brigadier General Rufus Barringer. Ramseur, Hoke, and R. D. Johnson were born within a year of each other, and for distinguished services in the field were promoted and entitled to wear the coveted

general's wreath on their collars. This same county gave to Alabama Brigadier General W. H. Forney, a gallant soldier, who is now, and for years has been, one of her most faithful and trusted members in the National Congress. Born and reared amidst such favorable and stimulating surroundings, it is not a matter of surprise that these young men should have been prompted by an honorable emulation to secure those prizes that were justly their own, for "*blood will tell.*" Entirely free from the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," ever kind and accessible to those about him, skilful and able in the field, Major-General Hoke readily became the idol of his soldiers. While not attaining to so high a rank, Brigadier-General Johnson was an able and fearless soldier. The life of Ramseur, while briefer, was not less brilliant and attractive than that of any of his cotemporaries. It has been eloquently said by another: "A book of dates, a table of dynasties, a succession of kings, or popes, or presidents—these in one aspect are history; but if they are to attract, or impress, or enduringly influence us, behind these dry bones of the historian's cabinet there must glow and palpitate the living lineaments of a man."

But should we choose an element of pre-eminent power to interest mankind, that element must consist of the life and deeds of some prominent actor upon the great theatre of war. While many admire, enjoy and are improved by the triumphs of the imagination and the reason, the impulse and the heart of the multitude in every age and clime have been taken captive by the great actors, rather than by the great thinkers among men. This has been true from the time of Joshua until that of Mahomet, and from thence to the present time, and we conclude that the multitude is right. Even the eloquence of Demosthenes, the oratory of Cicero, the glowing periods of Longinus, the beauties of Gibbon, the orphic rhythm of Milton, the profound reasoning of Bacon and the marvellous creations of Shakespeare, all have their enthusiastic admirers, but the heart of the multitude goes out in profound admiration for the courage, the genius and marvelous achievements of the great conquerors of the world. It attends them not only in their triumphs, but accompanies them with its sympathy in disappointments and misfortunes. So many elements are combined to constitute the truly great commander I will not endeavor to enumerate them, but will content myself by saying that the popular sentiment that the ideal general displays his greatest power upon the battle-field is an error, of which the late Von Moltke is a noted example. His greatest achievements consist in so preparing and mobilizing his forces as to virtually secure

his success before encountering his adversary. Our revolutionary period supplies us with an example of one of those matchless leaders, who, while he lost the majority of the great battles in which he was engaged, yet, even amidst the hardships and sufferings of a "Valley Forge," by his forethought, his patience and unselfish patriotism, could win and retain the confidence and admiration of his troops until he led them to the achievement of results which won the admiration of mankind. And our late war gave us the example of one who in all respects was a fitting complement of the former. Among the many able general officers which the exigencies of the late war called to the front, Ramseur is entitled to rank high, and gave the most flattering promises of still greater achievements.

Stephen D. Ramseur, the second child of Jacob A. and Lucy M. Ramseur, had Revolutionary blood in his veins through John Wilfong, a hero who was wounded at King's Mountain and fought at Eutaw Springs. He was born in Lincolnton the 31st day of May, 1837. His surroundings were well calculated to promote a well-developed character and a strong self-relying manhood. His parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, and did not neglect to see their son properly instructed in their religious tenets. They were possessed of ample means for their section, and gave to him the best advantages of social and intellectual improvement, without being exposed to the "devices and snares of the outer world." To the strong and beautiful character of his mother, Ramseur is said to have been indebted for the greater part of his success in life. In preparing the life of Rev. James H. Thornwell, D. D., Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., has asserted a truth which may be classed as a proverb. He says: "The pages of history will be searched in vain for a great man who had a fool for his mother." In writing of Ramseur's mother the Hon. David Schenck, who married Sallie Wilfong, her second daughter, says: "As a young lady she was said to have been beautiful and attractive. I knew her intimately from 1849 to her death. She was a woman of great force of character. To a judgment clear and firm she united gentleness, tenderness and sympathy. Her manners were easy and courteous and fascinating. She was an active and devoted member of the Presbyterian Church, and brought up her children in the teachings of the shorter catechism from their early youth. It was to her that General Ramseur owed the mental and moral foundations of his character." Ramseur received his preparatory training in the schools of Lincolnton and in the village of Milton, then he matriculated at Davidson College, entered the Freshman class and passed eighteen

months at this institution. He early displayed that decision of character and force of will that distinguished him in after life. He had an ardent longing for a military career, and though disappointed in his first efforts to secure an appointment as a cadet at the United States Military Academy, he was not cast down. Through the aid of General D. H. Hill, then a professor at Davidson, his second application was successful. He was given his appointment to the Academy by that sturdy old Roman, the Hon. Burton Craige, who before the days of rotation in office was long an able and distinguished member of Congress from our State. Ramseur spent the usual term of five years at the Academy, and was graduated with distinction in the class of 1860. Among his class-mates of national reputation were Generals James H. Wilson and Merritt, Colonel Wilson, commandant at United States Military Academy, and Colonel A. C. M. Pennington, United States army.

Through his courtesy, sincerity and the conscientious discharge of his duties while at West Point he formed many valued friendships both among his fellow-students and in the corps. After graduating, Ramseur entered the light-artillery service and was commissioned second lieutenant by brevet. He was in the United States army but a short time prior to the breaking out of hostilities, and during that time was assigned to duty at Fortress Monroe. In April, 1861, he resigned his commission in the old army and promptly tendered his sword to the Provisional Government of the Confederate States, then assembled at Montgomery. By this Government he was commissioned first lieutenant of artillery and ordered to the Department of Mississippi. About this time a battery of artillery was being formed at Raleigh, whose membership was comprised of the flower of the patriotic youth of the State. It was called "the Ellis Artillery," in honor of our then very able and patriotic Governor, whose early death by *phthisis* was an irreparable loss to our State in the early days of the war. The officers were Manly, Saunders, Guion and Bridgers, who, owing to our long peace establishment, were not familiar with even the rudiments of the drill. Therefore, with more patriotism than selfish emulation, they promptly applied through Lieutenant Saunders to their friend the Governor for some suitable and reliable commander. With a pardonable pride in so fine a company, Governor Ellis had doubtless previously considered this subject in his own mind. At all events, so soon as the request was made known he promptly replied: "I have the very man. You couldn't get a better. It is Lieutenant Ramseur." There-

upon a dispatch was sent tendering him the command, which reached him on his way to his new field of duty. He accepted the unsolicited but none the less coveted distinction of repelling the invasion of his native State in command of her own sons, and repaired at once to Raleigh. On arriving at the camp of instruction near this place, he found a first-class command of raw recruits without equipments or discipline or the remotest conception of the magnitude of the great contest before them. Many had joined the artillery because it was known to be one of the higher and more attractive branches of the service. They concurred with Secretary Seward, that the war was a matter of a few months, or else with Vice-President Stephens, that for the defence of their firesides gentlemen should not be kept in camps of instruction and discipline, but permitted to remain at their homes, for they were capable of judging when the enemy should be met, and by what methods most easily defeated. If they had read of war it was, in books which gave it such gloss and glamour as made every battle magnificent, if not positively delectable, for such, indeed, is the general current of popular history. Not so Ramseur, who had been taught in a school where the art of war is thoroughly explained, the discipline and drudgery of soldier life daily seen and the distinctions and advantages of rank recognized and respected. His education and experience led him to concur with Viscount Wolsley, who, in speaking of war, declares that active service teaches us some painful lessons: "That all men are not heroes; that the quality as well as quantity of their courage differs largely; that some are positively cowards; that there always is, always has been, and always will be, a good deal of skulking and malingering; it teaches us not to expect too much from any body of men; above all things to value the truly brave men as worth more than all the talkers and spouters who have ever squabbled for place in the arena of politics." Ramseur was well satisfied with the *esprit de corps* of his command, and resolved to employ it to the best advantage. To do this his men must have a knowledge of tactics, discipline, and subordination was indispensable. He had considered all this, determined what was right, and whether it consorted with the wishes and inclinations of those who belonged to the command or not was not material with him. Indeed, duty was his polar star. He did not willingly sever his connection from the old army, but when called on to elect whether he would fight for or against his people and his State, there was no hesitancy, no doubt as to where his duty lay, and he threw his whole soul and energies into the cause

of the South. This company was composed of twelve-months men. Ramseur wanted soldiers, and wanted them for the war. This being known, some, a few members of the company, began to be discontented. They feared they were to be treated as regular soldiers, and insisted that inasmuch as they had volunteered only for twelve months that should the company be reorganized for the war they were entitled to withdraw. They were good men and did not desire to leave the service; they were allowed to withdraw, and in other fields made good soldiers. The reorganization of the battery was soon completed, all elements of discord eliminated, and, under the skilful management and discipline of its new captain, made admirable progress. The great thing now was to secure its guns and equipments, and in this the company was aided by its name and the patriotic ardor of the citizens of Raleigh. At this time there was only one field battery available, and for it another company was applying. The name and *personnel* of the Ellis Artillery won the prize, while the voluntary subscriptions of our citizens supplied it with horses. Being without tents or suitable parade-grounds, Mr. William Boylan tendered it his residence and out-buildings for shelter and ample grounds as a camp for instruction. The offer was accepted, and here the company received that impress which, when called to Virginia and brought in comparison with others, carried off the palm for soldierly bearing, splendid drill and handsome equipment. In the latter part of the summer of 1861 the company was ordered to Smithfield, Va., where the fall and winter months were spent without graver duties than occasional reconnoissances to and from Norfolk. McClellan's army was now near Washington, confronted by that of General Joe Johnston, while the public mind of the North was becoming very impatient at its inaction, and began to renew the cry of "On to Richmond!" which had been so popular before the inglorious defeat of the Federal army at Manassas. McClellan, unable to resist this clamor, determined to endeavor to reach the Confederate capital by way of the lower Chesapeake, and on transports transferred his army to the Peninsular and sat down before Yorktown. It is estimated that McClellan at this time had an army of not less than one hundred and twenty thousand men fit for duty. This force was to be confronted and delayed until Johnston could arrive by thirteen thousand Confederates under General J. B. Magruder, who, in order to accomplish this purpose, was compelled to cover a front of thirteen miles with his small force. The work was done, and with consummate ability, and it is no disparagement to others to say there

was no officer in either army better qualified to play such a game of bluff than the genial, whole-souled Magruder. Ramseur was ordered to report with his battery at Yorktown. When he arrived Magruder, who had known him in the old army, detached him from his battery and placed him in command of all the artillery on his right. Here Ramseur saw his first active service in the field, and received the promotion of Major. On the arrival of the forces of McClellan a campaign of maneuvering commenced which delayed the advance for over a month. In the meantime, Ramseur had been elected lieutenant-colonel of the Third regiment of volunteers, but declined to leave his battery. Subsequently, and before serious demonstration had begun, he was elected colonel of the Forty-ninth regiment of infantry. He was still reluctant to leave his battery, but appreciating the fact that Manly and its other officers were then well qualified for any duties that might be required of them, through the persuasion of friends he was induced to accept the promotion. Subsequent events soon justified his confidence in this artillery company. At the battle of Williamsburg, where it received its first baptism of fire, it gathered fadeless laurels which it was destined to wear through the war with a fame still augmenting.

The Forty-ninth regiment was composed of raw recruits who were gathered together in the camp of instruction at Raleigh, organized into companies and regiments, and instructed as to their duties in the field. With his accustomed energy and ability Ramseur immediately addressed himself to the labor of making soldiers out of these recruits. By constant drill he soon had his regiment in fair condition; and as the emergency was pressing, he moved with it to the point of danger. The regiment was assigned to the brigade of an old army officer, General Robert Ransom, who was soon to become a distinguished major-general of cavalry, in the Army of Northern Virginia, and thence to be assigned to the command of all the cavalry under Longstreet in his operations in the West. In the series of battles around Richmond, known as the "Seven Days' Fight," Ramseur, while gallantly leading his regiment in the battle of Malvern Hill, received a severe and disabling wound through the right arm, but declined to leave the field until the action was over. This wound necessitated his removal to Richmond, where he was detained for over a month before his injury permitted him to enjoy the much-coveted pleasure of a visit to his home. Indeed, the arm was broken, and he was ever afterwards compelled to wear it in a sling.

In his report General Ransom speaks of the conspicuous gallantry of Ramseur and his men, and it was by reason of his soldierly qualities mainly, displayed upon this occasion, that his promotion to the rank of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL

soon followed. While still at home wounded Ramseur received notice of his unexpected promotion. At first he doubted whether one as young should accept so responsible a position, and was disposed to decline the promotion. His friends did not coincide in his views, and through their persuasion he was induced to accept it. In October, 1862, with his arm still disabled, he went to Richmond to make a decision in regard to the brigade offered him. While there he called upon Mr. Davis, alike distinguished as a soldier and a statesman, to whom he expressed the fears then agitating his mind. In that affable and engaging manner peculiar to himself, Mr. Davis at once dismissed any suggestion of his declining, but on the contrary urged him to accept the command, return home and remain until he had entirely recovered his health and his strength. Ramseur obeyed only in part the suggestions of his commander-in-chief. He accepted the command of the brigade, and went at once to the Army of Northern Virginia, and with his wound still green, entered upon the discharge of his duties. This brigade was then composed of the Second regiment, organized and instructed by that able tactician, scholarly and accomplished gentleman, Colonel C. C. Tew, who was killed at Sharpsburg; the Fourth by the chivalrous and lamented Brigadier-General George B. Anderson, who died of wounds received at Sharpsburg; the Fourteenth, before its reorganization, was commanded and instructed by that soldierly and ardent North Carolinian, Brigadier-General Junius Daniel, who fell in the Spotsylvania campaign ere his commission as a major-general had reached him; and the Thirteenth by Colonel F. M. Parker, the brave soldier and courteous gentleman, of whom further mention will be made during the course of this narrative. Ramseur, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," was aptly and fitly chosen the worthy commander of this distinguished brigade, and immediately addressed himself to its reorganization. His admirable qualifications for his duties and his pure and chivalrous character were soon recognized and appreciated, and infused new life and spirit into the command. As a disciplinarian, he was rigid; as a tactician, skillful; as a judge of men, good; as a redressor of wrongs, prompt; as

an officer, courteous and urbane; as a soldier, fearless and chivalrous. He early commanded the respect and ultimately won the hearts of all of whom he held command. This brigade at the time he assumed command was in Rhodes' division of Jackson's corps. Ramseur remained in command without events of any particular importance occurring until he entered upon his

CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN.

His report of that famous battle is so full and complete, and so clearly displays the unselfish and chivalrous nature of this officer, I am confident I cannot do better than to incorporate it as a part of this sketch. It reads as follows :

" May 23, 1864.

" SIR :

In obedience to Orders No. —, dated May 7th, 1863, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my brigade in the series of skirmishes and battles opening at Massaponax creek and ending in the splendid victory at Chancellorsville :

" Wednesday, A. M., April 29th, the brigade was placed below Massaponax creek to dispute the enemy's crossing, and remained in that position, occasionally annoyed by their artillery (by which I lost a few men) and kept on the alert by picket firing until Thursday evening, when we were withdrawn to a point near Hamilton's Crossing.

" Friday, May 1st, at 3 A. M., we were aroused for the march and led the advance of Major-General Rodes' division in the direction of Chancellorsville. At a distance of seven miles from Fredericksburg we were detached from our own division and ordered to report to Major-General Anderson, when we advanced upon the enemy, who fell back in confusion before our sharp-shooters for several miles, strewing the way with their arms and baggage, this brigade, with General Posey on our right and General Wright on our left, for upwards, perhaps, of two miles, being in advance. About 6 P. M. we found the foe in force upon our front and supported by batteries that poured grape unsparingly into the woods through which we were still advancing. Night approaching a halt was ordered, and we slept on our arms with a strong picket line on the outposts.

" Saturday, May 2d, we were relieved about sunrise and shortly thereafter marched by a series of circuitous routes and with surpassing strategy to a position in the rear of the enemy, whom, at about 5 P. M., we were ordered to attack.

"This brigade was directed to support Brigadier-General Colquitt, with orders to overlap his right by one regiment, and was placed accordingly. At the command we advanced with the division, preserving a distance of about one hundred yards in the rear of General Colquitt. Brisk firing was soon heard upon our front and left, indicating that General Doles had encountered the foe. At this point General Colquitt moved by the right flank, sending me word by an officer of his staff that the enemy was attempting to turn his right. I immediately moved by the right flank, but heard no firing in that quarter. Again he sent his staff officer to inform me that the enemy was passing by his right flank, when I directed him to say to General Colquitt (in effect) that the firing indicated a sharp fight with General Doles, and that my impression was that his support was needed there, and that I would take care of his right flank. General Colquitt moved to the front, with the exception of one regiment, which continued to the right. I then pressed on by the right flank to meet the enemy that General Colquitt's staff officer twice reported to me to be in that direction, and prosecuted the search for half a mile, perhaps, but not a solitary Yankee was to be seen. I then came up to the division line and moved by the left flank to the support of General Colquitt, whose men were resting in line of battle on the field General Doles had won.

"Saturday night our division occupied the last line of battle within the entrenchments from which the routed corps of Sigel had fled in terror. My brigade was placed perpendicular to the plank-road, the left resting on the road, General Doles on my right and Colonel (E. A.) O'Neal, commanding Rodes' Brigade, on my left. I placed Colonel (F. M.) Parker, Thirtieth North Carolina, on the right of my brigade; Colonel (R. T.) Bennett, Fourteenth North Carolina, on right centre; Colonel (W. R.) Cox, Second North Carolina, left centre, and Colonel (Bryan) Grimes, Fourth North Carolina, on left.

"Sunday, May 3d, the division being, as stated, in the third line of battle, advanced about 9 o'clock to the support of the second line. After proceeding about one-fourth of a mile I was applied to by Major (W. J.) Pegram for support to his battery, when I detached Colonel Parker, Thirtieth North Carolina, for this purpose, with orders to advance obliquely to his front and left and join me after his support should be no longer needed, or to fight his regiment as circumstances might require. I continued to advance to the first line of breast-works, from which the enemy had been driven, and behind which I found a small portion of Paxton's brigade and Jones' brigade, of

Trimble's division. Knowing that a general advance had been ordered, I told these troops to move forward. Not a man moved. I then reported this state of things to Major-General Stuart, who directed me to assume command of these troops and compel them to advance. This I essayed to do, and, after fruitless efforts, ascertained that General Jones was not on the field and that Colonel (T. S.) Garnett had been killed. I reported again to General Stuart, who was near, and requested permission to run over the troops in my front, which was cheerfully granted. At the command 'Forward!' my brigade, with a shout, cleared the breastworks and charged the enemy. The Fourth North Carolina (Colonel Grimes) and seven companies of the Second North Carolina (Colonel Cox) drove the enemy before them until they had taken the last line of his works, which they held under a severe, direct and enfilading fire, repulsing several assaults on this portion of our front. The Fourteenth North Carolina (Colonel Bennett) and three companies of the Second were compelled to halt some one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in rear of the troops just mentioned for the reason that the troops on my right had failed to come up and the enemy was in heavy force on my right flank. Had Colonel Bennett advanced the enemy could easily have turned my right. As it was, my line was subjected to a horrible enfilading fire, by which I lost severely. I saw the danger threatening my right, and sent several times to Jones' brigade to come to my assistance, and I also went back twice myself and exhorted and ordered it (officers and men) to fill up the gap (some five or six hundred yards) on my right, but all in vain. I then reported to General Rodes that unless support was sent to drive the enemy from my right I would have to fall back. In the mean time Colonel Parker, of the Thirtieth North Carolina, approaching from the battery on the right, suddenly fell upon the flank and repulsed a heavy column of the enemy who were moving to get in my rear by my right flank, some three or four hundred of them surrendering to him as prisoners of war. The enemy still held his strong position in the ravine on my right, so that the Fourteenth North Carolina and the three companies of the Second North Carolina could not advance. The enemy discovered this situation of affairs and pushed a brigade to the right and rear of Colonel Grimes and seven companies of Colonel Cox's (Second North Carolina), with the intention of capturing their commands. This advance was made under a terrible direct fire of musketry and artillery. The move necessitated a retrograde movement on the part of Colonels Grimes and Cox, which was exe-

cuted in order, but with the loss of some prisoners, who did not hear the command to retire. Colonel Bennett held his position until ordered to fall back, and, in common with all others, to replenish his empty cartridge-boxes. The enemy did not halt at this position, but retired to his battery, from which he was quickly driven, Colonel Parker, of the Thirtieth North Carolina, sweeping over it with the troops on my right.

"After replenishing cartridge-boxes I received an order from Major-General Rodés to throw my brigade on the left of the road to meet an apprehended attack of the enemy in that quarter. This was done, and afterwards I was moved to a position on the plank-road, which was entrenched, and which we occupied until the division was ordered back to camp near Hamilton's Crossing.

"The charge of the brigade, made at a critical moment, when the enemy had broken and was hotly pressing the centre of the line in our front with apparently overwhelming numbers, not only checked his advance but threw him back in disorder and pushed him with heavy loss from his last line of works.

"Too high praise cannot be accredited to officers and men for their gallantry, fortitude and manly courage during this brief but arduous campaign. Exposed as they had been for five days immediately preceding the fights on the picket line, they were, of course, somewhat wearied, but the order to move forward and confront the enemy brightened every eye and quickened every step. Under fire all through Wednesday, Wednesday night and Thursday, without being able effectually to return this fire, they bore all bravely, and led the march towards Chancellorsville on Friday morning in splendid order. The advance of the brigade on Friday afternoon was made under the very eyes of our departed hero (Jackson) and of Major-General A. P. Hill, whose words of praise and commendation, bestowed upon the field, we fondly cherish. And on Sunday the magnificent charge of the brigade upon the enemy's last and most terrible stronghold was made in view of Major-General Stuart and our division commander, Major-General R. E. Rodés, whose testimony that it was the most glorious charge of that most glorious day, we are proud to remember and report to our kindred and friends.

"To enumerate all the officers and men who deserve special mention for their gallantry would be to return a list of all who were on the field. All met the enemy with unflinching courage; and for privations, hardships, and splendid marches, all of which were cheerfully

borne, they richly deserve the thanks of our beautiful and glorious Confederacy.

"I cannot close without mentioning the conspicuous gallantry and great efficiency of my regimental commander. Colonel Parker of the Thirtieth North Carolina was detached during the fight of Sunday to support a battery, and having accomplished that object moved forward on his own responsibility and greatly contributed to wrest the enemy's stronghold at Chancellorsville from their grasp as well as prevent their threatened demonstrations upon the right of my brigade; the gallant Grimes of the Fourth North Carolina, whose conduct on other fields gave promise of what was fully realized on this; Colonel Bennett of the Fourteenth North Carolina, conspicuous for his coolness under the hottest fire, and last, though not least, the manly and chivalrous Cox of the Second North Carolina, the accomplished gentleman, splendid soldier, and warm friend, who, though wounded five times, remained with his regiment until exhausted. In common with the entire command, I regret his temporary absence from the field, where he loved to be.

"Major Daniel W. Hurtt, Second North Carolina State troops, commanded the skirmishers faithfully and well.

"To the field and company officers, one and all, my thanks are due for the zeal and bravery displayed under the most trying circumstances.

"To the gentlemen of my staff I owe especial thanks for services rendered on the march and upon the field. Captain Seaton Gales, Assistant adjutant-general, and Lieutenant Caleb Richmond, aide-de-camp, were with me all the time, promptly carrying orders under the very hottest fire. I take pleasure, too, in speaking of the bravery of private James Stinson, courier, a youth of twenty, who displayed qualities a veteran might boast of, and of the conduct of private J. B. Beggarly, also a courier to headquarters.

"To Dr. G. W. Briggs, senior surgeon of the brigade, my thanks are due for his zeal, skill, and care of the wounded.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"STEPHEN D. RAMSEUR,

"*Brigadier-General Commanding.*"

In the report of this battle by Major-General Rodes he makes the following remarks as to the part borne by Ramseur's brigade:

* * * * *

"While these movements were taking place on the left, Ramseur and Doles pushed forward on the right, past the first line of entrenchments, which had already been carried, passed the first and second lines of our troops, and became fiercely engaged. Doles deflecting to the right, passed up a ravine behind the graveyard on Chancellor's Hill, and finally came out in the field nearly opposite the house, driving the enemy before him as he advanced, actually getting several hundred yards to the rear as well of those troops opposing the rest of my division as of those opposing General Anderson's Division. Subsequently he was compelled to fall back and was directed by General Lee to take a large body of prisoners to the rear. Ramseur, after vainly urging the troops in the first line of entrenchment to move forward, obtained permission to pass them, and dashing over the works, charged the second entrenchment in the most brilliant style. The struggle at this point was long and obstinate, but the charge on the left of the plank-road at this time caused the enemy to give way on his left, and this, combined with the unflinching determination of his men, carried the day, and gave him possession of the works. Not being supported, he was exposed still to a galling fire from the right, with great danger of being flanked. Notwithstanding repeated efforts made by him, and by myself in person, none of the troops in his rear would move up until the old "Stonewall Brigade" arrived on the ground, and gallantly advanced in conjunction with the Thirtieth North Carolina regiment, Colonel F. M. Parker, of Ramseur's brigade, which had been detached to support a battery, and was now on its return. Occupying the works on the right of Ramseur, and thus relieving him when his ammunition was nearly exhausted, the Stonewall Brigade pushed on and carried Chancellorsville heights, making the third time that they were captured."

In this battle, Ramseur, though severely wounded, declined to leave the field, and is especially mentioned by Rodes as one who was "distinguished for great gallantry and efficiency in this action."

It will be remembered that it was here that that great ideal soldier of the army of Northern Virginia, who stood second only to Lee, Stonewall Jackson, fell mortally wounded, and was carried from the field. His command then devolved on A. P. Hill, who was wounded, and then upon General J. E. B. Stuart, whose plume, like that of Henry of Navarre, was always seen conspicuous in the thickest of the

affray. While each of these generals mentioned Ramseur and his brigade in the most flattering terms, I will not stop to quote from their reports. I prefer to hasten on, and call your attention to what will be recognized by every soldier of that army as one of the highest compliments and most distinguished tributes that could have been paid to Ramseur and his command. I beg you to pause and reflect upon the force and power of each expression. It emanates from one not given to compliments, but who, in all of his public communications, seemed to weigh and carefully consider each word that he used. I am confident that the existence of this letter was not known either to Ramseur or to any of his command when written, and came to my notice for the first time only very recently.

GENERAL LEE'S TRIBUTE.

It reads as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

"June 4th, 1863.

"HIS EXCELLENCY ZEBULON B. VANCE,

"Governor of North Carolina, Raleigh:

"GOVERNOR: I have the honor to call the attention of your Excellency to the reduced condition of Brigadier-General Ramseur's brigade. Its ranks have been much thinned by the casualties of the battles in which it has been engaged, in all of which it has rendered conspicuous service. I consider its brigade and regimental commanders as among the best of their respective grades in the army, and in the battle of Chancellorsville, where the brigade was much distinguished and suffered severely, General Ramseur was among those whose conduct was especially commended to my notice by Lieutenant-General Jackson in a message sent to me after he was wounded. I am very desirous that the efficiency of this brigade should be increased by filling its ranks, and respectfully ask that, if it be in your power, you will send on recruits for its various regiments as soon as possible. If this cannot be done I would recommend that two additional regiments be sent to it if they can be had. I am satisfied that the men could be used in no better way to render valuable service to the country and win credit for themselves and their State.

"I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

"R. E. LEE, General."

Mark the language: "I consider its brigade and regimental commanders the best of their respective grades in the army." What army? The Army of Northern Virginia! The best on the continent! Who sends a message to Lee about Ramseur that is worthy to be repeated to the Governor of the State? Stonewall Jackson, from his bed of anguish. No higher eulogy could be pronounced.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, Ramseur, with his brigade, accompanied the army of Lee in its invasion of Pennsylvania. In connection with Rodes' division, in the first day's fight at Gettysburg they secured the elevated ridge known as Oak Hill, which was the key-note of the entire field. Swinton, in his "Army of the Potomac," says: "When towards three o'clock a general advance was made by the Confederates, Rodes speedily broke through the Union centre, carrying away the right of the First corps and the left of the Eleventh, and, entering the interval between them, disrupted the whole line." The Federal troops fell back in much disorder, and were pursued by our troops through the town of Gettysburg. This was our opportunity to have seized the heights, the subsequent assaults on which proved so disastrous to us during the progress of this battle. Ramseur urged that the pursuit should be continued until Cemetery Heights were in our possession. The light of subsequent events shows that he was clearly in the right. Our friends in Virginia are fond of boasting of the advanced position of their troops at Gettysburg. It is a thing to be boasted of. Her sons were gallant and martial, and far be it from me to detract one title from the fame to which they are entitled, yet it is but an act of justice to call attention to the fact that the only two brigades which entered the works of Cemetery Heights on the second day of the battle were Hoke's North Carolina and Hays' Louisiana brigades. The former was then under the command of that gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, Colonel Isaac E. Avery, who lost his life on this occasion while gallantly leading his brigade on the heights on the 2d of July. In his report of this battle, Early says:

* * * * *

"As soon as Johnson became warmly engaged, which was a little before dusk, I ordered Hays and Avery to advance and carry the works on the heights in front. These troops advanced in gallant style to the attack, passing over the ridge in front of them under a heavy artillery fire, and there crossing a hollow between that and Cemetery Hill, and moving up this hill in the face of at least two lines

of infantry posted behind stone and plank fences, and passing over all obstacles, they reached the crest of the hill and entered the enemy's breastworks, crossing it, getting possession of one or two batteries."

Brigadier-General Iverson, of Georgia, had manifested such a want of capacity in the field at Gettysburg he was relieved of his command and assigned to provost guard duty. As a further mark of Lee's appreciation of Ramseur, this brigade was assigned temporarily to his command, in addition to the one he already commanded.

In the various skirmishes and battles of this campaign Ramseur displayed his usual efficiency and gallantry. After returning from Pennsylvania our troops went into winter quarters near Orange Courthouse, and as it was clear that after the exhaustive campaigns of the year we would enjoy a period of comparative quiet, Ramseur obtained a leave of absence for the purpose of entering into the most important relations of one's life. He had long been attached to and was then engaged to Miss Ellen E. Richmond, of Milton, but the consummation of his hopes had been often deferred by the exigencies of the public service. He was now made supremely happy in their marriage, which occurred on the 22d of October, 1863.

The successive failures of the Army of the Potomac in its engagements with the Army of Northern Virginia created a general apprehension throughout the North that unless something more satisfactory was accomplished the successful issue of the war was becoming a most doubtful problem. This prompted the nomination of General Grant to the grade of lieutenant-general, and he was assigned to the command of "all the armies of the United States." One of the conditions of his acceptance was that he should not be hampered in the discharge of his duties by the central authorities at Washington—a wise and judicious precaution, which else would have resulted in his supersedure after his terrible losses at Cold Harbor, where, according to Swinton, he had thirteen thousand of his men killed and wounded within the space of two hours, and this without inflicting but little loss on his adversary.

On the morning of May 5th, 1864, over one hundred thousand of Grant's troops had crossed the Rapidan, and thence followed that series of battles on the overland route to Richmond, wherein the killed, wounded and disabled on the part of Grant's army were as great as the whole army of Lee when these engagements commenced.

During this march Ramseur's men were frequently engaged in successful skirmishes and battles with the enemy, but the great battle in which he shone conspicuously was on the 12th of May, at

SPOTSYLVANIA COURTHOUSE.

On the afternoon of the 11th there was severe fighting on our right, when Ramseur's men mounted over our works and drove the enemy from our front in a hand-to-hand engagement. It was expected by Lee that during the night Grant would withdraw his troops for the purpose of continuing his advance on Richmond. In order to be in readiness to confront him when he should make this change, Lee had directed that the guns in front of Ed. Johnson's Division, in a point in our lines known as the "salient," should be withdrawn during the night to facilitate our movements in the morning. This fact became known to Grant through a deserter from our lines. Hancock's corps was in front of this point, and he was directed to approach under the cover of night and a dense fog and assault the line at early dawn. The attack resulted most successfully, for our works were captured, together with a large number of prisoners. To restore in part this line became Ramseur's duty. In his report of the action he speaks substantially as follows: That in anticipation of an attack on his front on the morning of the 12th he had his brigade under arms at early dawn. Very soon he heard a terrible assault on his right. He therefore moved Cox's regiment, which was in reserve, to a position perpendicular to his line of battle. At this time the enemy was massing his troops for a further advance. For the purpose of driving him back he formed his brigade in a line parallel to the two lines held by the enemy. The men in charging were directed to keep their alignment and not pause until both lines of works were ours. How gallantly and successfully these orders were executed were witnessed by Generals Rodes and Ewell. The two lines of Federal troops were driven pell-mell out and over both lines of our original works with great loss. The enemy held the breastworks on our right, enfilading the line with destructive fire, at the same time heavily assaulting our right front. In this extremity, Colonel Bennett, of the Fourteenth, offered to take his regiment from left to right, under a severe fire, and drive back the growing masses of the enemy on our right. This hazardous offer was accepted as a

forlorn hope, and was most successfully executed. To Colonel Bennett and his men, says General Ramseur, and his gallant officers, all honor is due. I distinctly recall the circumstances under which the charge was made, and for cool audacity and unflinching courage I never saw it surpassed. At the time the movement was commenced Colonel Parker's regiment and the Federals were engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter in and over the works, while my regiment was pouring a most destructive fire into the Federals in our front. We entered these works at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 12th and remained in the works fighting and contending for over twenty hours. When relieved, hungry and exhausted, we dropped upon the wet ground and slept most profoundly.

A correspondent of the London *Morning Herald*, who had familiar access to Lee's headquarters, in a description of the battle of the Wilderness, gives this vivid account of the action of Ramseur's brigade on the morning of the 12th :

"The Federalists continued to hold their ground in the salient, and along the line of works to the left of that angle, within a short distance of the position of Monaghan's (Hays') Louisianians. Ramseur's North Carolinians, of Rodes' division, formed, covering Monaghan's right; and being ordered to charge, were received by the enemy with a stubborn resistance. The desperate character of the struggle along that brigade-front was told terribly in the hoarseness and rapidity of its musketry. So close was the fighting there, for a time, that the fire of friend and foe rose up rattling in one common roar. Ramseur's North Carolinians dropped in the ranks thick and fast, but still he continued, with glorious constancy, to gain ground, foot by foot. Pressing under a fierce fire, resolutely on, on, on, the struggle was about to become one of hand to hand, when the Federalist shrank from the bloody trial. Driven back, they were not defeated. The earthworks being at the moment in their immediate rear, they bounded on the opposite side; and having thus placed them in their front, they renewed the conflict. A rush of an instant brought Ramseur's men to the side of the defenses; and though they crouched close to the slopes, under enfilade from the guns of the salient, their musketry rattled in deep and deadly fire on the enemy that stood in overwhelming numbers but a few yards from their front. Those brave North Carolinians had thus, in one of the hottest conflicts of the day, succeeded in driving the enemy from the works that had been occupied during the previous night by a brigade which, until the 12th of May, had never yet yielded to a foe—the Stonewall."

In an address before the Army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Venable, of Lee's staff, says; "The restoration of the battle on the 12th, thus rendering utterly futile the success achieved by Hancock's Corps at daybreak, was a wonderful feat of arms, in which all the troops engaged deserve the greatest credit for endurance, constancy and unflinching courage. But without unjust discrimination, we may say that Gordon, Rodes and Ramseur were the heroes of this bloody day. * * * * Rodes and Ramseur were destined, alas! in a few short months, to lay down their noble lives in the Valley of Virginia. There was no victor's chaplet more highly prized by the Roman soldier than that woven of the grass of early spring. Then let the earliest flowers of May be always intertwined in the garlands which the pious hands of our fair women shall lay on the tombs of Rodes and Ramseur, and of the gallant dead of the battle of twenty hours at Spotsylvania."

General Long, in his "Life of Lee," puts the name of Ramseur in the van of those who rushed into this angle of death and hurled back the Federals' most savage sallies. During the long and fierce struggle I saw soldiers place the arms of their comrades who had just fallen in such a position as when they had become stiffened they would hold the cartridges we were using. Yes, fighting and exhausted, amidst blood and mud and brains, they would sit on the bodies of their fallen comrades for rest, and dared not show even a finger above the breastworks, for so terrible was the fire at this angle that a tree eighteen inches in diameter was cut asunder by minnie balls. After the battle was over Generals Lee and Ewell thanked Ramseur in person, and directed him to carry to his officers and men their high appreciation of their conspicuous services and heroic daring. At this time such portions of the First and Third regiments as were not captured in the salient were placed in the brigade, and it is sufficient praise to bear witness that from that time on to the surrender at Appomattox their officers and men always showed themselves worthy of the highest confidence reposed in them. In appreciation of the conspicuous services rendered by Ramseur on this occasion, he was made a Major-General and assigned to the command of Early's division, and I had the distinguished honor of being assigned to Ramseur's (now to be Cox's) historic brigade.

THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA,

both physically and strategically, is one of the most attractive regions of that State. It is not less distinguished for the brilliant achieve-

ments of Stonewall Jackson than for the ardent patriotism of its men and the devotion and sacrifices of its women to the cause of the South. It was here that Jackson, with a little army of thirteen thousand men, defeated and drove from the valley Milroy, Fremont, Banks and Shields, whose combined forces were four times as great as his own, besides capturing vast quantities of much needed commissary and ordnance stores and large numbers of prisoners. After the battle of Cold Harbor the Second corps, composed of Ramseur's, Rode's and Gordon's divisions, were placed under the command of Early, and directed to proceed to this valley, with instructions to capture or destroy the army of Hunter, a recreant Virginian, who was marching in the direction of Lynchburg, destroying the country as he moved along. Attached to this corps was Nelson's and Braxton's battalions of artillery, together with a division of cavalry. At this time Breckinridge, who, in a brilliant engagement, had recently defeated Sigel, was at Lynchburg awaiting our arrival. Our troops were transported by rail. Ramseur's and Gordon's divisions were sent forward as soon as they were ready. They arrived at Lynchburg about 4 o'clock P. M., on the 17th of June. Here they united with Breckinridge and the troops of Major-General Ransom, who was in command of the whole cavalry in the valley. Hunter was in camp near the city of Lynchburg. In a letter to me, General Ransom says that at this time "he (Ramseur) and I reconnoitered the right flank of Hunter's army and found it could be most advantageously assailed, and in person reported the fact to General Early, who said he would not attack until the whole of Rodes' division had arrived from Richmond. The opportunity to destroy Hunter's army was then lost." Hunter took council of his fears and advantage of the cover of night and darkness to make a hasty retreat. Early on the morning of the 19th we commenced a pursuit, and just before night overtook the enemy's rear at Liberty, when Ramseur's division moved on it and drove it through the place. It was now ascertained that Hunter had not taken the route that we anticipated, but had retreated by way of Beauford's Gap, where, the next day, he was found occupying a commanding position on the crest of the mountain. After our arrival we spent the afternoon in efforts to secure a position from which to successfully assail him the following day. Hunter, by our failure to promptly pursue at daylight, made his escape, and being in the mountains further pursuit was useless. Early, in his report, says: "By mistake of the messenger who was sent with orders to General Rodes to lead the next morning, there

was some delay in his movement on the 21st, but the pursuit was resumed very shortly after sunrise." After resting a day we resumed the march and reached Buchanan that night. Our next important move was to cross the Potomac into Maryland. We reached Frederick, Maryland, about the 9th of the month, when Ramseur, after a slight resistance, moved through the town and brushed away the Federals before him. Our invasion had so alarmed the Federal capital that General Wallace was directed to move at once with such forces as he had and could collect and interpose them between us and Washington. When Wallace reached our front he drew his troops up on the eastern bank of the

MONOCACY.

Ramseur deployed in his front, drove his skirmishers across the river and a brief and brisk artillery duel followed. In the meantime McCausland, with his cavalry, crossed the river, attacked the Federal left flank and threw it into confusion, which Early discovering, threw forward Gordon's division. Gordon moved to the assistance of McCausland, while Ramseur crossed over the railroad bridge and fell upon Wallace, who retreated with great precipitation, leaving in our hands six or seven hundred prisoners besides his killed and wounded. Our loss in killed and wounded was severe, but as this was a sharp and brilliant engagement, well planned and spiritedly executed, it infused new life into our troops. On the 10th we moved to Rockville. As the weather was hot and the roads dusty, our troops were easily fatigued and made but slow progress. The next day we resumed the march, and in the afternoon reached Seventh street pike, which leads into Washington. In a history of the Army of the Potomac, Swinton, in speaking of this movement, says: "By afternoon the Confederate infantry had come up and showed a strong line in front of Fort Stevens. Early had there an opportunity to dash into the city, the works being very slightly defended. The hope at headquarters that the capital could be saved from capture was very slender." The truth is, the Sixth and Ninth corps of Grant's army were then *en route* to save the capital, and for us to have entered it at this time might, in the end, have proved a costly experiment. Probably more expedition might have been exercised by us in our march. After reconnoitering and skirmishing a couple of days, we turned our backs on the capital, beat a hasty retreat to the Potomac, followed by the enemy's cavalry.

The next engagement of any importance in which Ramseur was concerned was at Winchester, where he was left with his command and a battery of artillery to protect the place from a threatened attack from Averill. While here he was informed by General Vaughan, in command of the cavalry, that Averill, with a small force, was at Stephenson's Depot, and could be surprised and easily captured. Placing too much confidence in these representations, Ramseur advanced against him without the proper precaution of throwing forward a strong skirmish line, and he encountered Averill with a large force of infantry and cavalry, and met with a pretty severe repulse. In a letter to me, General W. G. Lewis, who was wounded in this engagement, says that Ramseur was not altogether responsible for the mistake that occurred, for he had every reason to suppose the information furnished by Vaughan was correct. This matter, while not of importance, is referred to because it is the only instance in which he met with a reverse. The blame properly rests upon General Vaughan, who should have been more careful in his statements.

On the 9th of September information reached us that a large force had been concentrated at Harper's Ferry, which consisted of the Sixth, Nineteenth and Crook's corps, and was under a new commander, who proved to be Sheridan. From this time on constant maneuvering and skirmishing occurred between the two armies, in which Ramseur was more or less prominently engaged. Sheridan proved to be a wary, cautious and prudent commander. In all of these movements it appeared that his purpose was rather to ascertain the strength and character of his adversary than to engage him in battle. Early was disappointed and disgusted by his wary methods, and says in his "Last Year of the War" that "the events of the last month had satisfied me that the commander opposing me was without enterprise and possessed an excessive caution which amounted to timidity. If it was his policy to produce the impression that his force was too weak to fight me, he did not succeed; but if it was to convince me that he was not an able and energetic commander, his strategy was a complete success, and subsequent events have not changed my opinion." Sheridan had recently been transferred from the Army of the West, where Lee's methods and "Stonewall Jackson's way" were known as towers of strength. For the first time Sheridan was given an independent command he had a wholesome dread of our veterans, and also fully realized the fact that upon the result of his first encounter with his adversary there was involved an important political as well as military element.

Grant's campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor had been disappointing to the North, where there was a feeling that so far the war had been a failure, which, in commenting on, in his "Army of the Potomac," Swinton says, that when the records of the War Department shall be carefully examined they will develop discoveries of the most startling nature. In speaking of public sentiment just prior to the battle of Winchester, Grant in his "Memoirs" says :

"I had reason to believe that the administration was a little afraid to have a decisive battle fought at that time, for fear it might go against us and have a bad effect on the November elections. The convention which had met and made its nomination of the Democratic candidate for the presidency had declared the war a failure.

"Treason was talked as boldly in Chicago as ever it had been at Charleston.

"It was a question of whether the government would then have had the power to make arrests and punish those who thus talked treason.

"But this decisive victory was the most effective campaign argument made in the canvas."

In addition to what Grant says, there was another motive which made Sheridan timid in encountering our forces, and possibly Grant's presence was necessary to get him up to the fighting point. They were in conference the day before the battle.

In his "Memoirs," Sheridan says :

"I had opposing me an army largely composed of troops that had operated in this region hitherto under "Stonewall" Jackson, with marked success, inflicting defeat on the Union forces almost every time the two armies had come in contact.

"These men were now commanded by a veteran officer of the Confederacy, General Jubal A. Early, whose past services had so signalized his ability that General Lee specially selected him to take charge of the Valley District, and notwithstanding the misfortunes that befell him later, clung to him to the end of the war. The Confederate army at this date was about twenty thousand strong, and consisted of Early's own corps, with General Rodes, Ramseur, and Gordon commanding its divisions; the infantry of Breckinridge, of South-western Virginia; three battalions of artillery, and the cavalry brigades of Vaughan, Johnson, McCausland, and Imboden."

Early had marched and countermarched so often in the presence

of and around Sheridan's army without bringing him to a test of strength, he began to think him no better than Hunter, and entertained more contempt for than fear of him. He separated his divisions at will, and scattered them from Winchester to Martinsburg—twenty-two miles—with no better motive than that of interrupting railroad traffic, producing a little diversion in Washington, and securing a few commissaries in Martinsburg. His last movement in this direction was on the eve of the

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

Of this movement Early says that, "having been informed that a force was at work on the railroad near Martinsburg, I moved on the afternoon of the 17th of September with Rodes' and Gordon's divisions, and Braxton's artillery to Bunker Hill; and on the morning of the 18th, with Gordon's division and a part of the artillery, to Martinsburg, preceded by a part of Lomax's cavalry." It will thus be seen that in the presence of a largely superior force, and a new and untried commander, Early had his troops stretched out and separated like a string of glass beads with a knot between each one. In a previous move of a similar nature on Martinsburg, at Bunker Hill, I had been reliably informed that the next time Early should make the mistake of separating his command, Sheridan intended to attack and endeavor to crush his troops in detail. This fact I communicated to General Rodes, who replied: "I know it. I have told Early as much"; and with much irritation of manner, said: "I can't get him to believe it."

On the morning of the 19th, the booming of canon was heard in the direction of Winchester. As skirmishing at this time was frequent, we could not positively decide as to what it portended. Rodes was now at Stephenson's Depot, Breckinridge and Gordon at Bunker Hill, and Ramseur at Winchester. Rodes received orders to "move out," but was not directed where to go. We moved out, took position behind a rock wall north of the road intersecting the Winchester road, where we anxiously awaited further orders for the space of two hours. All this time Ramseur, with his seventeen hundred men, was actively engaged with Sheridan's advance corps. Had we have been properly directed, we could have moved forward and crushed this corps before the remainder of Sheridan's troops arrived, and secured a complete victory. In speaking of the time when the firing commenced, Early, who was with Gordon, says: "I immediately ordered

all the troops that were at Stephenson's Depot to be in readiness to move, directions being given to Gordon, who had arrived from Bunker Hill, to move at once, but by some mistake on the part of my staff officer, the latter order was not delivered to either Generals Breckinridge or Gordon."

Ramseur was compelled to bear the whole brunt of the attack of Sheridan's army until we came to his support, about 10 A. M. While Rodes was moving in column up the Martinsburg road, near Winchester, we were unexpectedly called to attention, faced to the left, and moved forward to engage the enemy, who had advanced to within one hundred yards of the road. Grimes' brigade was on the right, mine in the centre, and Cook's on the left, for Battle's was still behind. After a brief and vigorous assault the Federals commenced falling back.

Grimes drove them through the woods, and formed on the left of Ramseur, while I was driving the Federals before me in an open field, supported by Cook on my left. The latter brigade was brought to a temporary halt. Rodes was now in my rear, and dispatched his only remaining staff officer to push forward this brigade. At this moment Lieutenant J. S. Battle, of my staff came up, informed me that Colonel Bennett of the Fourteenth regiment had just had his horse shot under him, and he had given him his. It was now that General Rodes was shot in the head by a ball, and caught by Lieutenant Battle as he fell from his horse. The fall of Rodes was not observed by the troops, who pushed on, and struck a weak line between the Sixth and Nineteenth corps. At this point the Federals were severely punished, and fell back, leaving their killed and wounded. A large number of officers and men were secreted in a ditch, whom we captured. We pursued the enemy, with a hot fire, beyond the crest of the hill on which Grimes had established his line. Here Evans' brigade, upon meeting a heavy fire, fell back, which exposed my brigade to a concentrated, direct, and left oblique fire. Seeing that I could not maintain this advanced position, my aide, Major Gales, was sent to General Early with a request to have a battery placed on a hill in my rear. This was promptly done, when my men fell back and were formed behind the battery, which opening with telling effect upon their heavy lines, they laid down, and the victory appeared to be ours. In this brief engagement Colonel Bennett had two horses shot from under him, and was captured. Colonel Cobb of the Second lost a foot, and Colonel Thurston of the Third was severely wounded. While my loss in officers and men had been severe, my troops were in fine

spirits. Here we lay until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when Major G. Peyton of the division staff directed me to fall back, for the infantry had retired from my left, and Fitz Lee's cavalry was hotly engaged with that of the Federals. I replied that there was no occasion for my falling back, as I could repulse any assault the Federals might attempt; and upon their endeavoring to advance, I opened fire upon them, and they rapidly sought shelter. Discovering (after Major Peyton retired) that the Federals were in my rear, I fell back in good order to the Martinsburg pike, and formed on the left of our troops. Here we were exposed, without any protection, to a heavy artillery fire, which was inflicting unnecessary punishment upon my men. I turned to General Breckinridge, who was near, and pointed to a line of hills, and suggested that that was the place to make our stand, to which he agreed. Thereupon I faced my men about and commenced retiring deliberately to the hills, all the troops conforming to this movement. General Early, through a staff officer, directed me to return; I thereupon faced my men about, and moved them to the front. Upon reaching the turnpike a second officer came from General Early and directed me to fall back. Facing my men about, I again commenced slowly retiring. While thus marching and countermarching amidst a murderous fire, a canon-ball struck in the color-guard, just in the rear of my horse's tail, cut one man asunder, tore off the skull of another, which was thrown in front, and spattered blood and brains on all who were near. My veterans, instead of being stampeded, only pressed a little more impulsively upon my horse's tail.

War hath its horrors, which the selfishness and ambition of men bring upon them, and they must endure them; but the suffering and distress of females no true man can complacently witness. Such scenes of distress and heart-rending agony as were manifested by the true women of Winchester as their town was uncovered and they were thus exposed to the foe, while they cannot be described, brought tears to the eyes of stoutest men.

Our troops now retreated towards Fisher's Hill. My brigade secured the elevation which I had selected, and stood as a menace to pursuit until our army had measurably retired. Then proceeding to the turnpike, I was retreating in column, when Dr. Hunter McGuire, who was with Early, approached and said General Early was feeling badly; that we had lost but one caisson, and he wished I would take my troops and protect from capture the artillery then passing. I informed him that I was so far from my division (for our

army was not then in sight) that I did not desire to have my brigade exposed to capture unless he would bring me an order from General Early, who was then riding slowly along the pike. He returned to the General and came back and said the General said he wished I would do it. I then dispatched Assistant-Adjutant-General Gales to General Battle, who, after the fall of Rodes, was in command of the division, with information as to where I was and what I was doing. I then turned to my command, which had been joined by other troops who had lost their commands, and directed them to deploy and advance between the enemy's cavalry and our artillery, which was done with great spirit and promptness in the presence of the General, but without a word of encouragement from him. In this manner we moved on, protecting the artillery until near dusk, when we found Ramseur with his division thrown across the turnpike to prevent pursuit. About the time the artillery and my brigade crossed his line the enemy made a spirited charge to capture the guns. Ramseur's men rose and met it with a well-directed fire, which stopped further pursuit. I moved on and soon joined our troops. So that Ramseur, upon whom the enemy had opened their battle in the morning, gave them the last repulse at night.

Of this battle, Early writing, says: "A skillful and energetic commander of the enemy's forces would have crushed Ramseur before any assistance could have reached him, and thus caused the destruction of my whole force; and later in the day, when the battle had turned against us, with the immense superiority of cavalry which Sheridan had and the advantage of the open country, would have destroyed my whole force and captured everything I had. * * * * I have thought, instead of being promoted, Sheridan ought to have been cashiered for this battle." In his "Memoirs," Grant says: "Sheridan moved at the time fixed upon. He met Early at the crossing of the Opequan creek and won a most decided victory—one which electrified the country. Early had invited this attack himself by his bad generalship, and made the victory easy." Considering the great disparity of numbers, this battle of Winchester was, after all, no great victory on the part of Sheridan, and Grant intimates as much, for his troops outnumbered those of Early more than three to one. His cavalry was in fine condition, while ours was worn down by excessive duties and scant forage. It was won at a critical moment to the Federal government, and it became its interest to magnify it in every way practicable.

After our defeat at Winchester we fell back and formed a line of

battle behind Fisher's Hill. In our encounter with Sheridan's army, notwithstanding our defeat, his loss had been severe and his pursuit was languid. It was the 20th before he reached our front, and several days were passed in maneuvering and skirmishing. Ramseur's division occupied the left of our line of battle and the prolongation of our line was defended by cavalry. On the 22d Sheridan threw forward Crook's corps, pushed back our cavalry and took possession of our line. Ramseur hearing the firing to his left, withdrew my brigade from the line and ordered me to move in the direction of the firing, for after the fall of Rodes, Ramseur, to our great gratification, was placed in charge of his division. On moving to the left I had a brisk skirmish with a part of Crook's men, but did not encounter his main force. From the firing in the direction of our line it was soon apparent that our army was falling back. I now met General Lomax with a part of his men, and he kindly conducted me by the nearest route to the turnpike over which we were retreating.

It was full dusk when we reached the road. Colonel A. S. Pendleton, an admirable officer and an accomplished gentleman of the corps staff, met me and requested that my brigade be thrown across the road to cover the retreat. The brigade was promptly formed, advanced rapidly to a fence, where it met the Federals in a hand-to-hand encounter, repulsed them and stopped the pursuit for the night. It was while near me that Colonel Pendleton, whom I had intimately known when on Jackson's staff, fell mortally wounded.

Napoleon said: "The moral force in war is worth twice its physical effect." Unfortunately, from this time on, that moral force which leads to success in battle was, in this army, under its present leadership, sadly lacking.

A word now as to the

PRIVATE SOLDIER

of the Confederate army. The emergencies of the South called forth all of her sons to the front ("from the cradle to the grave," as Grant expressed it), and in its ranks might be found men of every position in society. From education, association and pursuits he was superior to the ordinary soldier. He fought not for pay, for glory and promotion, and received but little of either. He coveted danger, not from recklessness, but for the loved ones at home, whose approbation and safety were dearer to him than life itself. His honors and rewards were the approval of a good conscience. His humor was droll; his wit original; his spirits unflagging. His shoeless feet, tattered

clothes and "hard-tack" were oftener matters for jest than complaint. When his officer was considerate and capable, he was his idol. He was intelligent, understood the issues at stake and discussed the merits and conduct of every battle. Whether on the picket line or the forefront of battle, behind every trusted musket there was a thinker, and there was an accommodation and comradeship between the mere boy and the oldest veteran. It was such devotion and unsurpassed heroism as was displayed by the privates of each army, equally brave and of one nationality, that makes our country great and demonstrates to the world the excellence and superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"Can comrades cease to think of those who bore
The brunt of conflict, marching side by side—
Forget how youth forgot his beardless face,
Madeauteous by his valorous arm?"

No, never! while a widowed heart ceases to forget, or a sister shall coldly touch the brother's "honored blade." All honor then to the noble women who, in his old age and poverty—that "ill-matched pair" seek to provide, if not a home, at least a shelter for him. May Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon them and all who shall aid them in their pious and patriotic work.

To return to my narrative. After the affair of Fisher's Hill we fell back to the lower passes of the Blue Ridge, where Sheridan followed us as far as Staunton. Then, after destroying the Central railroad, he retreated up the Valley and took position behind his entrenchments at

CEDAR CREEK.

Early had now been reinforced by the return of Kershaw's division, Cutshaw's battalion of artillery and some cavalry, which about made up his losses at Winchester and Fisher's Hill. About the time Sheridan fell back it had been Early's purpose to attack him, which he doubtless anticipated, for he heard that Longstreet had joined Early, and it was their purpose to destroy him. Early pursued Sheridan beyond Middletown, where he found him too strongly entrenched for a direct attack, and we therefore formed behind our breastworks at Fisher's Hill. From our signal station, which overlooked their camp, it was discovered that the Federal left flank was lightly picketed, and by a long detour and careful movement could be taken in reverse. A flanking movement was directed by Early and mainly entrusted to Gordon, who, his own and Ramseur's divi-

sions, commenced moving early after dark. The night was consumed in a fatiguing and exhausting march, which was conducted with the greatest secrecy. We reached the point at which we were to cross the creek and make the attack at early dawn. Here we were joined by Payne's cavalry, who at full speed dashed upon and captured Sheridan's headquarter's, and, but for his absence, would have captured him. While Crook's corps was enjoying its undisturbed quiet, and possibly dreaming of to-morrow, we descended like a wolf on the fold and aroused them by "Rebel yells" and peals of musketry, and they hastily fled in garments more suited to a camp than a ball-room.

After our great reverses the sensation of pursuit was delightful. As Ramseur hurried from point to point to hasten forward his troops where resistance was offered, his presence and manner was electrical. Notified of our attack by the firing, the Federals in other parts of the field formed and offered some resistance, but they were so much demoralized that my little brigade drove back a division ten times its number after but slight resistance. By 8 o'clock we had captured nearly all their artillery and from fifteen hundred to two thousand prisoners, and the Federals were in retreat. Early, in the mean time, with two divisions which had scarcely been engaged, came upon the field. Gordon informed me that he then advised him to seize all his wagon, artillery and ambulance horses—indeed, every one he could get—mount his men upon them, and hotly pursue the Federals before they could recover from their panic. But we were very deliberate. While this was occurring Sheridan was at Winchester, on his return from Washington. He gives this graphic account of his meeting with his fleeing troops: "At Mill Creek my escort fell behind and we were going ahead at a regular pace when, just as we made the crest of the rise beyond the stream, there burst upon our view the appalling spectacle of a panic-stricken army—hundreds of slightly wounded men, throngs of others unhurt, but utterly demoralized, and baggage wagons by the score, all pressing to the rear in hopeless confusion, telling only too plainly that a disaster had occurred at the front. On accosting some of the fugitives, they assured me that the army was broken up, in full retreat, and that all was lost; all this with a manner true to that peculiar indifference that takes possession of panic-stricken men." In the mean time General Wright, with one division and some cavalry, had the only organized force in our presence. The return of Sheridan and the lack of a vigorous pursuit had the effect to allay the panic with which his army

was seized early in the day. Ascertaining from some prisoners that were captured that Longstreet was not with Early, Sheridan reorganized his men the best he could, and turned upon us, I should say about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Ramseur kept his men well in hand, and from behind rock walls successfully resisted the advance of the Federals. Near 4 o'clock Kershaw's division gave way on my left. I sent my headquarter courier, private Beggarly, to report the fact to General Ramseur. While doing so his horse was shot through the ear, and the horse upon which General Ramseur sat (for he refused to take shelter) was killed. At the request of General Ramseur, private Beggarly let the General have his horse. So careful however was Ramseur of the rights of others, even in the midst of a severe engagement, this horse was not taken before getting my consent.

During this whole encounter no man could have behaved more magnificently and heroically than Ramseur did in his efforts to resist the overwhelming tide which was now setting in upon us. From the position which he occupied the retreat of Kershaw's division and the overlapping flanking column of the Federals could be seen. His troops became alarmed and could not be held in position, and in a vain effort to hold them this brave and accomplished young officer fell

MORTALLY WOUNDED,

and was captured. In speaking of his conduct upon this occasion, General Early says: "Major-General Ramseur has often proved his courage and his capacity to command, but never did these qualities shine more conspicuous than on the afternoon of the 19th of this month, when, after two divisions on his left had given away and his own was doing the same thing, he rallied a small band, and for one hour and a quarter held in check the enemy, until he was shot down himself. In endeavoring to stop those who were retiring from the field, I had occasion to point them to the gallant stand made by Ramseur with his small party, and if his spirit could have animated those who left him thus battling the 19th of October would have had a far different history. He met the death of a hero, *and with his fall the last hope of saving the day was lost!* General Ramseur was a soldier of whom his State has reason to be proud—he was brave, chivalrous, and capable." General Grimes says, in his report of this battle: "Up to the hour of 4 P. M. the troops of this division, both officers and men, with a few exceptions, behaved most admirably,

and were kept well in hand. But little plundering, and only a few shirking their duty. After that hour all was confusion and disorder. The brigade commanders conducted themselves, each and all, with great coolness and judgment, and are deserving of especial mention for using all possible efforts to check their troops, but without success. The death of the brave and heroic soldier, General Ramseur, is not only a loss to this division, but to his State and country at large. No truer and nobler spirit has been sacrificed in this unjust and unholy war." Colonel Winston, at the time commanding the Forty-third and Forty-fifth North Carolina regiments, says that "only one man of those regiments in passing through the rich spoils of the enemy's camp fell out of ranks, and he did it to get a hat, and was court-martialed." And so far as I observed, the charge of General Early, that the loss of the fruits of our victory in the morning was ascribable to the plundering of the soldiers, is a great injustice. Certainly it is so as applicable to that large body of North Carolinians who were then in his corps, and who upon this, as upon prior and subsequent occasions, proved themselves to be among the best soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia.

What General Lee said in his letter to General Early, dated September 22, 1864, in regard to his strategy as a separate commander, was clear to all, and in the main led to his want of success. Lee said: * * "As far as I can judge from this distance, you have operated more with your divisions than with your constituted strength. Circumstances may have rendered it necessary, but such a course is to be avoided if possible." When General Forest was asked the cause of his uniform success, he replied: "I get there first with the most men." If not classic, this is at least epigrammatic.

We cheerfully accept the well merited tribute General Early pays the chivalrous and knightly Ramseur, but it is insisted he is entitled to one still higher. Instead of fighting with a few hundred men, as Early elsewhere says, we see him, in the language of General Grimes, "holding his division well in hand," officers and men doing their duty faithfully, while the disorder and confusion in other parts of the field hastens the disaster which with troops skillfully handled should not have occurred.

It will be asked if the criticisms of Early's valley campaign are just, why did not General Lee remove him? There are several good reasons why General Lee should have been slow to pursue such a course. Early was a man of superior intelligence, he was earnest in

the cause, and as a brigadier and division commander a hard fighter and successful officer. There is, however, a marked difference between a chief and subordinate commander, and Lee had never known him otherwise than as a subordinate. It is true that Lee was finally compelled to remove him, and we may presume it was his reluctance to wound that caused him to unwillingly take the step which soon became necessary. This forbearance was in keeping with Lee's general character, as known to those who served under him. It is so well expressed by Colonel W. H. Taylor of his staff, in his book entitled "Four Years with General Lee," that we can but quote from him. He says:

"If it shall be the verdict of posterity that General Lee in any respect fell short of perfection as a military leader it may perhaps be claimed: First, that he was too careful of the personal feelings of his subordinate commanders, too fearful of wounding their pride, and too solicitous of their reputation. Probably it was this that caused him sometimes to continue in command those of whose personal fitness for their position he was not convinced, and often avowedly or tacitly assumed responsibility for mishaps clearly attributable to the inefficiency, neglect or carelessness of others."

Through the courtesy of the family of General Ramseur, I am placed in the possession of a personal letter from R. R. Hutchinson, an able and accomplished officer, who before the battle of Cedar Creek had long served as major and acting adjutant-general to the division. Major Hutchinson was with General Ramseur when he received his fatal wound, was captured while endeavoring to remove him from the field, and by his bedside during his last moments.

His account of the sad occasion is so vivid and touching that no apology is deemed due for introducing his letter in this monograph:

"NEAR STRASBURG, VA., *October 20, 1864.*

"MRS. S. D. RAMSEUR, *Milton, N. C.:*

"DEAR MADAM: I do not know how to write to you; how to express my deep sympathy in your grievous affliction; but the Christian soldier who has gone before us to that other world has asked me to do it, and I must not shrink from the performance of this duty, however painful. I am writing by the side of him whose last thought was of you and his God, his country and his duty. He died this day at twenty-seven minutes past 10 o'clock A. M., and

had at least the consolation of having by his side some who wore the same uniform and served in the same holy cause as himself. His last moments were peaceful; his wounds were painful, but his hope in Christ led him to endure *all* patiently. He received his mortal wound yesterday afternoon (October 19th) between the hours of 5 and 6 P. M. at the post of honor and of danger, where he always was. Our troops had fallen back a short distance but had reformed, and were stubbornly contesting a position on a hill which the enemy attacked from three sides. He exposed himself to every shot, cheering and encouraging all. I was not far from him when I saw his horse shot; he procured another, which was shot also, and immediately after he received his fatal wound (the second), all in the space of a very few minutes. I ran over to him, got some men, and bore him to the rear, your brother joining us on the way. I then went off after an ambulance, found it, but saw on returning with it that he had been left, as I thought, in the enemy's lines. This fear was soon after dissipated, however, by seeing him on Captain Randolph's horse, the captain running along side and supporting him. We got him then to the ambulance I had brought up. I thought he was safe then, not knowing how dangerous was his wound, and remained with the rear guard. When I was subsequently captured by the enemy's cavalry, I was carried to General Sheridan's headquarters, and learning that General Ramseur had been captured, asked and obtained permission to remain with him. The road had been blocked up by wagons, causing a delay, that gave the enemy time to get up and take him prisoner, just south of Strasburg. Many of his former friends (West Pointers) called to see him yesterday and to-day, and offered every assistance in their power, General Sheridan among the number. He was taken to General Sheridan's headquarters and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Dr. James Gillespie (Cutshaw's battalion of artillery), a Confederate surgeon, assisted by the enemy's surgeons, attended to him and did all that could be done under the circumstances. He suffered a good deal from his wound, the ball having entered his right side, penetrating the right and left lung, and lodging near the left side. But the end was peaceful and quiet. He spoke continually of you, and sent very many messages to his family, but above all, to his wife. He told the ambulance driver to tell General Hoke that he 'died a Christian and had done his duty.' He told me to 'give his love and send some of his hair to his darling wife'; and often wished he could 'see his

wife and little child before he died.' He told me to tell you he had a 'firm hope in Christ, and hoped to meet you hereafter.' He died as became a Confederate soldier and a firm believer.

"I inclose the lock of hair he desired sent you.

"Respectfully,

"R. R. HUTCHINSON,

"Major and A. A. G. P. A. C. S."

IN CONCLUSION.

Ramseur in personal appearance was slight, erect, alert, earnest in speech, with dark prominent eyes and a well developed forehead. He was an ideal soldier.

General Robert Ransom, in writing of his bearing in action, while they were together in the Valley, says : "Ramseur commanded infantry, and I, the whole of Early's cavalry during the time I was with Early. Whenever I had opportunity to see Ramseur his conduct was marked by great energy, brilliant dash (often amounting to impetuosity) and an enthusiasm which inspired those he led."

Among the soldiers of Napoleon, Marshal Ney was known as "the bravest of the brave." When asked whether he ever felt fear in battle, he replied that he never had time. His reply might aptly be that of Ramseur. When in action his enthusiasm arose with the magnitude of the dangers that environed him. But this enthusiasm was controlled by a well-directed judgment as to the best disposition to make of his troops, and as to the weak points of his adversary. He fully realized that war meant danger, even death ; that the eyes of his troops were upon him, and their greatest safety lay in marching fearlessly and promptly to the front of danger, and he never hesitated to lead them.

On the day preceding the battle of Cedar Creek, General Ramseur received intelligence of the birth of the little child mentioned in the letter of Major Hutchinson. The birth of one's first born arouses a thousand thrilling emotions in the heart of every manly bosom, which can be felt but not described.

General Ramseur was a superb horseman, and on the day of the battle he appeared upon the field well mounted and dressed with unusual care in his handsome general's uniform. He wore upon the lapel of his coat a *boutonniere*, the gift doubtless of some fair and patriotic

woman in that section, bestowed in recognition of the joyous event which he had made known to her. I have already described the enthusiasm with which his presence on this occasion inspired, as he hastened from one part of the battle-field to another, and an electric glow even thrilled through my breast as we drove our gallant adversaries before us, they making just enough resistance to heighten the effect danger inspires. How different is the situation of man and woman under such circumstances. To man the presence of danger is all-absorbing. Woman, on the approach of an impending battle, is filled with the most anxious forebodings of danger, which are to be followed after the battle has been fought with still more wearying and anxious thoughts and sleepless nights—for her there is no rest until the list of killed and wounded is received and doubt is resolved into certainty.

No doubt, amidst that day's vicissitudes, Ramseur's mind was continually dwelling upon his wife and child, and pleasant thoughts of an early meeting and of additional honors that might be his, for in the course of this address it may have been observed he scarcely ever participated in an important battle that he did not win a promotion. It is wisely provided that no man can see what a day may bring forth, or certify how long he has to live. In Ramseur's case it is pleasant to feel that as a hero and a Christian he was prepared to meet his last enemy when he came. When being borne from the field his memory revisits the old homestead, and he thinks of one between whom and himself the warmest ties had always existed. There was but a month's difference in their ages. "Tell General Hoke," he says, "I did my duty and died a Christian."

"He died, but his end was fitting,
Foremost in the ranks he led,
And he marked the heights of his nation's gain,
As he lay in his harness—dead."

The Rev. E. Harding, his connection and chaplain, in his sketch of General Ramseur, to which I am indebted in preparing this memoir, in writing of his Christian character, says: "Ramseur read his Bible a great deal, and when opportunity offered held family prayers; that he was fond of conversing on religious subjects, and punctual in attending divine service"; that he "was a high-toned and chivalrous gentleman, a gallant soldier, an humble Christian."

His last thoughts on earth were of home and Heaven, the sweetest words in any language. He said, bear this message to my precious wife: "I die a Christian and hope to meet her in Heaven." No balm to the bruised heart could be more precious, no assurance more gratifying.

Irrespective of section, irrespective of service, the blue and the gray—Generals Sheridan and Custer, Federal and Confederate surgeons—gather around his couch to minister to his wants and smooth his dying pillow. His soul takes its flight, and the day men called his last was his first in the Paradise of God. His body was carefully embalmed by the Federals, borne through their lines and delivered to his early and cherished friend, General Hoke. And thus was illustrated the saying that the world would remain at peace if those who made the quarrels were the only men that fought; for between the soldiers of the two armies there was no personal animosity—of one race, of one nationality, equally brave and equally sincere, they did not bring on the war, and not with their consent has its animosities been continued. Ramseur's remains were carried to his native village, and there a large concourse of his neighbors and friends assembled to express their sorrow and do honor to his memory. They accompanied his remains to their last resting place, which is in the Episcopal church-yard, and deposited them beside those of his father and mother. Over them a loving and devoted kinsman has had erected a handsome monument, on one side of which is engraved the Confederate flag and the principal battles in which he fought, and on the other the date of his birth and of his death, with this appropriate inscription: "A Christian Soldier."

GENERAL P. R. CLEBURNE.

Dedication of a Monument to His Memory at Helena, Arkansas,
May 10th, 1891.

ORATION BY GENERAL GEORGE W. GORDON.

May 10th, 1891, which was observed as decoration day at Helena, Arkansas, and also witnessed the dedication of the monument erected

to the memory of the gallant General Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, by the devoted exertions of the patriotic ladies of the Phillips County Memorial Association. The reverential occasion convened numerous gallant veterans from a distance, including many from Memphis, Tennessee.

At 2:10 o'clock P. M., the services were opened in the Opera House by General James C. Tappan, master of ceremonies.

An impressive prayer was offered by Rev. C. H. Lockwood. Mrs. J. B. Pillow, then, in behalf of the Memorial Association, in a brief address extended a hearty welcome to the visitors.

Miss Eva Coolidge then sang, with touching effect, the sacred solo "Cavalry." After benediction by Rev. Mr. Lockwood, the procession formed and proceeded to Evergreen cemetery, Judge R. W. Nicholls acting as marshal. The shaft erected to the memory of the heroic Cleburne stands in the centre of Confederate hill, the highest point on Crowley ridge, a range of hills that extend from Missouri to Southern Arkansas. Round about the monument lie the remains of more than four-score of the devoted followers of Cleburne. There also rests General Thomas C. Hindman, to whom it is the design of the ladies also to erect a fitting memorial. It is their aim, finally, to commemorate by massive monument, collectively, the humbler patriot of the ranks.

The procession reaching Confederate hill, over which General John S. Marmaduke made his effective charge against the forces of General Prentiss, July 4, 1863, and which overlooks the City of Helena and the wide-stretching valley of the Mississippi river, the ceremonies were renewed with solemn prayer by Rev. Father P. F. O'Reilly.

Miss Rosa Fink then recited a poem by Mrs. Virginia Frazer-Boyle, of Memphis, Tennessee, entitled "The Death of Cleburne." Whilst the poem was being read the bunting which draped the monument was drawn aside by five young ladies, Misses Maude Saunders, (daughter of Captain Matthew T. Saunders, ex-judge of the first circuit of the State of Arkansas), Fannie Mitchell (daughter of Captain J. D. Mitchell, and granddaughter of General Gideon J. Pillow), Etta Govan (daughter of General P. C. Govan), Ophelia Polk Moore (daughter of the late Major W. E. Moore, and grand-niece of President James Knox Polk), and Mamie Clopton, (daughter of James W. Clopton, a prominent wholesale merchant of Helena).

At the conclusion of the reading of the poem, Major John J. Horner introduced as the orator of the day, General George W. Gordon, of Memphis, Tennessee.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL GORDON.

General Gordon, after acknowledging the complimentary introduction, said:

"One of the noblest duties of the living is to perpetuate the virtues and memories of the dead. And in obedience to the impulse of this sacred sentiment, we have here assembled to dedicate that beautiful monument (pointing to the shaft), with its expressive and appropriate symbols, to the glory and memory of a great soldier, a true patriot and a grand man—General Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, who fell at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. Although more than a quarter of century has elapsed since he perished in the cause of his country, that shaft but now gives visible expression to those cherished sentiments of remembrance and veneration which have ever since, and ever should, animate the minds and hearts of a grateful people.

"General Cleburne was born in the county of Cork, Ireland, March 17, 1828, and was consequently in the thirty-seventh year of his age at the time of his death, and just in the full prime and pride of his glorious manhood. He was a descendant of William Cleyborne, the colonial secretary of Virginia in 1626.* His mother was of the lineage of that Maurice Ronayne, who obtained from King Henry the IV 'a grant of the rights of Englishmen.' He early indicated a predilection for the profession of arms by leaving Trinity College,

* This statement is inexact. The family deduces from Richard Clyborne, of County Westmorland, and his wife, Emma, daughter and co-heiress of George Kirkbred, of County Northumberland, England (*Circa*, 1530). The name has been variously spelled Clyborne, Cleyborne, Cleburne, Clayborne, Cleborne, Cliburne, Claiborne. The last form was that used by Colonel William Claiborne, Secretary of the Colony of Virginia, and the first man honored with the title of "rebel" in North America. General Cleburne was of the family of Colonel Claiborne, but not descended from him. The spelling Claiborne generally obtains in the United States, and the name has been distinguishedly represented. Dr. Christopher J. Cleborne, Surgeon and Medical Director United States Navy, a cousin in a remote degree of General Cleburne, is another highly worthy representative of the Irish branch of the family.—Ed.

England, where he was being educated for the medical profession, and enlisted as a soldier in the English army. After several years of service in that capacity, he came to the United States and located in this city (Helena, Ark.), where he began the study and practice of law, in which he was succeeding at the outbreak of our civil war. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a private; contrived the capture of the United States arsenal in Arkansas in March, 1861, thus early displaying that promptness, sagacity and enterprise which characterized him throughout his military career. He was made captain of a company, and very soon afterward promoted to the rank of colonel, and as early as March, 1862, was made a brigadier-general. At the battle of Shiloh he commanded a brigade, and was highly commended for his courage and ability. Was wounded at the battle of Perryville, Ky., in October, 1862, and in December following was advanced to the important rank of major-general. His martial qualities were recognized and rewarded in his rapid promotion to higher commands. At the battle of Stone river, or Murfreesboro, he commanded a division of the right wing of the Confederate army and again signalized himself for valor and efficiency.

At the battle of Chickamauga, one of the most interesting and thrilling conflicts of the war, the persistent spirit and shining courage of General Cleburne and his gallant command were again conspicuous. This great battle was fought on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of September, 1863, the contending armies being pretty equally matched as to numbers. On Friday, the 18th, there was heavy outpost fighting, on Saturday heavy fighting, and on Sunday desperate fighting. On the morning of the last and third day, the contest was renewed with augmented fury. All day the earth trembled with the thunder of three hundred guns and the clamor of one hundred thousand rifles. The very waters quivered within the banks of the Chickamauga river from the concussion of artillery. Troops were rushed from point to point. Column after column was hurried into combat. The thrilling shouts of contending hosts could be heard amid the battle's roar. Couriers bearing orders dashed on panting steeds through the jungles and into the lines. Battle flags and flying banners mingled in the dreadful strife. The lurid smoke of battle rose and spread in purple waves as volley after volley thundered its deadly contents amid surging columns and resounding arms. All day the battle raged, and the issue seemed doubtful. But late in the afternoon both wings of the Federal line began to recede, and later were driven to confusion. But the left

center of the enemy still stood firm and fighting. Upon that fortified point the flower of the Confederate army, embracing Cleburne and his division, had been hurled and rehurl'd without success. Charge after charge had been made and repulsed, and it seemed that the position was not to be taken. But just as the sun, encrimsoned with the smoke of battle and like a great, bloody disk in the sky, was sinking beneath Lookout mountain, that towered upon our left, news was swiftly brought to our center that both wings of the enemy's line were in full retreat, and orders were given to charge again the Federal center. Quickly our shattered columns were rallied for the last grand struggle. The "charge" was sounded, and, with a shout that rent the heavens and an impetuosity that swept away all opposition, they dashed into the enemy's works and poured a volley into their flying forces. The battle was over, the victory won, the rout complete. Pursuit was brief. Night closed the scene. For a few moments a strange silence reigned. It was indeed strange, in its mysterious contrast to the uproar and confusion of the last three days. But just then, miles away to our left, through the deep and darkening forest, could be faintly heard the shouting of troops. And what did that mean? Listen! listen! it is the shout of victory! Nearer and nearer it came, louder and louder it grew, grander and grander it rose, as it was taken up by each successive command in the line, till it passed and repassed the entire line of the Confederate army. From wing to wing it went and returned, from flank to flank it rolled. Shout after shout rent the skies, echo after echo died upon the heavens. I imagine it was like the shouting of the hosts of Joshua at the taking of the city of Jericho. In the exultation of that moment, every man felt that he was compensated for all the effort, all the anguish, and all the danger that the three days' fight had cost him. For let me here say, that the sublimest emotion that ever filled the human heart, is that inspired by the shout of victory after a long and doubtful contest. The exultation ceased. Then was a time for memory and tears. The army sank down upon the earth to rest, "the weary to sleep, and the wounded to die." Silence and moonlight wrapped the bloody scene. General Cleburne and his vallant division were in the charge that I have just described—the charge that completed the Confederate victory on the famous field of Chickamauga. The Confederate loss in this battle, as I now remember it, was about seventeen thousand in killed, wounded and captured—the Federal loss being about the same.

The next battle in which General Cleburne participated was that of Missionary Ridge, November 30th, 1863, where he achieved additional distinction by the handsome manner in which he repulsed the repeated assaults made upon his position in the right wing of the Confederate line. And although this battle resulted in a victory to the Federal arms, General Cleburne's position was never shaken, much less taken, by any of the furious and repeated assaults that were made upon it during the action, but was abandoned in good order after the left wing of the Confederate army had been outflanked, beaten and routed by largely superior numbers—storming in column of three lines of battle, and making one of the most superb and gallant charges that we witnessed during the war. General Cleburne again distinguished himself in covering the retreat of the Confederate army from this field, and for his heroic defence of Ringold Gap was specially commended by the Confederate Congress.

He was among the first to suggest and advocate the use of the colored troops in the armies of the Confederacy. This was in the winter of 1863 and 1864 when the "Army of Tennessee" was encamped at Dalton, Georgia. His advice in this regard was met with a prompt and almost unanimous rejection by that army. But viewed in the light of the vital fact that at that time our available resources in men were practically exhausted; that our armies in the field were daily diminishing by death from disease and casualties in battle, and no means by which to increase them; and also viewed in the light of subsequent results, the wisdom and propriety of such a policy cannot be successfully questioned. There were then no other available resources by which the ranks of our armies could be recruited and maintained. And so it now appears that General Cleburne and his few supporters in this idea were wiser and more prescient than the many who differed with them. Expediency suggested the policy he advised.

General Cleburne was a division commander under General Joseph E. Johnston during his celebrated campaign in North Georgia, and distinguished himself in a number of its various battles, and more especially at New Hope church, where he repulsed the enemy with signal firmness and efficiency and with heavy losses to their charging columns. He commanded an army corps at the battle of Jonesboro', Georgia, and covered the retreat of General Hood's defeated army from that field. He also commanded a corps at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, where he was killed in storming the second line of the

Federal works. Touching his action in this, his last charge, his last battle, I speak as a messenger from the field where he fell. This battle-ground lies in a beautiful valley and immediately south of the town of Franklin. About noon of November 30, 1864, the Confederate army under command of General Hood, appeared on the heights of an elevated range of hills that overlooked the valley and the village, and distant about one and a half miles from the main line of the Federal works, which were immediately south of the town and inclosing the same. Some hours after our arrival on these heights, and after examining the enemy's fortified positions, General Hood determined to assault the place. Troops were promptly moved from the central and main road, upon which they had arrived, to the right and left under the cover of these hills, until they were opposite the positions they were directed to take in the line of battle, and were then moved over the hills to the front, and to their proper posts, preparatory to the assault. When these dispositions were made the advance was ordered—not in battle array, however, for we were too far off to begin the charge—but in a regimental movement we called "double columns at half distance," in order that we might move with more system and facility, and also more easily pass obstacles, such as fences and small groves of trees which here and there interspersed the otherwise open plain upon which the great struggle was soon to take place. In the battle disposition General Cleburne's corps was immediately on the right of the main highway or pike leading into Franklin from the south, and Cheatham's corps was immediately on the left of it. This road was Cleburne's left guide, and Cheatham's right guide in moving to the attack. And as General Granberry's brigade constituted the extreme left flank of General Cleburne's command, and my brigade the extreme right flank of Cheatham's, we were therefore contiguous in the order of battle, and both in the front line. As the array of columns which I have mentioned, with a front of two miles or more in length, moved steadily down the heights and into the valley below with flying banners, beating drums and bristling guns, it presented a scene of the most imposing grandeur and magnificence. When we had arrived within about four hundred paces of the enemy's advanced line of entrenchments our columns were halted and deployed into two lines of battle preparatory to the charge. This advanced position of the enemy was not a continuous but a detached line, manned by two brigades, and situated about six hundred paces in front of his main line of formidable works. This

detached line was immediately in front of Cleburne's left and Cheatham's right. When all was ready the "charge" was ordered. With a wild shout we dashed forward upon this line. The enemy delivered one volley at our rushing ranks and precipitately fled for refuge to his main and rear line. At this juncture the shout was raised, "Go into the works with them." This cry was taken up and vociferated from a thousand throats as we rushed on after the flying forces we had routed—killing some in our running fire and capturing others who were slow of foot—sustaining but small losses ourselves, until we arrived within about one hundred paces of their main line and stronghold, when it seemed to me that hell itself had exploded in our faces. The enemy had thus long reserved their fire for the safety of their routed comrades who were flying to them for protection, and who were just in front of and mingled with the pursuing Confederates. When it became no longer safe for themselves to reserve their fire, they opened upon us (regardless of their own men who were mingled with us) such a hailstorm of shot and shell, musketry and canister that the very atmosphere was hideous with the shrieks of the messengers of death. The booming of cannon, the bursting of bombs, the rattle of musketry, the shrieking of shells, the whizzing of bullets, the shouting of hosts and the falling of men in their struggle for victory, all made a scene of surpassing terror and awful grandeur.

"Such a din was there,
As if men fought on earth below,
And fiends in upper air."

It seemed to me if I had thrown out my hand I could have caught it full of the missiles of death, and it is a mystery how any of us ever reached the works. Amid this scene General Cleburne came charging down our lines to the left, and diagonally toward the enemy's works, his horse running at full speed, and if I had not personally checked my pace as I ran on foot, he would have plunged over and trampled me to the earth. On he dashed, but for an instant longer, when rider and horse both fell, pierced with many bullets, within a few paces of the enemy's works. On we rushed—his men of Granberry's brigade and mine having mingled as we closed on the line, until we reached the enemy's works; but being now so exhausted and so few in numbers, we halted in the ditch on the outside of the breastworks, among dead and dying men—both Federals and Confederates. A few charged over, but were clubbed down with muskets

or pierced with bayonets. For some time we fought them across the breastworks, both sides lying low and putting their guns under the head-logs upon the works, firing rapidly and at random, and not exposing any part of the body except the hand that fired the gun. While this melee was going on across the works we were exposed to a dangerous fire from some of our own men of General Stewart's corps to our right rear, there being an angle in the enemy's line in that direction. At the same time we were subjected to an enfilading fire from the enemy to our left. Finally, the fatality to us from these three fires—front, rear and left—became so great that we shouted to the enemy across the works to "cease firing" and we would surrender. At length they heard us, understood us, and ceased their fire; we crossed the works and surrendered. It was fatal to leave the ditch and endeavor to escape to the rear. Every man who attempted it (and a number did) was at once exposed and was shot down without exception. Pardon me if I further digress sufficiently to say that the left of my brigade, under command of Colonel Horace Rice (I was on the right), successfully broke the line and some of my brave and noble men were killed fifty paces or more within the works. But just at this critical juncture a reinforcement of a Federal brigade confronted them with a heavy fire, and being few in numbers they were driven back to the opposite side of the works, behind which they took position and bravely held the line they had previously taken. Night soon intervening, the Federal army withdrew from the field and retired to Nashville.

This was a gallant and glorious fight on the part of the Confederates, but a sad disaster to their cause and their country. The intrepid Cleburne had fallen. Generals Granberry and Adams of his command, Generals Carter, Strahl and Gist of Cheatham's command and of the division of which my brigades composed a part, had also fallen, while hundreds of others, less notable but no less brave and self-sacrificing, had made their last charge and had fought their last battle. For reckless, desperate courage this conflict will rank with Gettysburg or Balaklava.

Referring again to General Cleburne's action upon this memorable field, it appears upon first view as if inspired by desperation. For he was so close to the enemy, so conspicuous upon his stately steed, as he charged along the closing lines, that it seems impossible that he could have expected any other result to himself than that which occurred. But, be it remembered that he was without fear, that he

loved victory and defied defeat. I am informed by those who knew him better than I, and who were usually closer to him in battle, that he often exposed himself unnecessarily to the most imminent danger. Besides, it is not improbable that he had predetermined to win a victory upon this field or die in the attempt. This hypothesis is supported by Hon. T. W. Brown, of Memphis, who relates that during the march of the army on General Hood's ill-fated campaign from Georgia to Tennessee, some occasion at night had called together a large number of officers and soldiers. Public speaking became the order of the evening, and General Cleburne was called on for a speech. He at first declined, for he was not a talking man. But being repeatedly called for, he at last appeared, and after instructing the soldiers as to how they should fight, and especially advising them that when once under fire to press bravely forward and never turn back, he said in effect: "I will accomplish what I next undertake or else I will perish in making the attempt." Franklin was his next battle; it was also his last. Thus perished the "Stonewall of the West," as he was often called. A truer patriot or knightlier soldier never fought and never died. Valor never lost a braver son or freedom a nobler champion. As he charged amid the tempest of conflict he seemed the impersonation of the genius of battle—a veritable Mars on the field of war. He was a patriot by instinct and a soldier by nature. He loved his country, its soldiers, its banners, its battle-flags, its sovereignty, its independence. For these he fought, for these he fell. He could not have done more for his own loved fatherland than he did for the land of his chosen allegiance, in whose just defence he relinquished his life. He fell in the uniform of his adopted country, amid her soldiers and advancing flags. He died unconquered, and in doing so, threw Eastern lustre upon Southern valor. Two countries share in the glory of his name. Ireland gave him to the world; the Confederacy to immortality. Their joint emblems—a happy conception—fitly mark the monument that here speaks to posterity—Erin's harp in bed of shamrock; the Confederate seal, showing Washington on warhorse, wreathed in Southland's blooms and products; the sunburst of Ireland over the inscription "Franklin," symbolizing that his life passed thence in an effulgence of glory. All the honors we can do him cannot equal his deserts. This beautiful monument, which love erects to memory and gratitude gives to glory, is but a modest expression of his country's esteem. I think we do no injustice to any one, living or dead, when we say that he was the most distinguished and efficient soldier of his

rank that fought in our Western armies—the most illustrious exponent of Irish valor and prowess that has yet appeared upon American fields. He knew how to lead a charge or rally a wavering column; possessed those martial qualities that achieve success and inspire in soldiers devotion to their leader. Though a stern disciplinarian, he was loved by his soldiers, who were ready to go wherever he commanded. He was not only a commander, but a comrade, fighting with his men. And if every Confederate soldier had been a Cleburne, we question not that the issue of the war would have been reversed and the political destiny of a people changed. He was a fearless soldier, a sagacious leader, a true patriot and a reproachless man. In his devotion to the cause he espoused he shrank from no sacrifice. Inspired by a sense of right “and sustained by a sublime courage he challenged danger and died gallantly in the cause of his country.” His deeds we honor, his death we mourn; and in token of our recognition of his sacrifices, our admiration of his deeds and our veneration for his memory this modest monument has been erected. And on behalf of the ex-Confederate soldiers, and indeed of the people of the South, I would offer our thanks to those who have especially had charge of and accomplished this noble work. Beautify it with flowers, wreath it with laurel and crown it with immortelles. At the call of Arkansas he went to the field and it is fitting that his remains should repose in her soil; and more especially upon this beautiful spot, said to have been a favorite resort in his walks before the war. Tennessee, whose bosom received his blood, unites in honoring his memory to-day. Her soldiers, her patriots, her citizens are here, while her histories contain high tributes to his name. A work, entitled the “Military Annals of Tennessee,” contains a chapter (written by Colonel C. W. Frazer, of that State, and who served in General Cleburne’s command), in which this paragraph appears:

“The hero worship (amounting almost to idolatry) on the one hand, and the sympathy and admiration on the other, that existed between this regiment (the Fifth Confederate, composed of Tennesseans), and General Cleburne was remarkable, and can only be partially accounted for by their common birthplace, their devotion to the Southern cross, and the ties that bind men who have often met a common foe in the death grapple. The snows of twenty winters have covered his modest grave at Helena, Ark., but now the mention of the name of Pat. Cleburne, brightens the eye and quickens the pulse of every man who fought under him. A born soldier, he

was in battle the embodiment of war, and as a general, in his position, I think he had no superior; and withal he was as modest and true-hearted a man as ever wore the gray. It ought to be the pride as it is the duty of the historian to give this dead hero a white stone." This book (*The Military Annals of Tennessee*) contains an excellent steel engraving of General Cleburne, and also a beautiful poem in honor of his memory by a Tennessee poetess, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle.

In conclusion, while we would especially memorialize General Cleburne to-day, we cannot forget the thousands of our humbler comrades who also died valiantly for the country they loved. They, too, deserve our grateful remembrance, our peans of praise, our tributes of love. All grateful people have remembered and venerated their patriot dead. Erin, that little land that has given more than her share of genius and valor to the world, still honors the name of her martyred Emmet. Enslaved and unhappy Poland still breathes a sigh for her Poniatowski; Sparta, though dead, echoes from her tomb the name Leonidas. Buried Carthage consecrated her sepulcher with the dust of her patriots. And the South, God smile upon her, still remembers her martyred dead, and speaks of their deeds with veneration and pride. Peace to their shades, honor to their ashes!

Numerous were the outbursts from his audience while touched upon the character of Cleburne, and the instances of the war which were deeply inscribed in the hearts of many of his listeners, who, too, had engaged in the battle at which General Cleburne fell and saw him meet his death.

Tears glistened in the eyes of many as the eloquent speaker's words portrayed to them the vivid pictures which even the flight of years is unable to dim.

Immediately following the orator a choir composed of male and female voices sang the hymn, "When the Spirit Leaves Its Clay."

Then followed the benediction by Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Helena, after which the graves of the Confederate deceased were completely covered by loving hands with beautiful flowers. A larger crowd of visitors never before gathered in Helena for a purpose of this kind. For several days visitors have been coming from all parts of Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Kentucky.

The ladies of the Memorial Association, of Memphis, contributed a beautiful floral offering, which was placed upon the monument. It was a Confederate flag composed of geraniums, heliotropes, and stars

of Bethlehem. In attendance upon the ceremonies were several relatives of the lamented Cleburne, in whose memory the shaft has been erected. It is a shaft of white marble, twenty-five feet in height, with the following inscription on the western side :

PATRICK RONAYNE CLEBURNE,

Major-General of C. S. A.,

Born in County of Cork, Ireland, March 17, 1828.

Killed at the Battle of Franklin, Tenn.,

November, 1864.

On the north side the word "Chickamauga" and the Confederate seal, and the following words from the poem of Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle :

A rift of light

Revealed the horse and rider, then the scene was dim ;

But on the inner works the death hail

Rang in dying Cleburne's ears a battle hymn.

On the east side was the the sunburst and the legend, "Franklin." On the side facing the south was the harp of Erin entwined with the shamrock, below which was the stanza :

"Memory ne'er will cease to cherish deeds of glory thou hast won."

After appropriately decorating the graves, Confederate and others, the spectators departed for the outgoing trains and boats, which bore away the various crowds who joined in commemorating and honoring the noble Confederates of rank and file.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

A synopsis of an Address delivered before the Ladies' Memorial Association at Wilmington, North Carolina, May 10, 1883.

BY HONORABLE R. T. BENNETT.

Col. 14th N. C. Infantry, C. S. A.

The following synopsis of Judge Bennett's address at Wilmington on memorial day is reprinted from the *Star*.

We have come to offer the tribute of gratitude to the men, dead and living, who followed the fortunes of the Confederacy from the

outbreak of the war until Palm Sunday in 1865, when the ragged regiments of the South, torn by hostile shot and shell, stacked their guns, lowered their banners, and, broken-hearted, dispersed, to find ruined homes and a country girded with sackcloth and sprinkled with ashes. This melancholy duty could not be performed on ground more fitting than this, hallowed as it is by the graves of our dead—footprints of angels—made memorable as it is by an assemblage of circumstances.

Eighteen miles away, as the ill-omened crow flies, are the remains of the last great artery which sustained the failing life of the Confederacy, until cut by the cruel surgery of the sword in January of 1865. The spirit of good or bad in men, while living and after death, is but the echo of their actions. Those who served in the armies of the Confederacy during its struggle with the Government carry in their hearts an unwritten memorial of the courage, valor and deeds of their comrades who, less fortunate than themselves, perished in that struggle. The feeling of comradeship, the sense of old help, of common peril—born only of the electric touch of elbows—will not suffer their memories to see corruption.

If we would transmit to other ages—to those who are to come after us—the precious remembrance of the men who fell under the Southern Cross amid the splendid agony of battle, we must resort to material monuments—to brass or marble.

It is the irony of fortune that if we were to yield to the strong emotions which struggle for utterance and give rein to our enthusiasm, our sentiments, candidly expressed, would provoke criticism, and be imputed to our people as proof of insubordination. Our lamentations must be expressed in sobs.

Pardon me, then, if I fail to touch the delicate nerve of sympathy in this concourse.

It is not probable that the historian will again chronicle the annals of a war in which the people crowded their leaders out of place and took the advance. The tendency now is to turn everything to commercial account. *Then* the votaries of law, medicine and philosophy, the artisans, the teeming thousands who work afield, moved by a common impulse, took up the line of march and poured a steady stream of patriotism to the scene of the conflict. The bishop exchanged the Episcopal mitre for the baton of a marshal; the men of God, whose province it is to inspire us with the sweet ideal of the Nazarene, joined the column of the march; and on the perilous edge

of battle breathed into the year of the dying soldier the words of eternal life.

Our people encamped upon the field; our youth, mature manhood, and age with lengthening shadows, all were there. And from home, woman—the best comfort of our imperfect condition—inspired us by her faith and trust in the justice of God and the righteousness of our cause. It was the tempestuous march of a principle as old as the government and as irrepressible as thought. Of such men were made the squadrons which under Stuart, who deserves to take rank with Kellerman, forced the circuit of McClellan's army while he thundered at the gates of Richmond and scored the first great ride of the war.

Of such were composed the battalions which under Jackson, who received his death wound a score of years ago in the tangled growth at Chancellorsville, about the exultant hour of victory, made the first great march of the war in the shadow of South mountain by the waters of the Shenandoah, and hurled the forces of the Government from the Valley. With these citizens Buchanan drove the beak of the Merrimac into the yielding timbers of the Congress and Cumberland, and startled nations.

Time, the balm of wounded hearts, has softened the agony of the last months of the appalling struggles between the States, and converted the ravishing anguish of defeat, of deaths, of losses infinite, into submission to the inevitable. We would not make those hearts bleed afresh by recounting the incidents which clothed our people with the weeds of mourning.

In Cæsar's account of the battle of Pharsalia, he says that Crastinus, a centurion of the Tenth legion, already distinguished for his gallantry, called out: "Follow me, my comrades, and strike home for your general. This one battle remains to be fought and he will have his rights and we our liberty. "General," he said, looking to Cæsar, "I shall earn your thanks to-day, dead or alive."

We have seen a ragged Southern soldier, all unknown to fame, amid the angry shouting of hosts, touch the poverty of his uniform, and with a gentle farewell, uttered as he essayed some doubly perilous feat, go out into the eternal beyond. We await with the anguish of patience the coming historian who will do justice to these untitled dead.

With the world nothing succeeds like success, though attained in the subjugation of a free people, which we denounce here as the greatest crime of all the ages.

We adopt the sentiment and language of Pericles in the celebrated oration over the dead who perished in the first campaign of the Peloponnesian war, delivered four hundred and thirty years before the birth of the author of the sweet Galilean vision:

"But of these men there was none that either was made a coward by his wealth, from preferring the continued enjoyment of it; or shrank from danger through a hope suggested by poverty—namely, that he might yet escape it, and grow rich; but conceiving that vengeance on their foes was more to be desired than these objects, and at the same time regarding this as the most glorious of hazards, they wished by risking it to be avenged on their enemies, and so to aim at procuring those advantages; committing to hope the uncertainty of success, but resolving to trust to action with regard to what was visible to themselves; and in that action, being minded rather to resist than die, than by surrendering to escape, they fled from the shame of a discreditable report, while they endured the brunt of the battle with their bodies; and after the shortest crisis, when at the very height of their fortune, were taken away from their glory rather than their fear."

Such did these men prove themselves as became the character of their country. I would not have you unmindful that the angel of death left his mark on other households than ours. Funeral insignia hang thick on the homes of the conquerors. The memory of their dead is cherished by the Government; their orphaned young, their widowed wives, their disabled survivors, are generously maintained at public expense. Our dead have no country except the unmarked empire of eternity; no flag except the weird cross borne at the head of the spectre host in the spirit land. Departed spirits of our expatriated dead, we salute you on the slopes of glory! "Lo! at their tomb my tributary tears I offer for my brethren's obsequies!"

[From the *Richmond Dispatch* February 9, 1890.]

WILLIAMSBURG JUNIOR GUARD.

ROLL OF THE COMPANY.

The enclosed list of names suggests much that is mingled with a sense of joy and sadness. When the war-bugle's blast was heard

through our land these boys were among the first to put on their armor. The opportunity to maintain their prestige—for really they felt that the mantle of their fathers had fallen upon them—was cheerfully accepted.

By some good luck I preserved this list in pencil, and although nearly effaced I hasten to send it to you, that the "art preservative of all arts" may perpetuate it as a reminiscence of the glorious past.

As a coincidence of the times when these boys trudged up and down the Virginia Peninsula long before the lamented Magruder was called to take charge to watch the movements of the Federal warship Pawnee at Yorktown, the servant of each valliant soldier was called on to tote the baggage of his young master. Frequently, and which, by the way, was the rule on such occasions, the parents had the old carriages and wagons hauled out and they followed with all the necessary articles of extra clothing, food, &c., not forgetting the lint, splints, salve, &c., always looking for a sharp encounter and the possibility of some one getting hurt. Their mothers had offered them as a sacrifice upon the altar of their Southern country home and fireside, with the injunction of the Spartan to return with their shield or on it.

Out of the eighty-six boys who organized (only enough men for officers) as the "Williamsburg Junior Guards" for the war, about twenty-five survive; the rest have gone to join the "ages."

I observe that of the list Joseph V. Bidgood and W. Miles Cary are residents of your city.

Officers: J. A. Henley, captain; William Morecock, first lieutenant; H. M. Waller, second lieutenant; L. Henly, third lieutenant; O. N. Coke, orderly sergeant; P. Jones, second sergeant; J. F. Bowry, third sergeant; R. L. Henley, fourth sergeant; W. T. Christian, fifth sergeant; W. E. Moss, color-bearer; A. I. Hofheimer, first corporal; R. A. Bowry, second corporal; W. W. Lee, third corporal; W. H. Barlow, fourth corporal.

Privates: J. H. Barlow, Jr., T. J. Barlow, R. G. Barlow, G. O. Ball, J. V. Bidgood, William Burke, R. Barham, W. Miles Cary, J. W. Clarke, C. B. Coakley, R. Crandall, T. C. Carrington, G. W. Clowes, J. A. Davis, J. W. Davis, S. N. Deneufville, H. L. Dix, J. H. Dix, W. C. Durfey, W. F. Gilliam, W. G. Gatewood, Benjamin Gilliam, R. J. Griffin, J. R. Harwood, J. M. Johnson, G. W. Jackson, H. T. Jones, Jr., J. C. Lucas, W. H. Lee, E. M. Lee, R. A. Lively, E. H. Lively, R. C. Lawson, L. Lukehard, A. J. Lane, T. A. Moss, J. A. J. Moss, G. H. Mercer, H. V. Morriss, H. A. Mor-

ris, J. W. Morris, F. P. Morrison, S. Maupin, D. R. Mahone, H. P. Moore, C. W. Mahone, J. H. Mahone, H. L. McCandlish, R. Owens, B. F. Piggott, J. T. Parham, B. H. Ratcliffe, J. Ratcliffe, C. H. Richardson, L. P. Slater, J. Simcoe, S. Simcoe, M. Spraggins, R. B. Shelburne, I. Smith, Talbot Sweeney, F. R. Sykes, L. Taylor, R. P. Taylor, William Vaughan, T. H. Whiting, J. T. H. Wilkins, J. B. Wilkins, William Wilkins, A. L. Williamson, J. M. Walthall, and W. H. Yerby.

Markers: B. W. Bowry and J. M. Maupin.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Southern women have been heretofore referred only to the standards of fiction.

There are three pieces of fiction that have had a long and popular run in what may be described in a large way as the North American mind. One is that the stage representation of negro character are true to life; another is that the poor white trash of the South are utterly worthless and thriftless; and the other is that the white women of the South lived in a state of idleness during the days of slavery, swinging and languishing in hammocks, while bebies of pickaninnies cooled the tropical air with long-handled fans made of peacock tails.

Preposterous as they are, age has made these fictions respectable, especially in the North. They strut about in good company, and sometimes a sober historian goes so far as to employ them for the purpose of bolstering up his sectional theories, or, what is still worse, his prejudices.

I do not know that these fictions are important, or that they are even interesting. If there was an explosion every time truth was outrun by his notorious competitor, the man who sleeps late of a morning would wake with a snort and imagine that the universe was the victim of a fierce and prolonged bombardment.

WIVES OF PLANTERS.

The busiest women the world has ever seen were the wives and daughters of the Southern planters during the days of slavery. They were busy from morning until night, and sometimes far into the night.

They were practically at the head of the commissary and sanitary departments of the plantation. It was a part of their duty to see that the negroes were properly fed, clothed, and shod. They did not, it is true, go into the market and purchase the supplies; that was a matter that could be attended to even by a dull-witted man; but after the supplies were bought it was the woman's intelligent management that caused them to be properly distributed.

I have never yet heard of a Southern woman who surrendered the keys of her smoke-house and store-room to an overseer. The distribution of the supplies, however, was a comparatively small item.

Take, for example, the clothing provided for, say one hundred negroes, male and female, large and small. The cloth was bought in bolts, though occasionally a considerable portion was woven on the plantation on the old-fashioned hand-loom. Whether bought or woven the cloth had to be cut out and made into garments. Who was to superintend and see to all this if not the woman? Who was at the head of the domestic establishment? There were seamstresses to make up the clothes, but all the details and preparations had to be looked after by the mistress, and it oftentimes fell to her lot to go down on her knees on the floor and cut out garments for hours at a time.

SANITARY EXPERTS.

And then there was the health of the negroes—a very important item where a twenty-year-old field hand was worth \$1,500 in gold. Who was to look after the sick when, as frequently happened, the physician was miles away? Who indeed, it not the mistress? It was natural, therefore—and not only natural, but absolutely necessary—that a part of the storeroom should be an apothecary's shop on a small scale, and that the Southern woman should know what to prescribe in all the simpler forms of disease.

It is to be borne in mind that when the negroes came in from their work the plantation became a domestic establishment, and its demands were such that it was necessary for a woman to be at the head of it. On the energy, the industry and the apt management of the mistress the success of the plantation depended to a great extent. It was not

often these qualities were lacking, either, for they were absolutely essential to the success, the comfort and the moral discipline of the establishment.

QUEENS OF THE KITCHEN.

Then there was the kitchen. No Southern woman could afford to turn that important department over to a negro cook. Such a thing was not to be thought of. The mistress of the plantation was also the mistress of the kitchen.

In order to teach their negroes the art of cooking the Southern women had to know how to cook themselves, and they were compelled to gain their knowledge from practical experience, for the kitchen is one of the places where theories cannot be entertained. There are negro women still living who got their training in the plantation kitchen, under the eyes of their mistresses, and their cooking is a spur to the appetite and a remedy for indigestion. It is no wonder that a Georgia woman, when she heard the negroes were really free, gave a sigh of relief and exclaimed :

"Thank heaven ! I shall have to work for them no more !"

These Southern women were the outgrowth of the plantation system, the result of six or seven generations of development. On that system they placed the impress of their humanity and refinement ; and the outcome of it is to be seen in the condition of the negro race to-day. In the sphere of their homes and in their social relations they exercised a power and influence that has no parallel in history. As they were themselves, so they trained their daughters to be, and the Southern women of to-day still possess the characteristics that made their mothers and their grandmothers beautiful and gracious ; still possess the refinement that built up a rare civilization amid unpromising surroundings ; still possess the energy and patience and gentleness that wrought order and discipline on the plantations.

IN THIS GENERATION.

As the vine was, so must the fruit be. I have tried to describe the mistress of the plantation for the reason that her characteristics and tendencies have been transmitted to the Southern women of this generation and to the young girls who are growing into womanhood. It is inevitable, however, that certain of these characteristics should be modified or amplified according as the circumstances of an environment altogether new may demand.

I know of no more beautiful or romantic civilization than that which blossomed under the plantation system, and yet, in the natural order of things, it would have inevitably have run to caste distinctions. It had social ideals that were impracticable, and it had literary ideals that were foolish; nevertheless, after everything had been said, caste distinctions under the plantation system would have been less distasteful than those which are now in process of organization in some parts of this country.

Whatever the development of Southern civilization might have been under the old system it has come under the domination of the new. That the new has been strengthened and sweetened thereby I think will not be denied by impartial observers who have no pet theories to nurse.

AN INHERITANCE OF GRACIOUSNESS.

Take, for example, the home life of the plantation. It was larger, ampler and more perfect than that which exists in the Republic to-day, not because it was more leisurely and freer from care, but because the aims and purposes of the various members of the family were more concentrated. The hospitality that was a feature of it was more unrestrained and simpler, because it bore no relation whatever to the demands and suggestions of what is now known in Sunday newspapers as "Society."

The home life of the old plantation has had a marked influence on the Southern women of to-day in their struggles with adverse circumstances. They lack, for one thing, the assurance of those who have inherited the knack of making their way among strangers. The poetic young Bostonian who has been writing recently of "The Mannerless Sex" and "The Ruthless Sex" could never have made the Southern woman a text for his articles, and I trust that for generations yet to come they will retain the gentleness and the graciousness that belong to them by right of inheritance.

A BENEFICIENT INFLUENCE.

Comparatively speaking, it has only been a few years that the Southern woman has been compelled by circumstances to seek a wider and more profitable field for her talent, her energy and her industry than the home and the fireside afford, and the experience of these few years has demonstrated the fact that she is amply able to take care of herself.

In shaping and developing what is called the new literary movement in the South, she has shown herself to be a far more versatile worker than the men—more artistic and more conscientious.

She has made herself felt in art, in science and in the schools; she has taken a place in the ranks of the journalists; she has a place on the stage and the platform; she is to be found in many of the trades that are next door to the arts, in the professions and in business; she is stenographing, typewriting, clerking, dairying, gardening; she is to be found, in short, wherever there is room for her, and her field is always widening.

I think she will exercise a mellowing and restraining influence on the ripping and snorting age just ahead of us—the rattling and groaning age of electricity. What part she may play in the woman's rights movement of the future it is difficult to say. Just now she has no aptitude in that direction. She has been taught to believe that the influences that are the result of a happy home-life are more powerful and more important elements of politics than the casting of a ballot; and in this belief she seems to be at one with an overwhelming majority of American women—the mothers and daughters who are the hope and pride of the Republic.

Yet she is an earnest and untiring temperance worker. Conservative in all other directions, she is inclined to be somewhat radical in her crusade against rum. She is inclined to fret and grieve a little over the fact that public opinion failed to keep pace with her desires. The wheels of legislation do not move fast enough for her, and she is inclined to wonder at it. In the innocence of her heart she has never suspected that there is a demijohn in the legislative committee-room.

There is no question and no movement of real importance in which she is not interested. Her devotion and self-sacrifice in the past have consecrated her to the future, and her sufferings and privations have taught her the blessings of charity in its largest and last interpretation.

[From the Winchester (Va.) *Times*, October 22, 1890.]

CHEW'S BATTERY.

REUNION OF OCTOBER, 1890.

It has occurred to me that the last days of Chew's famous old battery under his command as captain, and after his promotion, under

the command of Captain James Thompson, of Summit Point, and at the very last under Captain T. Carter, might be interesting reading to a number of our people, as the circumstance has brought scenes correctly to the mind, with the aid of notes and dates taken at the time.

November 14th, 1864.—Camped near Mt. Jackson after an all-day's march. 15th.—Near Strasburg, all the company but our detachment ordered back to Mt. Solon; out with Rosser's brigade on a scout. They capture fifty prisoners. Tuesday, 19th.—Gordon's magnificent victory; Kendall, Stewart, and myself on leave; went in with the infantry, captured two fine black mules, gloves, hats, clothes, gum blankets, plenty to eat, and a case of whiskey with a medical wagon. This battle ended in Early's rout, caused by allowing the men to straggle and plunder the immense captures of wagons, camps, etc. November 28th.—Back with battery. Captain W. R. Lyman brought ten dismounted cavalry for battalion duty. Tuesday, December 8th.—Marching. 9th.—Still marching. 10th.—Moving three batteries, Shoemaker's, Johnston's and ours, with the cavalry. 11th.—Within two miles of Newtown. 12th.—Battle opened on Cedar Creek line; some hard fighting; enemy in very heavy force; Generals Custer and Merritt in our immediate front, backed by infantry. Colonel Thomas Marshall, of the Seventh Virginia cavalry, from Fauquier county, killed to-day. He was a sincere Christian, a very brave and fearless man, and a much respected officer. Captain Emmett, of General Rosser's staff, wounded. General Rosser had to fall back, owing to the heavy columns of infantry in front. We gave them a sight of our teeth from hilltop to hilltop almost hourly. 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th.—Falling back, continually in the saddle, night and day; reached Furrer's furnace cold and raining. 24th.—Was sent to the front with the twelve-pound brass howitzer of Timberville. 28th.—Back to the battery. December 1st.—Received a twelve-pound brass rifle gun for our detachment, captured by Lieutenant McNeal, near Moorfield. Brigade on the move under strict orders; cavalry and artillery moving quietly but rapidly. Rosser has made a splendid raid, completely surprising the enemy at New Creek, eighty miles west of our starting point, destroying a large amount of army stores, burning depot and capturing five heavy canons, six hundred prisoners, two hundred horses, some wagons; lost but very few men—some report only two killed. Boys are loaded with blankets and general supplies needed. December 4th.—Received two more brass rifle canons. On Thursday, 9th.—Moving. 10th.—Snowing heavily, six inches deep; camped on

South river, near Waynesboro'; moved through Staunton, near Swope's depot. 18th.—Built winter quarters; has been very cold; the snow covered everything; finished our very comfortable log house, twelve by seven in size, five feet high, with cotton roof; mud heavy under the snow. 20th.—A very heavy snow. 23d.—Broke camp, left our winter quarters, moved through Staunton on Lexington road, three miles out; built winter quarters again, comfortable log houses and stables.

Christmas quiet. A number of us rode to Staunton. The snow of the 20th is still with us, heavy and cold. 29th.—Snowing. 31st.—New Year's eve, and what a night the boys are having; no sleep for them. They brought in about two gallons of brandy, roasted near a bushel of apples, procured a large tub, put in two camp kettles of hot water, mashed and putting in the apples and brandy. This mixture of a tub full they took in small doses of a tin full at a dose. Near my house was a tree growing at an angle of about thirty degrees. They moved the tub to this point. The speakers or orators would run up this tree for about ten feet and declaim. Some singing, others full of devilish fun and jokes, tales, etc. Tuesday, 3d.—Rumors of disbanding Shoemaker's and our batteries, owing to scarcity of forage and rations. Saturday, the 7th of January, 1865.—A Godsend. The county of Augusta gave us a dinner in camp—cakes, apples, turkeys, beef, light bread, etc. 14th.—Another snow. The 16th of January.—Shoemaker's and our (Thompson's) batteries disbanded to be called in by general order at any time. Called in through the papers April 1st, 1865; orderdered to report to Captain Tucker Carter at Washington Hotel, Lynchburg. I saw the order on the 2d; was then at Blacksburg, Montgomery county; reported to Captain Carter on the 3d at noon; the men reported for duty daily. Captain Carter was placed in command of a number of the fortifications around the city. He gave me the command of a small fort with two fine twenty-pound Parrott guns, with forty dismounted cavalymen to drill in artillery exercise for action. 7th.—Drilling the men for inspection. Morning of the 8th.—Just heard of the death of Major James Thompson, our old captain. A more gallant and brave man would be hard to find, and a gentleman with his company. He was killed while leading his third charge at High Bridge, Amelia county. Sunday, the 9th.—Moved our section early to White Rock, east of the city. The stragglers coming in by hundreds. 10 o'clock.—Just heard officially of General R. E. Lee's surrender of eight thousand men in arms at Appomattox. Lieutenant John

Dunnigan and I sat on our guns looking at the remains of the army coming in; a sad sight to us. Evening.—We just finished spiking and burning thirty fine pieces of artillery. At sunset, the most of the officers disbanding their men, we marched our battery out to New London, twelve miles from the city, with Colonel Nelson's battalion of infantry. Artillery held a consultation that night in an old barn. (I think Colonel Chew came up with us in the barn—it raining some—and advised the men to go home; stating that he was going to Johnston's army, and would be glad to take any of us with him that wanted to go. But this is from memory, as I have no note of it.) At daylight Captain Carter assembled us, and several spoke. He then disbanded us on 10th of April, 1865. A sad parting! We had been shoulder to shoulder in so many hard places. The following names are of those present at the end:

Captains Tuck. Carter, William R. Lyman, Clayton Williams, Charles and Frank Conrad, Frank Asberry, Red. Zirkle, Robert Atkinson, Thornton, Dayley, Morrell, William R. Lyman, Hare, Crawford, Pem. Thompson, Charles W. McVicar and Adjutant William Thompson—16. Sixteen of us—some old comrades of three years nearly—had been to the front together in over fifty engagements. The separation was felt as only those in our position could realize, but would fail in words to describe. And after a lapse of over twenty-five years the reunion of Ashby's brigade and this battery was started. Major Holmes Conrad worked hard for a month to make it a success. Its growth was beyond the expectation, but not up to the amount it would have been had it not been in seeding time. Assistance had to be called in. The old Veteran Camp, No. 4, held a meeting. Committees were appointed. The committee of general management was: Dr. William P. McGuire, chairman; Captain William H. Myers, Charles W. McVicar, Major Holmes Conrad and Captain John J. Williams. We met often, and a large amount of work was done, and well done. I proposed getting a section of guns for the battery, and wrote to the Staunton battery requesting the loan of the guns. The reply came promptly, and freely tendering the loan of one or more guns. The kindness of the Staunton battery is here acknowledged. Captain David O'Rork was very prompt in shipping; and we here extend thanks also to Mr. Jacob Baker and Captain John Glaize, both of these gentlemen furnishing four horses each, at the expense of their seeding, free of cost to us. Colonel Chew, with his characteristic generosity, sent us a check for seventy-five dollars to defray expense of battery. By

having the guns in line gave the old members a chance to march as they would wish and to awaken the old feelings, and to show that they had not forgotten the old manual of loading and firing. Is it not very remarkable that so many of the old batteries were present? Twenty-nine—after a separation of over a quarter of a century—should come together from such widely separated source, and yet we had at least ten more in correspondence. The names of the twenty-nine are as follows: Colonel Robert Preston Chew, First Sergeant George Phillips, First Corporal George M. Neese, Privates William R. Lyman, George Callahan, Isaac Haas, Morgan Deck, James Homrick, Robert Hoshour, ——— Dingleline, Reuben Wonder, Dr. Clayton Williams, Dr. William P. McGuire, Bent. Holliday, Orderly Sergeant A. J. Souder, Third Sergeant Stephen Miller, Quartermaster-Sergeant John Chew, Mark Rodeffer, John Longersbeam, William Deck, Deaux Bowly, Ambler Brooke, ——— Ramey, Jesse Frye, Pem. Thompson, Captain John J. Williams, Henry Deahl, Frank Conrad, Charles W. McVicar.

Wednesday morning, October 1st.—Collected a few of the old battery—Mr. Jacob Cline, of Carpenter's battery; Lieutenant Edward G. Hollis, of Crenshaw's battery of Richmond; Mr. Beverley, of V. M. I. battery; Theo. Hodgson of Eleventh Virginia cavalry, marched the section to the Fair grounds, fired eleven rounds, one for each of the old Confederate States. Returned with the guns to the corner of Market and Piccadilly streets; dismissed the men, with orders to assemble at 9:30. At that hour called the men to their places. Our old battle-flag was there with us—a present from the ladies of Charlottesville. It has many bullet holes through it. Colonel Chew was with us, and I introduced Rev. Dr. Henry M. White to the Colonel, requesting he should ride in his old place in line to the left of a colonel of artillery. We fired twenty blank cartridges at Stonewall cemetery and ten rounds at Fair grounds.

On Tuesday night Captain Lyman and myself gathered some ten of the old battery in his room at the Taylor House of our old comrades, John Chew, and renewed old associations of by-gones, old songs, tales, &c. Wednesday night.—Together in same room; a large number gathered. The orderly sergeant trying to revise the old roll. As name after name was brought forward the memory of many of those present had to be enlightened by "Mamy" Neese or others by recalling some incident, laughable or humorous, to identify him, and generally "Mamy" Neese was right, bringing forcibly to

mind the old camp life with its amusements as well as hardships, careless and easy as to what had passed. Hopeful and willing to take the chances of the future—making fun and amusement out of the smallest items; the camp-fire tales always true, and sometimes a 'leetle' more than true, the songs of the Glee Club, the square patent note mess that made the woods echo with the *do sol me do*, with their note books taking sound, &c.; the mischeivous humor of "Jap" Pierce, of Baltimore; the devilish tricks of John Williams, of Rockingham, and others; each mess having its peculiarity with a leader, the roll and feed calls, and above all the flanking out from camp to see the girls, and get a change of rations; and Abe Nisewander's *failing*—he couldn't help it—first to secure a sweetheart at or near every camp, and go to see her *ten* nights in a week; then the French leave—go home a hundred miles away in winter, careless of fatigue and danger, as if we did not reason or care for the cost. After 10 o'clock Captain John Williams had a 'bus at the door and requested us to take seats and go with him to the Fair grounds, around the camp-fires of Captain Hugh McGuire's old company, and greet the boys he was transferred from our battery to in the last year of the war. We enjoyed the trip; came back to town at 2 o'clock in the morning. Thus ended the ever to be remembered reunion of the old battery. It will grow in links of a chain we will form of friendship closer and better through the balance of life. The old camp-life had its charms, and few of us would wish to forget it.

Major Conrad richly deserves the thanks of our people in this reunion for his liberality, untiring energy and amount of labor performed; also the veterans of Camp No. 4, and not least, the county committees. Their thoroughness deserves the highest praise, and the people who so liberally donated to the feast, showing the quiet yet warm hearts that need only the call to respond to any object they deem worthy.

CHARLES W. MCVICAR,
Of the Stuart Horse Artillery.

GENERAL BURKETT DAVENPORT FRY.

Died at Richmond, Virginia, January 21st, 1891, General Burkett Davenport Fry, a veteran of three wars, and a most useful and val-

ued citizen. His nature was as gentle, his bearing as modest as his life was momentous.

His lineage was historic, and in his veins mingled the blood of the Huguenot with some of the worthiest strains of Virginia. He was third in descent from Colonel Joshua Fry, and his wife, Mary Micou, daughter of Dr. Paul Micou, a physician who sought refuge in Essex county, Virginia, from religious persecution in France. Colonel Fry was Professor of Mathematics in William and Mary College; in connection with Peter Jefferson, the father of President Jefferson, executed in 1749 the first map of Virginia founded on actual surveys, and was the commander of the Virginia forces raised for service against the French on the Ohio in 1754. The youthful George Washington was the lieutenant-colonel of the Virginia regiment, and on the sudden death of Colonel Fry at Will's Creek, May 31, 1754, succeeded to the command.

The Rev. Henry Fry, the second son of Colonel Joshua Fry, a man of attainments and of pious usefulness, married Susan, the daughter of Dr. Thomas Walker, the pioneer explorer of Kentucky, and his wife Mildred (Thornton), widow of Nicholas Meriwether. These progenitors number among their descendants the worthy names of Bell, Bullitt, Cabell, Coles, Cooke, Gilmer, Green, Lewis, McDonald, Morton, Maury, Maupin, Slaughter, Speed, and others.

Thornton Fry, son of Rev. Henry Fry, married Eliza R., daughter of Hon. Philip Rootes Thompson, of Culpeper county, and member of Congress 1801-1807. These were the parents of Burkett Davenport Fry, who was born in Culpeper county June 24, 1822. The troubles with Mexico enlisted his eager patriotism, and he was appointed first lieutenant of United States voltigeurs February 24, 1847. He was promoted to the rank of Captain, commanding his company with signal gallantry in the Valley of Mexico and specially distinguishing himself at the battle of Chapultepec. His company was disbanded in August, 1848. Captain Fry now returned to civil life, and marrying Miss Martha A. Micou, of Augusta, Georgia, for some years resided in California; but the expedition of General William Walker again enlisted the adventurous spirit of Captain Fry, and he hastened to join the "gray-eyed man of destiny." He reached Nicaragua in 1855, and threw himself heart and soul in the struggle. The terrible hardships to which the command was subjected are graphically depicted in the history of the ill-starred attempt. General Fry was ever in the front when peril was to be

met, and was finally made Governor of Grenada. When the venture fell to pieces, through, as General Walker charges, the policy pursued by the United States and British Governments, General Fry returned to this country and settled in Alabama. At the breaking out of the war for Southern Independence he was one of the first to offer his sword to the State of his adoption. He rose successively to the rank of colonel and brigadier-general, and attested nobly his valor and ability. On the third day of the battle of Gettysburg he led the directing regiment of Wilcox's brigade up those bloody heights, adding lustre to the name of Alabama, and falling desperately wounded. He commanded subsequently the Confederate forces at Augusta, Ga. Upon the conclusion of the war General Fry went to Cuba, where he was for several years engaged in the tobacco business.

Returning to Alabama, he was appointed superintendent of the public school system. There his wife died without issue. General Fry removed from Alabama to Florida, where he for a time held connection with a cotton-mill at Tallahassie. About 1880 he made his residence in Richmond, and accepted the position of secretary and treasurer of the Marshall Manufacturing Company, of which his brother-in-law, the late John Lyddall Bacon, was the president. Upon the death of Mr. Bacon, General Fry succeeded him as president and held this position at the time of his death. His remains were interred by the side of his wife in Alabama. General Fry was of slight physique and medium height, and of mien so modest and gentle that a stranger would never have suspected that a form so frail held the lion spirit of so redoubtable a warrior.

He was a man of fine intellectual gifts and attainments, and a critical observer. He possessed fine conversational talents, which, with his varied and adventurous experience, made him a delightful companion.

He was an earnest member of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, and his associates in that body bear affectionate testimony to his devotion as a patriot, his worth as a citizen, and to his zeal as a co-worker.

R. A. BROCK,

Secretary of the Southern Historical Society.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The second anniversary of this organization was held in Jackson, Miss., June 2, 1891, in the Capitol, in the Hall of the House of Representatives. It was opened with prayer at 10:30 A. M., followed by addresses of welcome and response from the Governor of the State, Hon. John M. Stone, and General J. B. Gordon, commander-in-chief of the U. C. V., the calling of the roll by the secretary, Major D. A. Given, of New Orleans, and the appointment of a committee on credentials, which reported thirty-two camps in membership.

The button now in use, representing the Confederate battle flag, without lettering, was chosen as the badge to be worn by the Confederate veterans.

The following extracts are from the reports of the papers of the day:

Colonel E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Miss., Adjutant-General of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Mississippi, announcing the decease of its Grand Commander, General W. S. Featherstone, at Holly Springs, Miss., May 28, 1891, offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That recognizing the eminent military and civic services of our late comrade, and recalling his devoted loyalty to, and sympathy for, the memory of the cause which we have organized to commemorate, and in which he bore a conspicuous part:

1. As an officer under Generals Joe Johnston and Lee in Virginia, and later under Generals Joe Johnston and Hood in the West, the United Confederate Veterans, in reunion assembled, do hereby express their deep sorrow at his death, acknowledge their irreparable loss in being denied his continued valuable service in a cause so near his and the hearts of us all, and their irrepressible regrets that the inscrutable decrees of an all-wise Providence have deprived them of the fond privilege of his courtly presence and wise counsels at this—a reunion which he had so devoutly contemplated and looked forward to with the renewed enthusiasm of youthful vigor.

2. That we tender to his bereaved family our sincerest condolence, and to the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Mississippi, our deepest sympathy.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased comrade, and the papers, in sympathy with our organization, be requested to publish the same.

The resolutions were seconded by Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Markham, of New Orleans, who was chaplain of Featherstone's brigade, by Colonel Addison Craft, of Holly Springs, Miss., who was fresh from the dying-bed of the General, and by his aid-de-camp, Captain LeCand, of Natchez, Miss., all of whom passed fervid and eloquent eulogies on the life and character of the dead General.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously by a rising vote.

A committee on resolutions, composed of one from each camp, with General Walter H. Rogers as chairman, was appointed, to whom all resolutions were to be referred.

General E. Kirby Smith offered a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee to consult with Mrs. Jefferson Davis, with a view of determining upon and fixing the final burial-place of ex-President Jefferson Davis, that immediate steps may be taken by this organization toward the speedy erection of a monument to Mr. Davis.

General Cabell spoke to the resolution, and others stated that the want of a definite location of the site retards the collection of subscriptions therefor.

The resolution was adopted.

EVENING SESSION.

The veterans re-assembled at 6 P. M., when the Committee on Resolutions reported the following, which was adopted :

Resolved, That the Association most heartily endorse the recommendation of the Southern Press Association, that public meetings be held in every town and hamlet of the South, on June 18, 1891, for the purpose of raising funds to build a monument to the memory of our late chieftain, Jefferson Davis.

New Orleans was fixed on as the place, and April 8, 1892, as the time for the next annual meeting of this organization.

General Gordon offered the following resolution (General Cabell in the chair):

Resolved, That a committee of one from each of the Southwestern States be appointed, who shall have the power to consider what plan,

or plans, if any, can be adopted for aiding our disabled and indigent brother Confederates, their families, widows, and children, and to adopt such plans or methods as may, in the judgment of said committee, seem to promise success.

General Gordon advocated the resolution in a feeling speech. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The following composes the said committee: S. D. Thurston, of Texas; W. H. Simms, of Mississippi; ex-Governor John B. Gordon, of Georgia; H. Newman, of Tennessee; W. B. Nichol, of Alabama (chairman); B. F. Eschleman, of Louisiana; Colonel A. C. Haskell, South Carolina; C. M. Busby, of North Carolina; Governor George Fleming, of Florida; Governor Eagle, of Arkansas; General F. M. Cockrell, of Missouri; Governor S. B. Buckner, of Kentucky; General Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia; and General Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland.

The Association then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Dr. Joseph Jones, of New Orleans, nominated General John B. Gordon for re-election as Commander-in-Chief, which was seconded by Captain William R. Lyman, of New Orleans. He was elected by acclamation, amid great applause.

General Gordon, with evident feeling, responded: "I cannot speak to you, my brethren; my heart is at your feet; my life and all I have is at your service."

Walter H. Rogers, of New Orleans, nominated General E. Kirby Smith for Lieutenant-General of the Eastern Division, and he was unanimously re-elected.

General W. A. Cabell nominated H. W. Mansur, of Texas, for Lieutenant-General of the Trans-Mississippi Department, or Western Division, and he was elected.

The Committee on Resolutions to the Memory of General Johnston, reported as follows:

Resolved, That in commemoration of the decease of General Joseph E. Johnston this convention desires to place on record an expression of its appreciation of the exalted character of this illustrious Confederate chieftain.

2. That as a leader of its armies in the campaigns, which in Virginia, Tennessee, and Georgia have, by their achievements, made a name and fame as enduring as time, the credit is largely due to the skill and efficiency of his leadership. His retreat from Dalton to Atlanta marks him as the peer of the great historic captains, whose qualities have shone the brightest under difficulties that seemed the greatest.

3. That in the confession of that renowned General, before whose outnumbering forces he conducted his retreat, that is it was a dark day for the Federal arms when they confronted this Confederate leader on the Chattahoochie, we have the highest tribute to his soldierly capacity and skill.

4. That the peculiar fitness of such a record by this convention is emphasized by the fact that nearly every member of it has at some time obeyed his orders, and that through it we desire to transmit to those who may come after us our appreciation of his martial and civic virtues.

5. That these resolutions be published in our papers, and a copy of them sent as an expression of our sympathy to his bereaved household.

ALLEN BARKSDALE,
E. KIRBY SMITH,
C. W. FRAZER,
THOS. R. MARKHAM.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously by a rising vote.

Resolutions of thanks to the ladies of Jackson for the tasty and beautiful decorations of the hall, and to the citizens of Jackson for their hospitality, were adopted.

At 7:30 the Association adjourned *sine die*.

At 6 P. M., before the convention, Miss Eliza Winter, in an appropriate address on behalf of, and at the request of Mrs. General B. G. Humphreys, presented a portrait of the late General Humphreys, encircled with flowers, to "Ben Humphreys Camp" of Confederate Veterans, of Crystal Springs, Miss. Dr. D. P. Lockwood, of said camp, responded in an eloquent speech.

At 8 P. M. Colonel J. L. Power, of the *Clarion Ledger*, adjutant of Withers' First Mississippi Light Artillery, gave a delightful

reunion to members of that command, at his residence, 202 Amite street; and from 8:30 to 10:30 P. M., a reception was given by Mrs. Margaret Hays (Mr. Davis' daughter) in the State library in the Capitol.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD OF MISSISSIPPI.

Unveiling of a Monument to them at Jackson, Miss., June 3, 1890.

ORATION BY SENATOR E. C. WALTHALL.

Not since the memorable days of 1865 had so many men who wore the gray been at one time in the city of Jackson, Miss., as on this bright and balmy Wednesday, June 3, 1890. It was computed that the visitors numbered more than twenty thousand.

Before the sun was up the streets were a moving mass of humanity. The old veterans were full of enthusiasm, and cheer after cheer filled the air as they caught sight of one of their distinguished leaders. When General Gordon and Governor Stone appeared at the City Hall to head the line of March, both of them

WERE SEIZED AND BORN ALOFT

upon the shoulders of as many old soldiers as could lay hands on them.

At 10 o'clock this morning the National Guards of this State, under command of General Billups, marched from their quarters through the streets to the City Hall, where the grand procession formed, and after marching through the streets, proceeded to the monument, where the unveiling ceremonies took place.

ORDER OF FORMING.

From the City Hall the procession moved to the Capitol at 11 A. M., in the following order:

1. Mississippi National Guard.

2. A decorated float bearing fifteen young ladies, representing the States of the Confederacy, each bearing a flag (the charming feature of the procession).

3. Officers Ladies' Monumental Association.

4. Members of the family of the late President Jefferson Davis.

3. Distinguished Confederate veterans in carriages.

6. General J. A. Smith in command of the following :

(a) Organized Posts Confederate Veterans.

(b) Unattached Confederate Veterans.

(c) Organized Posts Sons of Confederate Veterans.

The Mississippi National Guard was represented by the following companies, in command of General Billups : Caledonian Rifles, Columbus Riflemen, Starkville Guards, Brown Cadets, Cadet Rifles, Lee Guards, West Point Rifles, Clarksville Light Guards, Volunteer Southrons, Crystal Springs Volunteers, Mississippi Southrons, College Rifles, Mississippi Invincibles, Capital Light Guards, Oktibbeha Rangers, and the Warren Light Artillery. The artillery, with their Gatling gun exhibitions, were a

GREAT FEATURE OF THE DAY.

Governor Stone was commander-in-chief, and the line of the march was headed by General Gordon, General Kirby Smith, General Cabell, General W. T. Martin, and other distinguished soldiers, General Joyce Smith being in command of the Confederate Veterans, who showed up in great strength and style.

After the military came, the float bearing fifteen beautiful ladies, who represented

THE DIFFERENT SOUTHERN STATES

at the unveiling, as follows : Miss Annie Stone, representing the Southern Confederacy ; Miss Annie L. Stone, representing Missouri ; Miss Courtenay Walthall, Virginia ; Miss Corinne Hortense Sykes, North Carolina ; Miss Annabel Power, Kentucky ; Miss Elise Featherstone, Georgia ; Miss Elise Govan, Florida ; Miss Nellie Fewell, Alabama ; Miss Mary Belle Morgan, Louisiana ; Miss Caroline Kerr Martin, Texas ; Miss Virginia Hunt, Arkansas ; Miss Sallie Eleanor Cowan, Tennessee ; Miss Marie Lowry, Mississippi ; Miss Annie Hemingway, South Carolina ; Miss Katie Porter, Maryland. Then came carriages containing the officers of the Ladies' Confederate Monument Association, with Miss Sallie B. Morgan as president ;

Mrs. Hays, the daughter of Jefferson Davis, accompanied by her husband and son. Next came carriages containing distinguished Confederate veterans, followed by the organized camps Confederate Veterans and the remnants of half a dozen famous Mississippi Confederate regiments.

The floats bearing young ladies representing the different Southern States was greatly admired.

THE SONS OF VETERANS

made a good showing. Among the officers of the National Guards who assisted in commanding the great army in line were Major G. M. Govan, Colonel George Green, Major G. G. Dillard, and many others.

The procession then moved to the monument, where the unveiling ceremonies took place as follows:

Prayer—Rev. Father F. A. Picheret.

Unveiling monument.

Address—General E. C. Walthall.

Poem—Mrs. Luther Manship.

Unveiling statue of Jefferson Davis.

Address—General Robert Lowry.

Benediction—Chaplain H. F. Sproles.

The stand is constructed just east of the monument, in full view of the monument and overlooking the valley below. At 11:15 o'clock, when the procession arrived at the capitol, the yard and the space around the stand was literally packed and jammed with an eager crowd. Every available place was over-filled, including the windows of the adjacent buildings. The stand was occupied by the fifteen young ladies who represented the different Southern States, the

PARTICIPANTS IN THE CEREMONIES,

and a large number of guests. The space in front of the stand was occupied by the Confederate Veterans, and the space to the left by the Mississippi National Guard. The ceremonies were opened with music by the band, after which Rev. Father H. A. Picheret, of Vicksburg, delivered the following

PRAYER:

O, Lord Jesus, who, whilst upon this earth, didst ever show Thyself the friend and defender of the oppressed, we ardently beseech

Thee to look down in love and mercy upon us, assembled here to render honor to our lamented brothers-in-arms who have fallen in the holy cause of right and justice.

Thou, O Lord, who wert falsely charged with being a traitor to Thy country and didst unjustly suffer a cruel death, Thou at least will sympathize with us in our lost cause, and we pray Thee to vindicate and to guard the memory of our comrades, who, likewise wrongfully accused and condemned, willingly—aye, cheerfully—laid down their lives on the consecrated altar of patriotism and liberty.

May the patriots of every nation unite with us to-day in weaving an imperishable garland to the fame of our gallant, true-hearted and brave Confederate soldiers, who stood undaunted, shoulder to shoulder, around their commanders though they were as one to a thousand, and who, when overpowered by numbers, fought to the end, handing from one to the other their blood-stained banner, until they fell dead on the battle-field with the patriotic cry upon their lips: "For the rights of our native land."

May this magnificent monument uplifting its head forever cry out to God and to man, not for pity, but for justice. But if, in the course of ages, the all-destroying hand of time should cause it to crumble into dust, grant, O Lord, that the remembrance of the knightly deeds of our Confederate heroes may never die out in the generous hearts of the Southern people, and that it may be a perennial fountain of lofty patriotism whereat our descendants may renew their vigor and admire with stimulating profit the achievements of so splendid an ancestry in behalf of right.

We thank Thee, O Lord, that amid all the selfishless and all the commonplace of this age, it has been given us to look upon a man of unswerving fidelity to duty and of uncompromising principles—a man who, in the midst of reverses and calamities that would have broken even a strong heart, remained as firm and immovable in his sincere convictions as the solitary rock in mid-ocean against which the angry waves beat in vain; a man who, for the sake of principle, lost all save honor—our illustrious chieftain, Jefferson Davis!

We pray Thee, O Lord, bless! oh, bless with Thy choicest gifts, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," the most precious legacy left to the lost cause, the dearest pledge of our leader's love to the companion of his glory and of his adverse fortunes. May she ever be the perfect embodiment of the righteous principles of the Southern people and prove herself the worthy daughter of so noble a sire.

Bless, O Lord, the self-sacrificing women of Mississippi, who, like the Marys at the foot of the cross, through weal and woe, have unfalteringly followed the varying fortune of the Confederate cause ; who, in the dead hour of final defeat, with brave though bleeding hearts, have sustained the drooping spirits of the men wearing the gray, and who, out of their boundless love and fidelity to a sad but not inglorious past, have erected this superb monument to the memory of our martyred heroes.

Finally, we pray Thee, O Lord, to bless the now few remaining survivors of the lost cause, who are, the most of us, being rapidly hurried on in their last march toward that bourne from whence there is no returning ; and if it be Thy will that this should be our last gathering on earth, we pray Thee, O Lord, that our next grand reunion may take place under Thy heavenly tents beyond the starry skies ; and that, when the roll of the Confederate army shall be called, we may be there, all present, with our once conquered but then restored banner, and thus form a halo of immortal glory around our vindicated chieftain.

Departed comrades, may the sweet-scented flowers of our genial climate ever bloom over your blood-consecrated graves ; may the guardian angels of the South keep their watch over your precious ashes till the last trumpet shall call you to arise and to hear from an all-righteous Judge the consoling invitation : " Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord." Amen.

Then Hon. C. E. Hooker, in behalf of the Ladies' Monument Association of Mississippi, made a brief but most impressive and able address in presentation of the monument to the State ; after which, amid the booming of cannons, Mrs. Margaret Hays, daughter of Jefferson Davis, assisted by her little son, Jefferson Davis Hays, gracefully pulled the string that connected with the veil, and the next moment the white statue of the soldier surmounting the monument was disclosed to the eyes of those present.

COLONEL J. R. M'INTOSH, OF MERIDIAN,

in behalf of the Confederate veterans and the State, then made an appropriate response to the address of Colonel Hooper.

General E. C. Walthall, the orator of the day, arose amid cheers and applause and made a profound address to the assembled crowd. General Walthall said :

GENERAL WALTHALL'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century since the war ended between the North and the South, we come to offer Mississippi's formal tribute to those who fell upon the Southern side.

This tasteful monument, due to woman's zeal, is a lasting but tardy testimony of a feeling which has lived and grown in the hearts of the people since they, whose virtues it commemorates, laid down their lives for the honor of the State.

A generation has well nigh come and gone since this open tribute was due, and its payment now is proof that we act upon no transient impulse, but a strong and staple sentiment, which has endured and will endure.

This day is distant from the stormy period to which these rites relate; the martial ardor, which the notes of war aroused, has long ago abated, and the seal of Southern honor has been set upon the pledge of peace; yet, after all these years we are here to declare before the world that this monument betokens our cordial recognition and deliberate sanction of the intent and of the action of those whom it commemorates, and that it is our public attestation that their intent was pure and their action honorable.

Neither time nor change nor circumstance can alter this our mature conviction, and to openly affirm it here, this vast concourse of the people have assembled. It is for this that men and women, old and young, of every shade of taste and opinion and from every vocation in life, have come together to-day. They do not come to celebrate a National holiday, nor a day signalized in history by some great civic achievement, nor the anniversary of some decisive battle that fixed a nation's fate, or swept away some old landmark of our race. It is not ambition, nor the hope of gain, nor self-interest in any form, that brings together these earnest men and women. They are not here to ask anything from their Government, nor to present any grievance, nor to petition for any redress, nor to protest against any wrong. With good will to the powers that be, to each other and to the world, they come upon a peaceful and an honorable mission. It is a sentiment, a mere sentiment, that brings them together, but it is an elevating and an ennobling sentiment. The soldiers come to attest the sincere motives and the honorable conduct of their dead comrades during the perils and trials of our bloody struggle, and they, and all others

here, come to give their sanction and endorsement to the objects and purposes of this great gathering of peaceful citizens.

Assembled for such a purpose, we naturally look back to the causes and the conduct of the civil war, that we may see for what and how those to whom this monument is reared struggled and suffered and died.

The occasion permits of but a cursory review, and affords no opportunity to make contributions to history, or do more than comment briefly on what is history now, and what it teaches and illustrates.

In the foreground stands the monumental fact, always to be kept in view, that although it has since been settled by arms, and settled finally, that a State cannot secede from the Union, it was not so settled in 1861, and the absence of a power, in this government of granted powers, to coerce a sovereign State had not then been supplied by actual force, and the forced construction of the Federal Constitution, which exists now, had not then been established.

Without looking further back for the origin and advocates of the view of constitutional power on which the Southern people took up arms, it may be said that John C. Calhoun, in his day, was the leading representative and exponent, and it was of him that Mr. Jefferson Davis said, in the United States Senate, the day after Mississippi passed the ordinance of secession, "He was the wisest statesman I ever knew."

Devoted to the peculiar interests and institutions of the South, but an ardent lover of peace and of the Union, all through his public life Mr. Calhoun vigorously contended for a strict construction of the Federal Constitution, and persistently claimed for the States every right which they had not surrendered under it.

His political philosophy had the endorsement of a long list of distinguished names, but, as to its leading features, there was none more emphatic or more potential than that of Mr. Davis, despite some divergence in their views touching the limits of a State's power while remaining in the Union.

By his powerful reasoning Mr. Calhoun sought to enforce certain sound and salutary lessons of constitutional interpretation, which, had they been accepted in both sections of the Union as they were in one, our country would have been spared four years of waste and suffering and blood. But they were rejected, and out of the construction, and, as we thought, the perversion of our written Constitution, arose the gigantic conflicts of arms which followed. In that conflict,

sustained, as we believed, by the fundamental principle of popular liberty, we staked our all upon the supreme sovereignty of a State, and the inalienable rights of the people of the States.

Our construction of the Constitution lost much favor, to which it was entitled, because "slavery was sheltered under the sovereignty of the State," and in our contention we encountered all the prejudice against slavery, which was so intense that many, who agreed with us on the questions involved, when abstractly considered, readily adopted any construction which looked to the overthrow of that institution.

But we did not go to war for slavery, though slavery was interwoven with the causes and intensified the bitterness of the war, and the fate of slavery was forever settled by the result. We were not precipitated into it by reckless public men, who had not counted the cost; for the great leaders, and notably Mr. Davis, were slower in the movement than the masses of the Southern people. We did not take up arms because we were dissatisfied with our form of government, for we valued that then as we value it now; and we so loved the Constitution for the safeguards of liberty which we read in it that we fashioned our Confederate Constitution after it as a model. We loved the flag, too, with its stars telling of co-equal States in a common Union, so long as it floated above us with that symbolism. Happily it now floats over us again as the full equals of all who live under its protection. The war, with us, did not originate in ambition, nor did we fight for spoils, for conquest or for fame. With us it was no war of invasion or of retaliation or of revenge. It was not to build up some great leader's fortunes nor to elevate some popular favorite to place or power. We went to war for none of these; but it was to "save the Constitution," as we read it, and to save ourselves, and to preserve our cherished form of government. We resisted those perversions which we believed would destroy that Constitution and us, and subvert that form of government.

Those whose interests were not ours, as ours were not theirs, sought, as we believed, by a "system of constructions" to gain what was not given in the compact under which all were living, and to ignore and obliterate the true intent and meaning and purpose of that compact.

This perversion of the Constitution, as it seemed to us, was wilful and systematic, and daily it grew more dangerous and unendurable, and we felt we could not, without dishonor and disaster, submit to what seemed inevitably coming and actually impending. Our rights and liberties seemed in the utmost peril, and the danger was in-

creased by delay. After all efforts for peaceful solution had proved of no avail, and our great leaders' plea, "We ask only for the Constitution," had brought forth no response, and only when there was "no longer any room for hope," did we "appeal to arms and to the God of battles." Then, throughout the South, "We must fight" was sounded from the mountains to the sea—and we did fight; and to such a fight as our dead heroes and their comrades made there is no parallel in history, and never can be until some other people equal to ours in courage and endurance, with the same stimulus and the same spirit of devotion, shall shut their eyes to untold odds against them and close their ears to every warning of calculation or policy, and wage a great war upon a cherished sentiment and sincere conviction.

It was the effort to establish the true boundary line between the constitutional authority of a State and the general government that brought the war upon us. It was to maintain the theory of government which Mr. Calhoun and those of his school taught us that six hundred thousand Southern soldiers went eagerly to the field, and they to whom we raise this monument freely gave up their lives.

It was not for power, nor for riches, nor for ambition's sake, but for a great governmental principle of right which was rooted and grounded in their faith and sanctioned by their judgments. Without altering or wavering our martyred dead stood by this principle with their lives, and while the great guns of war shook to its center this now peaceful and prosperous land; while men were slain by tens of thousands and hearts were stricken and homes were darkened; while the groans of the dying and the wails of those bereft burdened the very air from Maryland to the Rio Grande, inspired by their example those who survived stood to the very last by the teachings of Calhoun and Davis, and those who held the same political faith.

When the end came, and with disappointment and defeat, it seemed only natural that the losses and afflictions of those whose banners had gone down should engender bitterness toward those whose teaching and guidance had contributed to produce the disastrous conflict. Here was a trying test of fidelity, sincerity and truth, and here the grandest characteristic of our noble Southern people finds beautiful and honorable illustration.

No citizen nor soldier, no man nor woman, of all the bereaved and disappointed sons and daughters of the South, ever cursed the memory or even impugned the statesmanship of Calhoun, for whose political doctrines they had risked all and lost all; and for our grand

old chief, who came home to spend his declining years within the limits of our State and his, there never was a breath of criticism or repining from his scourged and afflicted people—nothing but faith and trust, affection, admiration, sympathy, and honor. It was most fitting and becoming that the evening of his life should be passed on the soil of the state to whose name he had brought so much of honor and distinction. In the dignified retirement of his unpretending home, on the southern border of that separate southern nationality for which, in vain, his best efforts and powers had been given, this disfranchised citizen of a government whose flag he had defended with his blood had a firmer hold upon the hearts of his people than any ruler reigning in the world.

There is nothing in history like this. Look over the course of nations from the dawn of time, turn through the books of the world's history whenever written, search all the annals of the earth, and you will find no other single instance where a vanquished people have so idolized the leader of a cause that had failed. Pardon me if I linger upon this thought. It fills me with admiration and with gratitude. I am proud and I am thankful that I am of a people who have this matchless record of devotion to lay before the world—proud of whatever of their strength I gain from their example, and if, as has been said, their deep sentimental nature is their weakness, I am thankful that I share that weakness. I glory in that quality, whatever it is, which makes them true to their own history, for it is the same that sustained them in war and gave them strength to bear the greater strain to which they were afterward subjected, and makes them the true and loyal citizens they are to-day.

But what less was to be expected of these people, with their history and traditions and the examples they have had to give them strength and inspiration? Back to the time when this government was organized, and before, we can turn with pride and point to what Southern men have done to elevate mankind and stimulate and cultivate the aspirations of the masses of the people and to make this country what it is. From among them came the statesman who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and, strange as it may sound in this day of universal freedom, it is said that all who signed that declaration, except those from the State of Massachusetts, and perhaps one or two others, were slaveholders. From among them came the Father of His Country, the father of the Constitution and the greatest of all its expounders. At the head of great armies, in the presidential office, in cabinet and court, and in all the nation's

high councils, everywhere, in peace and in war, great Southern lights illuminate the annals of America and shed upon our country's name its chief honor and renown. From the foundation of the government, through all the epochs of peace and arms, down to 1861, Southern statesmen and orators, Southern philosophers and judges, Southern patriots and soldiers, have enacted the brightest chapters of this country's history, and to them we are indebted for the fundamental sources of its present power.

When the disunion movement grew out of the construction of our written Constitution, which was adopted "to form a more perfect union," and the Southern people sought to withdraw from the government to which they had contributed so much, the great war came and with it came the matchless Southern soldier. Manhood, and pride, and honor, were his rightful inheritance, coming down to him through a long line of Southern patriots, who were the moulders of Southern sentiment and opinion, and through fire and blood he proved himself a true exemplar of these virtues. His figure will stand out in history as the most resplendent illustration the world has ever known of duty eagerly performed, of unrequited sacrifice without complaint, and of spirit proof against despair. There is not time, which I regret, to mention names, nor rank, nor conspicuous service. The roll of honor is too long for this—too full of deeds of heroism and patriotism. I must be content to deal with the Confederate soldier as a type and the Confederate dead as a class, and yet I feel that none here will consider me invidious if I stay to call a single name. I would speak of him who, when he saw the end of the struggle was near, said to a distinguished general from his own State: "Sir, the men of this war who will deserve the most honor and gratitude are not the men of rank, but the men of the ranks—the privates." This just tribute to the nameless heroes who won fame and titles for other men came from one, himself of highest rank, of whom years ago, in time of profound peace, the head of the American army declared he was the greatest soldier then living in the world, and, if there should be opportunity, he would "prove himself the greatest captain in history." The occasion came, and Robert E. Lee made good the prediction of his old commander. When history comes to exercise its proper province of impartiality, and the world shall view his achievements in connection with the meagre means at his command and the adverse conditions by which he was beset, the world's verdict, as I believe it, will be: Greater than Napoleon or Wellington; greater even than Washington had

the opportunity to prove himself in war. Verily the greatest captain in history was the chief of the tattered Southern forces; great as the victor of a hundred fields won by his skill and valor, but grand in the calm dignity of his quiet life of usefulness and honor, after all hope of separate Southern independence had been blotted out in darkness forever. From the day when he put away the crown and refused the chief command of all the United States armies in the field to stand by his native State, and, as he said, to "share the miseries of his people," down through his marvelous career to the hour of his christian death, General Lee's life was a lesson to mankind that there was nothing too lofty, nothing too severe, for the highest type of Southern manhood to do or to endure at the call of duty or of honor. He said that "human virtue should be equal to human adversity," and his life, and the life of Mr. Davis and the lives of thousands of their humble followers, have proven that it was so in these illustrious Southern leaders and those inspired by their example.

They, whose conduct illustrated this, were the representatives and the jewels of the old South—the fair and fruitful land, where manhood and high endeavor, lofty sentiment, and open hospitality, found their favorite habitation. That old South has its waste places and its ruins to mark the track of war; it has its broken shafts and fallen temples, but it has its traditions and its memories to inspire and strengthen the hopes and hearts and hands of its men and women, and it has its history, which is the honor and glory of its people. In this day when not business alone, but public virtue and private honor, official fidelity, and even the observances of religion are looked upon and estimated too much, I fear, from the standpoint of hard practicality and "trade," men come among us and prate of building up what they are pleased to term a "New South"—as if the safest elements and the most valuable constituent forces which can enter into a new order and new customs here must not come from what is left of us the old. They would have us break all our cherished images, bury "a past that is not dead—that cannot die," and consign all its precious memories and splendid examples to oblivion. Undervaluing our people, and allowing nothing for the hard conditions with which they must contend, they point us to our thrifty Northern neighbors as patterns for our imitation, and exhort us to keep abreast of what they style the progressive spirit of the age.

These disciples of modern progress mean well in what they say, but the common sense of those they would instruct has long ago suggested and adopted all that is worth knowing or observing in their

cold philosophy. All of us are eager to know from any who can teach us how, better than we are doing, we can adapt ourselves to our changed condition, and to follow any example, wherever found, which has in it any useful lesson that we ought to learn.

But all this can be better done if we keep alive and foster, for our guidance and support, those distinctive Southern sentiments and characteristic qualities which have been the strength of our people, and on which not only their prosperity and progress, but, in view of their peculiar surroundings, their safety also must depend. For some fancied advantage of an utilitarian kind let us be slow to give up something worth more to us, even in matters purely practical, than all that is promised in return. Let us not profanely turn our backs upon the old South with its traditions and examples and hallowed memories; let us never stifle the sentiment which has animated its sons and daughters and sink it into mere flinty practicality on the false idea that the virtues which make our people what they are are incompatible with true progress and improvement. It does not argue that we do not live in the present, and look hopefully to the future, that we cling to the memories of the past. We can love the Union and still delight to dwell upon the course of those who are faithful to the Union now, as they were to the Southern cause. We do not stand in the way of the earnest work of real progress when we deprecate any tendency to decay in Southern manhood, and foster those sentiments which will guide us and inspire us, hereafter as heretofore, to be true alike to ourselves and the government to which our allegiance is due.

If any here consider these expressions the offspring of mere Southern ardor and enthusiasm, I would ask them what it was that moved old and young, rich and poor, slaveholders and non-slaveholders, ministers of the church and men of the world, the sedate and thoughtful, the reckless and impulsive, all alike, in eleven States, to rise up as one man and fly to arms with one impulse in 1861? What was it that sustained them, with a government born almost under fire, without organization or military training, arms, supplies or means, without allies or sympathy, shut in by a close blockade and shut out from all the world, with the organized government and its army and navy and treasury and its own vast resources backed up by foreign commerce and manufactures, all against them, what sustained them in a four-years' contest with the trained troops of the government and the volunteers of all the States of the mighty North and the legions of mercenaries drawn from the nations beyond

the seas? Do not seek to account for it without resort to something higher than mere physical courage and ordinary endurance; for if you do, the facts and figures of recorded history will overwhelm you. Listen to some of these:

More than half as many men were enrolled in the Union army as the entire white population of the Southern States proper, including all the women and the children.

The records show that more than two million eight hundred and fifty thousand troops were furnished the Union army by the States, and while, for lack of official data, I cannot state to a man the enlistments in the Southern army from first to last, the estimate has the sanction of high authority deemed reliable that the Confederate forces available for action during the entire war did not exceed six hundred thousand soldiers, of whom there were not more than two hundred thousand arms-bearing men at any one time, and when the war closed half that number covered the whole effective force of all arms in all quarters of the Confederacy.

Besides the disparity in the land forces there was the Federal navy, the gunboats and the ironclads, without which many believe Grant's army would have been lost at Shiloh and McClellan's on the Peninsula.

When the Union army was dissolved four hundred thousand more men were borne upon its rolls than the estimated number of available enlistments in the Southern army from the spring of 1861 to the spring of 1865, and during that time there had been two hundred and seventy thousand Federal prisoners captured.

But this enumeration need not be extended. The battle-fields, which are the burying grounds of our "unreturning dead," attest the resolution of the weaker side, and the eighty-two beautiful national cemeteries, where more than three hundred thousand Union soldiers are interred, illustrate the fierceness of the fiery struggle.

The odds of which the figures tell to which I have adverted do not present in their best light the constancy and devotion of the soldiers of the South.

For proof of this see the troops of one State, whose territory must be uncovered to save some other point, leave family and home defenceless, to fall within hostile lines behind them, and march cheerfully, though footsore and weary, half clad and often hungry, to other fields to defend the soil of other States, when if they had chosen the alternative of desertion charity would have palliated their crime. But if you seek for that which most won the homage of the world

you find it in the Southern soldier's conduct after the time in the fateful year 1863, when reason, but for faith, had adjudged that the destiny of the Confederacy was decided and the Southern movement doomed. After the failure at Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg, the men who had stood with Lee at Sharpsburg—less than forty thousand against more than eighty thousand—bouyant with hope in 1862, stood steadily as then before Richmond in 1865, after all ground for hope was gone, against three times their number of veterans under Grant.

The immolation at Franklin, where eleven Southern generals and the flower of their followers fell fighting against fate, and the gallantry at Bentonville, following the disaster at Nashville, attest the unabated earnestness and fidelity of those who at Shiloh had performed prodigies of valor, inspired by the hope and prospect of Southern independence.

After these brief but suggestive recitals is it too much to say that in the war the Southern people waged to save the Constitution and themselves, there was something sustaining them which they knew not of who only fought to put these people down? In this there is no implication of which the brave defenders of the Union will complain—they fought for the government and we for home, its altars and its idols, and all that is nearest to the hearts of men. They did their duty, and did it well, and made the Union whole; they have the glory of success and the laurel crown of victory, and they have the nation's gratitude and praise, its care and unrestricted bounty. We begrudge them none of these. They earned them all in the bloody strife which ended in the downfall of the cause in which our martyrs died.

We have the memories of these martyrs to cherish and revere, we have our "consecrated coronet of sorrow," and we have the image of the Confederate soldier which he has graven upon the tablets of history to tell our story for us, and we are content.

A soldier who yields to none in his devotion to the Union, nor in his recognition of the prowess and the skill of those who fought to save it, is in no danger of misrepresentation by the brave men whom he confronted on the field, if he eschew all affectation and hypocrisy when he speaks of his own comrades whom he loves for the dangers they have seen together. If the time is coming when the portraits of Lee and Grant shall hang side by side in the houses of the people North and South, those who would hail its advent with delight can-

not hasten it by repression or deceit, nor can the currents of fraternity be made to flow faster by choking the fountains of unreserved expression.

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER AS A CITIZEN IN PEACE.

It has been said that in a republic like ours every citizen is a soldier and every soldier a citizen. Living under such a system, it is proper to consider the civic in connection with the military qualities of those who are the State's dependence in peace and war alike. Mississippi, having sent virtually all her white male adult population to the field, was dependent for her rehabilitation in peace upon the men who had been her soldiers in war, and if we will but glance at the vicissitudes which have marked her history, while the events of 1861 to 1865 have been receding into the past, it will appear that the record of the Southern soldier's service to the State, as a citizen in peace, is a worthy compliment of that he made in war.

In that time the State and her people have known many shifting fortunes, some sad and sickening, disgraceful to those who were their authors; some wholesome and hopeful, creditable to those who wrought them out. There was harshness by the victors not wholly unexpected, some leniency which the vanquished appreciated, and much unjust opinion followed by reaction and correction. There were wrongs which have been righted, trials that have ended, humiliation which honor and courage have survived—there was darkness followed by the light of day.

In that time our great chief, whose natal day was fitly chosen for these ceremonies, was cast into prison without warrant, to come forth without plea for pardon, undismayed, and vindicate himself and his cause in a great history read by all the nations of the earth, and to live and die dearer to his people than in the day of his greatest power.

We have seen one governor a prisoner and another removed by force to make way for an intruder, backed up by military power. Later we saw the same intruder embrace the privilege of vacating the same office in advance of a judgment of impeachment, and since then we have seen successive incumbents of the people's choice fill that office ably, faithfully, and acceptably.

We have seen our senators and representatives, duly chosen and accredited, turned away from the Capitol at Washington as unworthy to participate in national legislation; but for years, in either house,

there have been none to question their rightful status or challenge their official equality.

We have seen the stream of public justice so polluted that great judges left the bench and disdained to exercise the powers of a court "in subordination to the behests of a military commander," and for a decade and a half we have seen that bench adorned by the equals of those who left it in disgust, dispensing justice freely, with a firm and even hand.

We have seen our laws dictated by a spirit of plunder and oppression, and passed by ignorant strangers and pretenders ; we see them now the product of intelligence and honest purpose, bearing equally upon the rich and poor and fostering every worthy interest in the State.

At a time when the passions of war had not subsided, and there was bitterness in the hearts of those in one section toward their countrymen in the other ; at a time when the South was no readier than the North for the lessons of forgiveness and fraternity which had to be taught and learned before there could be any real peace or progress for us here ; at such a time as this we saw a great Mississippian move out in advance of his own people, a pioneer in a dangerous field, and sound the first note of pacification, which in time brought the North and South together. We heard him tell our estranged and distrustful brethren that "the South prostrate, exhausted, drained of her life blood, but still honorable and true, accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation," and we saw men turn and listen to his plea for peace, good-will, and justice. We have seen the influence of that plea widen and extend from the day when it was offered, have seen it reinforced by the efforts of patriots North and South, until lately we saw a sectionalism openly condemned by the United States Senate in the rejection of a harmful measure aimed directly against the Southern States. The prime mover in this great work of restoration and conciliation, though always an ardent Southerner, and once a secessionist and a Southern soldier, was called to the cabinet of a Northern president, and sits to-day in honor in that great court where the Federal Constitution is finally construed, a living witness that the success of Southern statesmanship involves no abandonment of principle or independence.

It is a far reach in our State's history back to 1865, but these few incidents, selected here and there, tell of our transition from evil days to these. The period covers ten years of oppression, spoliation, contempt of the laws, humiliation and poverty—all bravely and

patiently endured without the sacrifice of manhood or self-respect—followed by sixteen years of new hopes and reviving business, order gradually restored, the laws observed, blooming fields and the blessings of education liberally dispensed, until now no State in the Union outside the South shows such signs of relative improvement as ours.

In all this you see the hand of the Southern soldier as a citizen in peace, and the resolution, the conservatism and unconquerable spirit of which he is the type.

Those who fell upon the battle-field or died from disease or the severities of Northern prisons left an unrivalled record of duty done for State, for honor and for home, but in the providence of God they were spared the trials and the woes which tell the story of the high achievement of those they left behind. If they could reach us from the grave they would tell us that the survivors lived to encounter much that was worse than an honorable death, and that the crowning glory of this people lies in the stern virtue, the courage to endure, the self-respecting dignity and the inborn pride of character which signalized their conduct after that mockery of peace came which for a time was worse than war. The final test—the cruel, crucial test—came not when our brave men had arms in their hands and were using them in their bloody work, and our anxious women were praying for the victory which they never doubted would ultimately come, but in the dismal reconstruction period which began when the conflict of arms had ended, and brought us the rule of bayonet and with it usurpation and oppression. Then the iron heel of power was set upon the necks of the defenceless; aliens clothed with authority came among us to rule over us and to plunder us, to degrade the brave men and affront the fair women of the land. Ignorance, venality and brutality were installed in the State's high places and trampled on its laws and upon every right belonging to its people; and the climax of crime was completed when our new rulers armed the ignorant and deluded negroes with dangerous powers and set them in authority in the State. Through the necessities of the people these rulers tried to tempt them, and by the offers of preferment which they had the power to bestow they sought to bribe their leading men to break their faith with those who had honored them and followed them. At that time there was poverty in every house; men in every walk of life were uncertain of their bread, and gentle women were reduced to drudgery in many a stately home. The old were bowed down by the agony of disappointment, their hopes gone,

their fortunes wrecked and ruined, and the future stretched out hopelessly "like a dark and rainy sea" before the young. Amid all this sorrow, all this horror, under the yoke, with the blackness of darkness gathering about them, these proud people, inspired and strengthened by the example of their brethren, who had died for duty, sternly withstood all, bravely endured all while they watched at the tomb and waited for the resurrection of their buried hopes. They could suffer, but they could not sell themselves—would not barter their principles for place nor power nor plunder. They clung to their honor and their self-respect. It was their Southern sentiment, ingrained, inherited, and intensified by trial, that saved and redeemed them.

If you ask me if there is anything in the world's history like this, I tell you there is not. If you ask me if the courage and the constancy of the men and women of other blood or other clime could have passed through this furnace without melting in the fire, I proudly answer no! And for the security we now enjoy, for the signs of prosperity and contentment around us, and for the good government we live under in Mississippi to-day, we are indebted to that courage and pride, that instinct of honor in Southern men and women which force cannot conquer nor suffering subdue.

Woe to us if we let that spirit die, for we need it here, no less than heretofore we need it now, all else aside, to maintain the status of our race while we keep up our patient struggle with that overshadowing problem which the war left us to solve—that awful problem which had its origin in the line of race and color drawn by that God who, for his own inscrutable purposes, as a great divine has said, first "shattered the unity of human speech" and afterward "dispersed the human family in different grand divisions."

I may not, without exceeding the limits proper to this address, pursue my subject further, and yet, in the performance of my sacred task, I feel that I have rendered but scant justice to the Southern soldier. He staked his life upon his own view of duty, and whether he sealed his devotion with his blood and died upon the battle-field, or was the victim of disease or cruelty, or lived to rescue his State from ruin as a citizen in peace, he has illustrated some quality in our people which makes them always, in responding to a principle or a sentiment, equal to any duty, any daring, any suffering, any sacrifice.

There is some priceless element in Southern character that I cannot define, which makes our people at once practical and sentimental—makes them good soldiers and good citizens, sustains them in every

trial, adapts them to every changed condition and anchors them upon their honor as a rock ; something that makes the men knightly in their deference for women, and makes the gentle woman strong when trouble comes ; I know not what it is, but it is the same thing that made them true to the Confederacy while it existed and makes them true to the Union now.

There is nothing disloyal in it, for it is the very essence of patriotism ; there is nothing non-progressive or impractical in it, for here it must be the handmaid of all true progress and improvement ; there is no weakness in it, for in it lie our chief strength and power. Call it what you will, it is real, it is Southern and it is worth preserving. It possessed those in whose honor this multitude has gathered here in the shadow of our State Capitol, where thirty years ago the people in convention ordained that Mississippi thenceforth should be "a free sovereign and independent State," and sustained them in the struggle to which that convention committed and devoted them with their consent.

May this monument by its mute appeal, more eloquent than speech and more inspiring than the harp of song, stimulate the living to emulate the virtues of the dead, and keep alive in us the sentiments and qualities which make our martyrs' lives sublime and make their memories our inheritance and an inspiration for all who come after them.

The following beautiful original poem was then recited by Mrs. Luther Manship :

SENTINEL SONG.

When falls the soldier brave
Dead, at the feet of wrong,
The poet sings and guards his grave
With sentinels of song.
Gray ballads, mark ye well,
Thrice holy is your trust ;
Go, halt by the field where warriors fell,
Rest arms, and guard their dust.
Go, wearing the gray of grief,
Go, watch o'er the dead in gray ;
Go, guard the private and guard the chief,
And sentinel their clay.
And the song in stately rhyme,
And with softly sounding tread
Go forth to watch for a time, a time,
Where sleep the deathless dead.

When marble wears away
And monuments are dust,
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
Will still fulfil their trust.

With lifted head and steady tread,
Like stars that guard the skies,
Go, "watch each bed where sleep" the dead,
Brave songs with sleepless eyes.

Songs, halt where there is no name,
Songs, stay where there is no stone,
And wait till you hear the feet of Fame
Coming to where you moan.

Songs, sound like the thunder's breath,
Boom o'er the world and say:
Brave men may die—Right has no death;
Truth never shall pass away.

Go, sing through a nation's sighs,
Go, sob through a people's tears,
Sweep the horizon of all the skies,
And throb through a thousand years.

"All lost; but by the grave
Where martyred heroes rest,
He wins the most who honor saves—
Success is not the test."

"All lost; but e'en defeat
Hath triumphs of her own,
Wrong's pæan hath no notes so sweet
As trampled Right's proud moan."

And so, say what you will,
In the strength of God's own laws
I have a faith, and my heart believes still,
In the triumph of our cause.

The world shall yet decide,
In truth's clear far-off light,
That the men who wore the gray and died
For us were in the right.

Songs, fly as the eagles fly,
The bard unbars the cage,
Go, soar away, and afar and high
Wave your wings o'er every age.

And the songs, with waving wing,
Fly far, float far away ;
From the age's crest, o'er the world they fling
The shade of the stainless gray.

Might, sing your triumph songs ;
Each song but sounds a shame.
Go, down the world in loud voice throngs
To win from the future, Fame.

Our ballads born of tears
Will track you on your way,
And win the hearts of future years
For the men who wore the gray.

Davis wore the gray ; since then
'Tis Right's and Honor's hue.
He honored it, that man of men,
And wrapped it 'round the true.

Dead, but his spirit breathes ;
Dead, but his heart is ours ;
Dead, but his dear and sunny land wreathes
His crown with tears for flowers.

A statue for his tomb
Moulded of marble white ;
For wrong a specter of Death and Doom ;
And angel of Hope for Right.

But Davis has a thousand graves
In a thousand hearts, I ween,
And tear-drops fall from our eyes in waves
That will keep his memory green.

Go, Glory, and forever guard
Our chieftain's hallowed dust,
And Honor keep eternal ward,
And, Fame, be this thy trust.

Governor Lowry followed in a graceful tribute to Jefferson Davis. This tribute was grandly eloquent, perfect in diction, and went to the hearts of the old veterans.

The benediction was pronounced by Chaplain H. F. Sproles.

The unveiling, and all ceremonies incident, passed off without a single unpropitious circumstance. The crowd that attended was by

far the largest that was ever in the city, and was most quiet and orderly.

The afternoon was spent by the military companies in giving exhibition drills, which were witnessed by thousands. Twenty-five hundred veterans registered at headquarters, and the crowd numbered fully twenty thousand. Not an accident or unpleasant incident occurred. The crowd was admirably handled. No one went away hungry, or failed to find a place to sleep. The old veterans coming from a distance were cared for free.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

While the memory of Mississippians of their Confederate dead has never slumbered—evinced by the erection in various counties, notably at Woodville and Liberty, of monuments to commemorate the deeds of valor of their fallen sons in the lost cause—still the idea often suggested of erecting a monument on the Capitol grounds at the Capitol of the State never took shape until 1886, when Mr. Luther Manship made the first effort toward doing something to start the monument by giving a concert and devoting the proceeds to that purpose. Soon after this the ladies organized the Confederate Monument Association. There were only nine ladies present at the first meeting. Mrs. Sallie B. Morgan presided at this meeting. Mrs. C. E. Hooker was elected president; Mrs. Brunson, vice-president; Miss Andrews, treasurer; Miss Fontaine, secretary; and Mrs. Manship, corresponding secretary. While the officers of the association were changed from time to time on account of the removal from the city, or other unavoidable reasons, the organization continued to grow, and was chartered under the laws of the State on March 17, 1887. An executive committee, consisting of Mrs. C. E. Hooker, Mrs. W. W. Stone, Mrs. Nugent, and Mrs. Dunning, was appointed, and under their legal charter, new officers, with Mrs. Sallie B. Morgan as president; Mrs. C. C. Campbell, vice-president; Mrs. W. W. Stone, treasurer; all the other former officers being re-elected, except that Miss Kate Power took the place of Miss Andrews, removed from the city.

The Legislature of 1888 was called upon to make an appropriation of ten thousand dollars, and the bill passed the Senate, but was defeated in the House by a vote of fifty-nine to forty-two. The Legislature, however, at this session, donated a site for the monument in

the southern end of the Capitol yard. The ladies, while of course discouraged at the refusal of the Legislature to help them, bravely continued their work, and in April, 1888, closed the contract with J. T. Whitehead & Co., of Jackson, Tenn., to build the monument. On May 25, of the same year, the corner-stone was laid by the Grand Body of Masons of the State, with imposing ceremonies. Miss Winnie Davis, "Daughter of the Confederacy," was present and added much to the enthusiasm of the occasion. General Charles E. Hooker was the orator of the day.

The Legislature of 1890 reversed the action of the Legislature of 1888, and a bill appropriating ten thousand dollars to the monument passed the Senate by nineteen to eleven, and the House by fifty-seven to forty-one, and was promptly approved by the governor, John M. Stone, than whom there was no braver soldier nor gallant colonel who drew blade for the Confederacy. The appropriation secured, added to the amount collected by the ladies, the completion of the monument was only a question of time; and to-day it stands not only as a "monument to the Confederate dead," but as a monument to the undying and untiring energy as well as to the devotion of the women of Mississippi to the cause lost but not forgotten.

The monument stands in the southern end of the Capitol grounds. It stands upon a concrete foundation; the base is twenty-four feet square. The arches and supports are of white limestone from Bowling Green, Ky. The dies resting on the stone bases are intended to represent the walls of a castle of the olden times pattern, and are thirteen and twenty-four feet in dimensions. On the north and south sides, on a smooth marble slab, is the inscription: "To the Confederate Dead of Mississippi." The vaulted chamber, which opens east and west, and which is to contain the statue of Jefferson Davis, is about seven feet high, and will be locked when the statue is put in place. This vault or receptacle is octagon in shape, has a red and white marble floor, in the centre of which the corner-stone and inscription placed thereon May 5, 1888, is of red and white marble. It is over seven feet in diameter. The statue of Mr. Davis, which is to stand in the centre of the chamber over the corner or centre stone, was made in Italy, and represents Mr. Davis in the act of delivering a speech, there being a scroll of paper in his right hand and a pile of books at his feet. On the six marble slabs forming the walls of this chamber are the following inscriptions:

OFFICERS OF THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION OF
MISSISSIPPI, A. D. 1890.

Miss Sallie B. Morgan, president.
Mrs. Belmont Phelps Manship, vice-president.
Mrs. Elenor H. Stone, treasurer.
Mrs. Sophie D. Langley, secretary.
Mrs. Virginia P. McKay, corresponding secretary.

All lost; but by the graves
Where martyred heroes rest,
He wins the most who honor saves—
Success is not the test.

"It recks not where their bodies lie,
By bloody hillside, plain or river,
Their names are bright on Fame's proud sky,
Their deeds of valor live forever."

The noble women of Mississippi, moved by grateful hearts and loving zeal, organized June 15, A. D. 1886, the Confederate Monument Association. Their efforts, aided by an appropriation of the State of Mississippi, were crowned with success in the erection of this Monument to the Confederate Dead of Mississippi in the year 1891.

The men to whose memory this Monument is dedicated were the martyrs of their creed. Their justification is in the holy keeping of the God of history.

God and our consciences alone
Give us measures of right and wrong;
The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong.
But the truth will shine in history
And blossom into song.

From the top of the slabs forming the chamber rises an arched coping of nine and a half feet. From this springs the bases of the plinth of the spire, seven and a half feet high. Four Egyptian columns support the marble entablature on the corners. On the west side the

eagle and coat-of-arms of the State of Mississippi appear. On the north side a Confederate flag and cannon are to be seen. On the east side belts and crossed sabres appear, and on the south side rifles with shield, inscribed "Mississippi Volunteers." From the plinth rises the spire, three feet seven inches square at the bottom, and tapering to the top. The shaft proper is thirty feet high. A statue of a Confederate soldier surmounts the entire structure. With musket in hand he is represented as standing in the position of parade rest. The figure is six feet ten inches high, chiseled by Mr. Whitehead out of rough white marble, and is quite natural looking and lifelike. The height of the monument is sixty feet four inches.

Operations on the Rio Grande, February 21, 1862.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. R. SCURRY, COMMANDING FOURTH
REGIMENT TEXAS MOUNTED VOLUNTEERS.

VAL VERDE, NEW MEXICO, *February 22, 1862.*

H. M. JACKSON,

A. A. G. Army New Mexico :

MAJOR: Early on the morning of yesterday, while the army was encamped on the east side of the Rio Grande, opposite Fort Craig, I received orders to march with my command (Fourth regiment T. M. V.) and take possession at as early an hour as practicable of some point on the river above Fort Craig, at which water might be obtained. By 8 o'clock the regiment took up the line of march, accompanied by Captain George Frazier, of Major Pyron's battalion, with his company acting as guide for the command. Supposing that we were the advance of the army, to prevent surprise I ordered Major Raguet to take the advance with four companies (and Captain Frazier's company), throwing out at the same time front and flank patrols. In a short time I learned that Major Pyron, with one hundred and eighty men, was in our advance. Aware of the great vigilance of that active officer, I recalled Major Raguet and reunited the regiment. A report was received from Major Pyron that the road was clear of the enemy and the river in sight. But in a short

time a second message was received, through Captain John Phillips, from the Major informing me that large masses of the enemy were in his front and threatening an attack. As his force was but small, I was fearful that he would be overpowered before we could reach him, and accordingly pushed forward—guided by Captain Phillips—as rapidly as our horses could carry us to his relief, and found him gallantly maintaining a most unequal contest against vastly superior numbers. Dismounting my command we formed on his right and joined in the conflict. For near two hours we held our position in front of an enemy now known to be near five thousand strong, while our own forces were not over seven hundred in number. Immediately upon reaching the field Captain Frazier joined the command to which he belonged, where he did good service during the remainder of the day. Upon opening fire with the light Howitzer battery under Lieutenant John Reilly, it was found to be ineffectual against the heavier metal of the enemy; it was therefore ordered to cease firing and be withdrawn under cover. At about 1 o'clock Captain Teel, with two guns of his battery, reached the ground. Being placed in position on our right, opened a galling fire upon the left flank of the enemy; whereupon the enemy commenced a furious cannonade upon him from their entire battery, consisting of eight guns. So heavy was their fire that the captain soon found himself with but five men to work the two guns. A bomb exploding under his pieces had set the grass on fire. Still this gallant officer held his position and continued his firing upon the enemy, himself seizing a rammer and assisting to load the guns. Seeing his situation, I ordered Lieutenant Reilly with his command to join him and assist in the efficient working of his guns. During the balance of the day this brave little band performed the duty assigned them. Judging by the heavy firing on the left that Major Pyron was hard pressed, Captain Teel, with more of his guns, which had just reached the ground, was despatched to his relief. Major Raguet, with four companies of the regiment, was ordered to maintain our position there. I remained on the right with the balance of my command and two pieces of Teel's battery under Lieutenant J. H. McGuinness, to hold in check the enemy, who were moving in large force to turn our flank in that direction. About this time Major Lockridge, of the Fifth regiment, arrived on the field, and reported himself with a portion of that command. He was ordered to join our troops on the left. During all this time the fire of the enemy had been extremely heavy, while owing to the shorter range of most of our guns our fire was reserved until they

would approach sufficiently near our position to come within range of our arms, when they were invariably repulsed with loss.

Soon after the arrival of Major Lockridge, Colonel Green reached the field and assumed command. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in extending our line to prevent the enemy from turning our right, I found myself with only two companies (Captains Hardeman's and Crosson's), opposed to a force numbering some four hundred men, the other four companies being several hundred yards to my left. It was then that that daring charge by Captain Lang, of the Fifth regiment, with a small body of lancers was made; but desperate courage was ineffectual against great odds and superior arms, and this company there sustained the greatest loss of life of any of the brigade. This charge, otherwise unfortunate, had the effect of bringing the enemy within range of our guns, when the two pieces of Teel's battery and the small arms of Captains Hardeman's and Crosson's companies opened an effective fire upon them, before which they rapidly retreated with considerable loss.

Just before sunset Lieutenant Thomas P. Ochiltree, of General Sibley's staff, brought an order to prepare for a charge all along the line. All prepared for its prompt execution, and when the words, "Up boys, and at them!" was given, straight at their battery of six guns, supported by columns of infantry and cavalry, some seven hundred yards in front of our position, went our brave volunteers, unmindful of the driving storm of grape, cannister and musket balls sent hurtling around them. With yells and ringing shouts they dashed on and on until the guns were won and the enemy in full retreat before them. After carrying the battery their guns were turned upon them, Captains Hardeman and Walker manning those on the right. Lieutenant Raguet, of Reily's battery, being on the ground, I placed one gun in his charge, manning it with such of the men as were nearest; the rammer being gone, a flag staff was used in its stead. Captain Teel coming up, an effective fire was kept up as long as the enemy were in sight. In the mean time a most timely and gallant charge was made by Major Raguet from our left, thus effecting a favorable diversion at the moment of our charge upon their battery. This charge by Major Raguet and his command was characterized by desperate valor.

In the last brilliant and successful charge, which decided the fortunes of the day, there were six companies of the Fourth regiment, T. M. V., under their respective captains (Hardeman, Crosson, Leseueur, Ford, Hampton, and Nunn). Besides these I saw Cap-

tains Shropshire, Killough, and McPhail, of the Fifth regiment, and Captain Walker, of Major Pyron's battalion. The brave and lamented Major Lockridge, of the Fifth regiment, fell almost at the muzzle of the enemy's guns. Major Pyron was also in the thickest of the fray, and contributed much by his example to the success of the charge, as did also Lieutenant Ochiltree, of the General's staff. There were others there whom I now regret my inability to name. Where all, both officers and men, behaved so well, it is impossible to say who was most deserving of praise. The enemy retired across the river and were in full retreat. When Major Raguet, Captains Sheennan, Adair, Alexander, Buckholts, and Lieutenant Thurman reached the field with their companies, mounted, I asked and obtained permission from Colonel Green to cross the river with these companies to pursue the flying foe. When the head of the column reached the opposite shore we were ordered to return. Night closed in on the hard-won field of Val Verde.

This brilliant victory, which, next to heaven, we owe to the heroic endurance and unfaltering courage of our volunteer soldiery, was not won without loss. Of the regiment which I have the honor to command there were eight killed and fifty-six wounded, two of which were mortal.

It affords me great pleasure to be able to bear testimony to the calm, cool and discriminating courage of Colonel Thomas Green during the fight. Major Pyron also deserves great credit for his soldierly bearing from the commencement to the close of the battle.

Of the General's staff Major Jackson was early on the ground, as was also Major Brownrigg, Captain Dwyer and Lieutenant Ochiltree, actively engaged in the discharge of the duties assigned them. Each of these gentlemen exhibited that high courage which, I trust, will ever distinguish the officers of this army. To Majors Jackson and Brownrigg I am under obligations for valuable aid in the early part of the action. It is due to the adjutant of this regiment, Ellsbury R. Lane, that I should not close this report without stating that he was actively and bravely engaged in the discharge of his duties on horseback until his horse failed, when, taking a gun, he entered the ranks of Captain Hampton's company and did duty as a private during the remainder of the day.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully, your obed't serv't,

W. R. SCURRY,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Fourth Regiment T. M. V.

GENERAL JOHN ROGERS COOKE.

Mortality has been rife with Virginian heroes whilst this volume has been in press.

In a period of but little more than three months four sons of the Mother-State, whose valor and prestige in the ensanguined field was as prevailing as their dutiful lives as citizens have been useful and inspiring, have been relieved from earthly service. The roll is:

1891—January 21st, at Richmond, Va., Brigadier-General Burkett Davenport Fry; March 21st, at Washington, D. C., General Joseph Eggleston Johnston; April 9th, at Richmond, Va., Brigadier-General John Rogers Cooke; April 29th, at Charlottesville, Va., Brigadier-General Armistead Lindsay Long—chieftains of the war for Southern Independence—called to “pass over the river, and rest!”

“Death conquers all!” Yet, “mortality has put on immortality!” Immortality reigns! *The names and deeds of these heroes are deathless!* Of three of these citizen-soldiers there is record in the preceding pages. Of the remaining one—pithily characterized as “upright, downright” General Cooke—memorial is merited. With a nature whose ingeniousness was infectuous, the transparent earnestness of which constrained following, every measure for the weal or or advancement, or dignity of Richmond, or of Virginia, commanded his unqualified and unreserved efforts.

The death of no other of its citizens has been more sincerely, more universally mourned. The affection in which he was held was attested by the honors, military and civic, which attended his obsequies. The respect which his virtues had earned found expression in regardful tribute throughout our land. His mortal remains find fitting companionship with Stuart, Hill, Stevens, Saunders, Stark, and the host of humbler heroes in picturesque Hollywood Cemetery.

He filled worthily various positions of trust with which his merit had caused him to be invested. His efficient and zealous performance in them has been publicly acknowledged in honoring resolutions.

It is meet that of his official connections that the following should be noted here: He was an early Commander of Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans. He was President of the Board of Directors of the Soldiers' Home. He acted as Chief of Staff upon the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee Monument, October 27th, 1887, and also

at the unveiling of the equestrian statue, May 29th, 1890, and to his ability for organization and to his ardent presence was materially due the felicitous success of each of these reverential manifestations. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, and held enshrined in his heart its every interest. He was an earnest, consistent Christian, and active in the cause of his church and of suffering humanity.

Whatever he did, he did worthily and well, with his whole heart and being.

John Rogers Cooke was born to a soldier's heritage, of parents of Virginian birth, at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, June 10th, 1833. He was the son of General Philip St. George Cooke, a native of Frederick county, Virginia, and a distinguished officer of the United States Army, who is still alive. John Rogers Cooke was graduated from Harvard University as a civil engineer in 1854.

He served as an engineer for a time on the Iron-Mountain railroad, in Missouri, and distinction in the profession seemed before him. Hereditary instinct, however, stimulated by his environment, asserted itself, and he sought and received the appointment of lieutenant in the United States Army in the latter part of 1854. At the beginning of hostilities between the States he had attained the rank of first lieutenant in the Eighth infantry, and was stationed on the San Pedro river, in Arizona.

Upon the secession of Virginia, Lieutenant Cook resigned his commission, and, severing tender family ties, offered his sword to his mother State. He was commissioned first lieutenant Confederate States Army, and ordered to report to General T. H. Holmes at Fredericksburg, Va. He participated in the first battle of Manassas with troops from Aquia Creek. He soon after raised a company of light artillery, and with his command did gallant service on the Potomac. In February, 1862, he was promoted major of artillery, and ordered to North Carolina as chief of artillery in that department.

In April, 1862, he was elected colonel of the Twenty-seventh North Carolina infantry, which was ordered to Virginia and attached to the division of A. P. Hill. Throughout the campaign of 1862 he led his regiment with great skill and gallantry, and at the battle of Sharpsburg won the admiration of the entire army. When ordered to hold a certain portion of the line at all hazards, he replied that although his ammunition was exhausted he would stay where he was as long as he had a man or a bayonet left. His pledge was vindicated. In the engagement, with other casualties in the rank and file, eighteen

out of twenty-six of the commissioned officers of the regiment were killed or wounded. Soon after the battle of Antietam he was made a brigadier-general and assigned to a brigade composed of the Fifteenth, Twenty-seventh, Forty-sixth, Forty-eighth, and Fifty-ninth North Carolina regiments, and which he commanded until the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse. The dauntless intrepidity and the achievements of Cooke's Brigade have reflected a lustre upon the North State which will endure with time.

With General Cooke, his brigade held with him the same solicitude and pride that his regiment had enjoyed. He watched over the comfort and welfare of his men with fatherly care, and secured for them every supply that the commissary and quartermaster departments yielded. Officers and privates alike idolized him, and Cooke's Brigade was constantly assigned for duty demanding unusual hazard.

At Fredericksburg he supported the heroic Thomas R. R. Cobb, holding the famous stone wall, or what the Federals called the sunken road, at the foot of Marye's Heights.

During the war General Cooke was seven times severely wounded. On Marye's Heights he was struck in the forehead, just over the left eye, by a bullet which made what the chivalrous Heros Von Borke admiringly classed "the most beautiful wound I ever saw." Ere that wound had healed, and when but a gossamer line intervened, seemingly, between him and the portals of death, he arose from his bed and returned to his command. At Spotsylvania Courthouse, at a time when our centre was sorely pressed, General Gordon suggested to General Lee that a certain movement be made on the right to relieve the centre. This move was advised against by other officers, but General Lee finally gave the order for attack. Cooke's men were in the Courthouse yard,

"Standing and dying at ease,"

and their commander stretched on the ground wounded in the leg. Gordon, in the excitement of the moment, rode up to them and exclaimed: "I will lead these men!"

With face ghastly pale and flashing eyes, General Cooke sprang to his feet, and, confronting General Gordon, shook his fist in his face, demanding: "How dare you to offer to lead my men in my presence!"

General Gordon, realizing instantaneously the circumstances, courteously saluted the irate hero, and said: "Pardon me, General Cooke; I thought you were too badly wounded. Allow me to go in as one of your aides."

"You can go as one of my aides, but you cannot lead my men while I am here!" rejoined General Cooke as he threw himself into the saddle. Placing himself at the head of his brigade, he gave the order to advance. "Then followed," said a member of A. P. Hill's staff, who witnessed the movement, "one of the most magnificent spectacles ever seen in war."

No officer in the Confederate Army bore a more enviable reputation for prompt obedience to orders, skill in handling his men, resistless dash in the charge, or heroic, patient, stubborn courage in the defence. General Lee's high opinion of General Cooke and his command is best illustrated in a gentle rebuke the grand chieftain administered to the intrepid brigadier on the lines in front of Richmond. General Cooke was in his tent suffering from his wounds and facial neuralgia when General Lee rode up, called him out, and asked whether the breastworks had been changed as directed by the engineers. "No," replied General Cooke, impatiently, "and I don't believe they ever will be!"

General Lee rode off, followed by his staff and General Cooke. An inspection of the line showed that at several points it had been finished, and work all along it was progressing satisfactorily. Several times during the ride General Lee remarked to the thoroughly confused brigadier: "This seems to be completed," and finally when the end of the portion of the work to which Cooke's men had been assigned had been reached, he turned with a quiet smile and said: "I think, General, it will be finished all right. If not it will be the first time that Cooke and his North Carolinians failed to do their duty."

Colonel Charles S. Venable, who was of the staff of General Lee, and who now fills a chair at the University of Virginia, adds the following tribute:

"The death of General John R. Cooke recalls a splendid achievement of the two North Carolina brigades commanded by him and General William McRae, on August 15, 1864, when Generals A. P. Hill and Wade Hampton were sent to attack Hancock's corps at Reams' Station, on the Petersburg and Weldon railroad. Hancock held, with strong force, the railroad embankment as a breastwork. Two of our brigades, which had excellent fighting records, had failed in the first assault upon this strong position, strongly held. After a short interval General Hill ordered Cooke to make the attack with his own and McRae's brigades. The Federals had cut down the

swamp-oaks and other small trees in their front, thus forming a sort of *abattis*, which was very trying to the attacking column. The men picked their way coolly through these obstructions as best they could, and reformed their ranks at the embankment, which was too high to shoot over, though some of the men threw stones and clods over while waiting for the whole column to close up. When all was ready the two brigades, at the word of command, ran up on the embankment and leaped upon the enemy's works and utterly routed them, capturing many prisoners and ten pieces of artillery. Cooke and McRae were both excellent disciplinarians, and this cool and superb achievement of their brigades was the fruit of disciplined courage. Of course there were other troops engaged in this battle who did excellent work. In fact, the co-operation of the infantry, cavalry, and artillery engaged was very fine. But all who were there will recognize the justice of this tribute to our dead comrade and the gallant men whom he led."

When the war closed General Cooke was acting division commander for the second time during the struggle, and in this position he exhibited equal capacity for manœuvering larger commands, whilst his uniform coolness and courage inspired implicit confidence in him.

No danger or disparity of numbers appalled him. He dared to lead anywhere, and his dauntless courage was such that men dared follow him without hesitation and unquestioningly.

Major-General Harry Heth bears the following testimony to the efficiency of General Cooke as a disciplinarian:

"He said he thought that at no time had the United States Army ever been in better condition and discipline than the command of General Albert Sydney Johnston in Utah, in 1858, and that no portion of that command was in better drill, discipline and general efficiency than the brigade of General Cooke just previous to the end of the war."

Personally, General Cooke was gentle, genial, and sympathetic, and as a companion charming. His domestic relations was most happy. He was a tender father and husband.

He married, January 5, 1864, Nannie Gordon, daughter of Dr. William Fairlie Patton, Surgeon United States and Confederate States navies, and granddaughter of Robert Patton, of Fredericksburg, Va., and his wife, Ann Gordon, daughter of General Hugh Mercer,

of the Revolution. She is a niece of the late John Mercer Patton, Governor of Virginia, and a cousin of Colonel John Mercer Patton, commander of the Twenty-first Virginia Infantry, Confederate States Army. Mrs. Cooke survives with eight children—John R., Fairlie P., Ellen Mercer, Philip St. George, Rachel, Hattie, Nannie, and Stuart.

Three sisters also survive General Cooke—Mrs. Stuart, the widow of the gallant sabreur General J. E. B. Stuart; Mrs. Brewer, wife of Dr. Charles Brewer, assistant surgeon in the late war, and a younger and unmarried sister, who resides with her parents at Detroit, Mich.

The associates of General Cooke in the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society cherish the memory of his virtues as a faithful friend and a zealous co-worker.

R. A. BROCK,
Secretary of the Southern Historical Society.

[From the *Memphis Commercial*.]

HORRORS OF CAMP MORTON.

The Picture of Suffering and Hunger not Overdrawn—Rats and
Cats were Toothsome Food, and Dog Meat could
not be Bought—Despair and Death.

The article entitled "Cold Cheer in Camp Morton," by Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York city, and published in the *Century Magazine*, April, 1891, called forth severe criticism from many writers prominent in the North, and this induced Dr. Wyeth to follow up the subject. He thereupon issued a circular-letter to ex-Confederate soldiers requesting such of them as were confined in Camp Morton to furnish him their personal experiences and observations as to the treatment they received.

Dr. Thomas E. Spotswood, of Fairford, Ala., who is a grandson of the revolutionary general, Alexander Spotswood, and also a descendant of the Custis family, has written the following letter to Dr. Wyeth, which the *Commercial* publishes by special permission:

In response to your request, published in the Southern papers, I will endeavor to give additional incidents of life at Camp Morton. But before I begin, allow me to say that your pen picture, "Cold Cheer in Camp Morton," published in the *Century*, is in nowise overdrawn and scarcely up to the reality. I was captured at the battle of Resaca, Ga., on May 15, 1864, and was hurried to prison, *via* Chattanooga jail and Nashville penitentiary, with some forty others captured at the same place. My experience at these points was about the same as yours. In some instances great kindness was shown me. One cavalryman as he passed by me said: "Poor little Johnnie (I was seventeen years old), here's a coat; you'll need it where you're going"; and another pitched me a Bible, saying: "Read this and be a good boy." But as we got further away from the front our troubles began. At Nashville an Irishman wanted to kill a Reb, and when some one suggested he could find a few where we came from he lost his temper entirely, and cursed the whole South generally, and our little squad particularly. We remained one night in the penitentiary, where the hard rock floors in the halls of the prison were not conducive to sleep; but thanks to the kind United States soldier who gave me the overcoat, I was better off than the others, and managed to catch a few hours' sleep. The trip the rest of the way was without incident, except that our captors convinced us that we were not going to prison, but only taking a trip at Uncle Sam's expense to Richmond, *via* Louisville, where we would be detained a few days until an exchange could be arranged. I must confess we were fully persuaded; so much so, that when one or two Texans were missing between Nashville and Louisville, we said how silly they were to try to escape, and possibly be recaptured or shot, when in a few weeks we would be in Richmond.

VAIN HOPE.

My father, who was surgeon in charge of the medical bureau of the Confederate navy, was in that city, and I had no doubt that in a short while I would see him, and have the pleasure of an introduction to President Davis and his cabinet. Foolish boy! It was many weary months ere I saw the loved ones in the Southern Capital, and then only a few weeks before the end.

After we left Nashville our guard gave his gun to one of his prisoners and went to sleep, and all could have made their escape had they chosen.

We arrived at Indianapolis at daylight in the morning of the 22d of May, 1864.

Our ration of bread (one small loaf) came at 11 o'clock, and a small piece of meat at 12 o'clock. We usually ate it as soon as received, and then drank as much water as we could hold, and tried to imagine we had had a full meal. Another reason for eating it at once was to save it from being stolen, as the only way to keep it until evening was to put it under one's hat and sit on the hat; this plan being inconvenient we made a light lunch of the whole ration and spent the balance of the day telling of the fine dinners we would have when we reached home and the cruel war was over.

I remember seeing a man kill an old black cat and cook it in a tin can picked up near the hospital kitchen. I was offered a share in the feast, but declined, as I drew the line at rats and cats, though I offered ten cents for a small piece of dog, and was unable to buy it, as the possessor said he had none to spare.

During the first three months of our incarceration in Camp Morton, twenty-five per cent. of our men had died of the various prison diseases. Many would be picked up in a faint, or collapse from weakness and bowel disease, which they had no strength to combat from their long fast.

A TRAITOR IN CAMP.

I will not attempt to tell of the escapes and attempt to escape made during the summer, but will simply say that neither ditches nor guards would have prevented our gaining freedom, but for the traitors among us, who for an extra ration would give the officers information that frequently led to recapture, punishment, and sometimes death. Often the dungeon and extra starvation were resorted to in these cases until a promise was extorted not to renew the attempt to escape.

The monotony of the summer months would be broken by the arrival of more poor unfortunates, and from them we would learn of battles fought and won by the South—if we had not already been apprised of the event by salutes fired and rockets sent up by our captors—all battles fought being celebrated as Union victories, whether lost or gained.

Soon after our arrival we made the acquaintance of one Sergeant Baker, who, we learned, had the reputation of having shot a prisoner, and who seemed to us to be looking out for a chance to try his hand

again. Soon another poor fellow was added to his list, and shortly after he himself was missing, and the report reached us that he was dying—then that he was dead.

A worthy companion of Sergeant Baker, John Pfeifer, a fine looking young man, was put in charge. The first distardly act of his that I saw was in the early fall of '64, when, with an axe-handle, he beat and knocked down six men for some trifling disobedience of orders. Three of them with arms broken and two with heads badly damaged went to the hospital for treatment.

A FREEZING BATH.

During the winter, when the thermometer was below zero, I saw this fiend strip a man and give him a bath in a tub of water, using a common broom to scrub him with, and this fiendish deed was repeated the second time. I heard that both men died, though I do not know it of my own knowledge. I saw the baths given. I saw this man shoot a prisoner under my bunk for being up after bed-time. The poor fellow was one of the improvident kind; had sold his blanket and coat and was trying to keep warm over a few coals in the stove, when Pfeifer came suddenly to the door of the barracks; the prisoner ran under the lower bunk of my bed, and, failing to respond promptly to the order to come out, was fired on, the ball entering his heel and coming out near the knee. This bullet, no doubt, saved his life, as he was sent to the hospital, where he received kind treatment. Without blankets he could not have survived the winter of '64 and '65. This brings me to that dreadful month of January, 1865, when we suffered most from the terrible cold. We were unable to remain outside but a few moments, as our clothing and shoes were thin and in rags, so were forced to trot round in circles on the mud floors of our pens, made soft by the snow brought in on the feet of the men. These trotting circles of men would last all day, new men taking the place of those dropping out from exhaustion. It was during this terrible weather we would be forced to remain in line at roll-call for two hours at a time, because some sergeant had miscounted his men, or some poor fellow would be found dead in his bunk and was overlooked. Many men were frozen in this way and were carried to the hospital, where but few recovered, though when once in the hands of the kind doctors and Confederate nurses they were sure of good attention and warm clothing.

DIED IN DESPAIR.

Men died constantly, seemingly without a cause. They would appear less cheerful and less interested in life, and next morning, when summoned to roll-call, would be found dead, either from starvation or cold, God only knows which. Many went this way and many to the hospital never to return. During this terrible month our guards were changed, and the new-comers must needs practice on the poor prisoners, some of them practically dying, to see if they could not add to sufferings already too great to be borne. One night I saw through a crack in the stable eight or ten men being drilled in the snow with a shoe in each hand, this being for the amusement of the new guard and for punishment to the prisoners for talking after going to bed. These are some of the indignities that can be put into print, but there were things more cruel and revolting perpetrated by these guards on the defenceless men that cannot be printed. If these numerous instances of shameful cruelty came under my personal observation, what number must have been perpetrated that none are living to record? The outrages practiced by the guards and sergeants were not all we were subjected to in December, 1864. There was an order issued by the commanding officer that the men should not remain in barracks (after the doctor has passed through) from 9 o'clock A. M. until 3 o'clock. Poorly clad, starving men were compelled to stand around in the snow until hundreds had their feet so badly frost-bitten that their toes came off. This cruel order was persisted in till many men died from exposure, when the order was countermanded. The excuse given for the order was that the men stayed in doors too much and would be benefited by exercise. Great Heavens! Had these officers raised the ragged coat or blanket from the first figure they met and looked at the emaciated, itch-scarred, vermin-eaten creature, they would have seen that the men needed more food and warm clothing to hold life in them, instead of more snow and cold north wind. I am told that the people of Indianapolis deny that these terrible things occurred in their fair city.

AN INSPECTION.

Possibly some of them will remember that during the month of December, 1864, the legislature of Indiana visited the prison in carriages, and the wretched Confederates were forced to stand in line more than an hour for their inspection. No doubt they reported the

men in fair condition. Ask any one of these legislators if he stopped to raise the ragged blanket of one of these wretches, or look into his sunken eyes, and he will tell you that they simply passed them in review.

This was the only way an outsider ever saw us. No visitor could speak to us without an order from the President. My uncle, I. B. Curran, of Springfield, Illinois, came to the prison, but was not permitted to see me. Thanks to his and other friends' generosity, I was supplied with as much money, in the shape of sutler's tickets, as I needed, and all the clothes and blankets allowed by the prison rules. This enabled my comrades, Cyrus Spraggins, of Mississippi, and John Moore, of Selma, Alabama, and myself to buy the much-sought-after top bunk, and to live in comparative comfort. I was also visited by General John Love, of the United States army, who was denied the privilege of seeing me. This shows that no one was permitted to see the prisoners; therefore, the citizens of Indianapolis can know nothing of what happened in their midst. I agree with you, sir, that the cruelties suffered by the prisoners of both armies should not have been laid before the public; but since our friends on the other side have done so much to show how cruel the South was, and still continue to publish these sad and horrible facts, and even move the prison buildings to northern cities to keep these facts fresh in the minds of each succeeding generation, it is but fair that we of the South should let the world know that the prison-pens of the North were no whit better than the worst in the South.

CONCERNING THE WRITER.

A few words about myself and I am done. At the time of my capture I was a private in Company F, Fifty-third Alabama cavalry. Shortly after the war, in 1868, I was employed by the Pensacola Lumber Company, at their mills near Pensacola, Florida, first as clerk in their store, from which place I was promoted to be superintendent of their log department and other places of trust. I remained with them six years, and when I resigned to go into business on my own account, I had the confidence of the officers of the company, and refer to W. A. Parke, of New York, who was cashier of the company at the time. I have, up to five years ago, been employed either by timber firms of Mobile or shipping timber and lumber on my own account. I refer to Edwin W. Adam & Co., of New York, and George McInestin & Co., of Boston, who were correspondents

of mine. Four years ago I accepted the position of superintendent of the Seaboard Manufacturing Company, of Mobile, and refer to the president of that company, H. D. Haven, and Messrs. Lombard & Ayers, of No. 12 Broadway, New York, who, no doubt, will give me a fair record for veracity and integrity. I am a member of the Raphael Semmes Camp of Confederate Veterans, and of the Lee Association of Mobile, Alabama. I can also refer to the Hon. R. H. Clarke and the Hon. Stephen R. Mallory, members of Congress.

[From The *Dispatch*, June 21, 1891.]

PRISON-PENS NORTH.

Dr. Wyeth's Charges Sustained by the Most Conclusive Evidence.
Horror of Point Lookout and Elmira as Witnessed
and Experienced by Hon. A. M. Keiley.

I observe that various northern papers, in discussing Dr. Wyeth's recent *Century* article on the treatment of Confederate prisoners at Camp Morton, deny the truth of his statement on the ground of its appearance at so late a date since the war. I have now before me a little book (*In Vinculis*) written by Hon. A. M. Keiley and published in Richmond before the close of the war, and when he was but just released from the northern prison-pens of Point Lookout and Elmira. Perhaps some extracts from its pages may serve to render Dr. Wyeth's statements less startling and incredible to those who have hitherto heard only of the "horrors" of southern war prisons.

Mr. Keiley was captured near Petersburg shortly before the affair of the Crater, and with other prisoners hurried off to Point Lookout, situated at the mouth of the Potomac. This famous prison-pen consisted of forty acres of glaring white flat sand, destitute of a single tree or shrub, where, "through the scorching summer and freezing winter (both particularly severe at this point), the poor fellows were confined in open tents on the naked ground, without a plank or a handful of straw between them and the hot or frozen earth." "In winter when a high tide would flood the whole surface of the ground, freezing as it flooded, the suffering of the half-clad wretches, accustomed to a southern climate, may be imagined. Many died outright,

and many will go to their graves crippled and racked with rheumatism dating from this time. So severe was the cold that 'even the well-clad sentinels had to be relieved every thirty minutes, instead of every two hours, as is the army rule.' "The rations of wood allowed each man was an armful for five days." "No bed-clothing was allowed beyond one blanket." If by gift or purchase another came into the possession of any more it was, by order, taken from him. The same rule applied to articles of clothing. "No man was allowed to receive anything in the way of clothing without giving up the corresponding article already in his possession, and so literally was this rule enforced that prisoners who came in barefooted were compelled to beg or buy a wornout pair of shoes for exchange before they were allowed to receive a pair sent them by friends."

THE SCANT RATIONS.

The rations were: For breakfast a slice of bread and a piece of salt beef or pork four or five ounces in weight; for dinner another slice of bread and rather over a half pint of watery slop called soup. At one time it was "hardtack and fat pork" only.

Mr. Keiley writes: "Miss Dix, the northern prison philanthropist, gives a documentary statement that the prisoners at Point Lookout were supplied with vegetables, with the best of wheaten bread, and fresh and salt meat each day in abundant measure." * * * *

It is quite likely that some Yankee official made this statement to her, and her only fault was in suppressing the fact that 'she was so informed.' But it is inexcusable in the Sanitary Committee to have palmed this falsehood upon the world, knowing its falsity. For my part, I never saw any one get enough of anything to eat at Point Lookout except of the soup, one spoonful of which was too much for ordinary digestion." The miseries of the place were "greatly enhanced by the character of the water, which is so impregnated with some mineral as to be exceedingly offensive and induce disorder of every alimentary canal. It colors everything black, and the scum rising on its surface reflects all the prismatic hues. Outside the pen are wells of water, perfectly clear and wholesome, used by the Yanks."

Many gifts of food and clothing were sent by charitable persons until the Government forbade the express companies to carry parcels for the prisoners.

INSOLENT GUARDS.

The guard was generally of negroes, and their insolence and brutality were intolerable. They would beat the prisoners, order them about, and point their guns at them, "jest to see the d—d rebels scatter," these performances being much enjoyed by the "Yanks."

"Our rations grow daily worse, the pork more rancid, the soup more watery, the beef more lean and stringy."

In July two hundred and eighty-two of the nine thousand prisoners here penned were transported to Elmira, Mr. Keiley being of the number.

"Embarking," he says, "we were packed like sheep or cattle in the reeking hold of a villianous tub, with no means of ventilation, save two narrow hatchways, the sun melting the pitch in the seams overhead. Many were seasick and all hungry, but for fifty hours the only food given us was a slice of bread and a couple of ounces of fat per man."

SYSTEMATIC INHUMANITY.

The prison-pen at Elmira was divided by a stagnant piece of water or "lagoon," the miasma arising from which "rendered it necessary for eight or ten hospitals to be built. Yet the head surgeon, Dr. Sanger, would sign no report which ascribed to this cause the death of a patient;" consequently the lagoon remained undisturbed, and the frightful mortality continued. "The better class of officers were loud and indignant in their reproaches of Dr. Sanger's systematic inhumanity to the prisoners, and they affirmed that he avowed his determination to stint these poor, helpless creatures in retaliation for alleged neglect on the part of our own authorities!"

PERISHED FROM STARVATION.

In August there were nine thousand six hundred and seven prisoners at Elmira. "The most scandalous neglect," says Mr. Keiley, "existed in providing food for the sick, and many of them perished from actual starvation. One man in the hospital complained to his comrades that he could get nothing to eat, and was dying in consequence. They got leave (Dr. Sanger not being consulted) to buy him some potatoes, and when these were roasted and brought him the poor creatures in the neighboring cots crawled out of their

beds to beg for the peelings to relieve the hunger that was gnawing them.

"But the great fault next to the scant supply of food was the inexcusable deficiency of medicine. During several weeks of dysentery and inflammation of the bowels there was not a grain of any preparation of opium in the dispensary, and for want of this many a poor fellow died."

"The result of this sparseness of food and medicine was apparent in the shocking mortality of the camp. This exceeded even the reported mortality at Andersonville, great as that was. * * * I know that the reader, if a Northern man, will deny this and point to the record of the Wirz trial. I object to the testimony. There never was in all time such a mass of lies as that evidence could have been proven to be if it had been possible to sift the testimony or examine before a jury the several witnesses. I take as the basis of my comparison the published report made by four returned Andersonville prisoners, who were allowed to come North on their representation that they could induce their humane government to consent to an exchange. Van-aspes! Edwin M. Stanton would have seen the whole of them perish before he would give up to General Lee one able-bodied soldier.

COMPARATIVE MORTALITY.

"These four prisoners alleged that out of thirty-six thousand in that pen six thousand, or one-eighth of the whole, died between the 1st of February and the 1st of August, 1864.

"Now, out of less than nine thousand five hundred Confederate prisoners who were at Elmira the 1st of September, three hundred and eighty-six died that month. * * * At Andersonville the mortality averaged one thousand a month out of thirty-six thousand, or one thirty-sixth. At Elmira it was three hundred and eighty-six out of nine thousand five hundred, or one twenty-fifth of the whole. At Elmira it was four per cent.; at Andersonville, less than three per cent. If the mortality at Andersonville had been as great as that at Elmira the deaths should have been one thousand four hundred and forty per month, or fifty per cent. more than they were.

"I speak by the card respecting these matters, having kept the morning returns of deaths during the last month and a half of my stay at Elmira, and transferred the figures to my diary, which lies before me."

RATS AS FOOD.

In regard to the scarcity of food, Mr. Keiley says :

"It often happened that the same man got only bones for several successive days. The expedients resorted to were disgusting. Many found a substitute for meat in rats, with which the place abounded, and they commanded an average price of four cents apiece. I have seen scores of them in various stages of preparation. Others found, in the barrels of refuse fat, which accumulated in the cook-house and in the pickings of the bones which were thrown out in a dirty heap behind the kitchen to be removed once a week, the means of gratifying the cravings of hunger. I have seen a mob of starving 'Rebs' besieging the bone-cart and begging of the driver fragments on which the August sun had been burning for several days."

Of the brutal treatment of prisoners Mr. Keiley gives the following instances: "A sick boy having inadvertently stepped across a mark made by one of the officials, he was compelled to leap back and forth across it until he fell exhausted. Another brute would lay about him with a tent-pole among the crippled and helpless prisoners. A man named Hale, one of the Stonewall brigade, having refused to compromise others by telling where he had obtained a little whiskey, instead of the usual confinement in the guard-house, had his thumbs tied together behind his back and the rope drawn up across a beam overhead until his whole weight rested upon them, causing excruciating agony. Still refusing to 'peach,' he was gagged with a piece of wood, and struck in the face with an oaken billet, which knocked out his front teeth and covered his face with blood.

THE NEGRO GUARD, AGAIN.

The negro guard would, almost without warning, fire among the prisoners, and this at last culminated in the murder of a poor, feeble old man named Potts, a prisoner, one of the most harmless creatures in the pen. He was hailed by one of the guard while approaching his ward, ordered to stop, and shot dead while standing still.

In August the surgeons' consolidated report announced eighteen hundred and seventy scorbutic cases among ninety-three hundred prisoners—the result of the restriction to a bread and salt-meat diet.

"One of the men who died to-day told his brother, with almost his last breath, that he died of starvation."

September 21st.—“Deaths yesterday, twenty-nine, and this with pure air, healthy location, good water, no epidemic. The men are being deliberately murdered by the surgeon (Dr. Sanger).

“Of fourteen men in Dr. Martin’s section twelve are dead ; of seventeen in Dr. Graham’s section fourteen have died and two more are certain to die for want of food and medicines. Both Dr. Martin and Dr. Graham (Confederate surgeons) have refused to send any more patients from their ward to the hospital, as death is almost certain to supervene.”

“As I went over to the hospital this morning quite early there were eighteen dead bodies lying naked on the bare earth. Eleven more were added to the list by half past 11 o’clock.”

“In October the weather grew bitterly cold, and the men, especially the thousands who were lying on the ground in open tents, began to suffer severely, being mostly quite destitute of necessary clothing.”

At length an order came from Washington that a list of prisoners should be made out for exchange, consisting of “those only who, by reason of age, sickness, or wounds, would be unfit for service for sixty days.”

Some fifteen hundred were chosen as “unfit for duty for sixty days,” being one-sixth of the whole ; and on the morning of October 19, 1864, these were ordered to assemble for parole.

A HARROWING SPECTACLE.

Says Mr. Keiley : “I speak in all reverence when I say that I do not believe that such a spectacle was ever before seen on earth since the sick and the maimed and the afflicted of every sort crowded for help and healing around the Saviour’s feet. * * * * As soon as the announcement was made that the parole-lists were ready, the poor wretches began to crawl from their cots and turned their faces toward the door. On they came (fifteen hundred of them), a ghastly tide, with skeleton bodies and lustreless eyes, and brains bereft of all but one thought—freedom and home. On they came, some on crutches, some on their cots, others borne in the arms of their comrades ; others still creeping on hands and knees, pale, gaunt, emaciated ; some with the seal of death already stamped on their wasted cheeks and fleshless limbs ; yet, fearing less death than the agony of dying amid enemies, where no hand should give them reassuring grasp as they tottered forth into the dark valley, and their bones would lie in unhonored graves amid aliens and foemen. Such a set of haggard, miserable, helpless, hope-

less wretches I never saw, and yet I have seen more than one consignment of Federal prisoners on their way home. Several died between their parole and the day of departure."

SEVEN DEAD ON THE TRAIN.

"We arrived in Baltimore with seven dead men on the train," and "left in Baltimore a number whose condition was such that their further progress would have been certain death—" one, a gray-haired old man, who there died.

They had to be landed at Point Lookout to await further consignments of prisoners for exchange. And here "a plank was stretched from the side of the ship to the dock, and down this 'shoot' the poor, helpless, maimed creatures were slid like coal into a vault."

They were turned into their former pen, where they found "a scanty supply of tents, and, after some days, a scanty supply of straw. The water was scant, the rations scant," and all this for men just taken out of the hospital, condemned thus to sleep on the bare ground with insufficient food and clothing.

Here they remained until the number for exchange sent from various points amounted to five thousand, when they were all re-embarked in three ships and sent South, first having "all their blankets and every extra coat or pair of pants taken from them."

In Hampton Roads they were detained ten days.

"Every day," continues Mr. Keiley, "we saw coffins going over the sides of the other ships. On the Atlantic alone were forty deaths during our stay in the harbor—a stay obviously unnecessary and therefore shamefully cruel, since it compelled the confinement of hundreds of sick men in the filthy and unventilated holds of the vessels, without proper food, medicine, or attendance. Captain Grey, of the Atlantic, protested loudly against its inhumanity.

Arrived at length at Savannah, Ga., they were landed amid the enthusiastic welcome of the populace, and here found the Richmond ambulance corps awaiting them—that excellent institution which rendered service alike to the suffering of both armies."

A FULL CORROBORATION.

It will be noted that in this account is a corroboration of all that is charged by Dr. Wyeth in his mention of the treatment of Confederate prisoners at Camp Morton—*i. e.*, the criminal neglect of the sick; their starvation, where every species of food was abundant, until they

were reduced to devouring rats and refuse; the general malicious ill-treatment of prisoners, and the shooting down without cause of innocent men. Major Keiley is too well known at the North, as well as at the South, to admit of a doubt being cast upon his statements. He has also much to say concerning the kindness shown the Confederate prisoners by individuals at the North, and even by Federal officers. One of the latter was threatened with court-martial for this cause, when he replied that in that case he would have a startling story to make public of the inhuman treatment of the Confederate prisoners. Mr. Keiley significantly adds, "He was not molested."

S. A. W.

GENERAL JUNIUS DANIEL.

An Address delivered before the Ladies' Memorial Association, in Raleigh, N. C., May 10th, 1888.

By HON. P. T. BENNETT.

Mr. President, and Ladies of the Memorial Association of Raleigh, Ladies and Gentlemen—Citizen Soldiers:

I am delighted to meet you. It is a precious privilege to share in the exercises of this day.

There is no more fitting place for the observance of these rites, the uttering of these tokens of a people's gratitude and love, than this city, renowned as it is for its culture—its loyalty to principle, its dutifulness to God and our country.

"Fellowship in a loosing cause makes strong ties."

There was a custom in ancient Egypt that after death and before burial scrutiny should be made into the acts of life for determination as to what extent formal funeral ceremonies should be allowed to the remains of the deceased.

Junius Daniel was born in the town of Halifax, North Carolina, the 27th day of June, 1828. He was the youngest child of the Hon.

J. R. J. Daniel, who was elected Attorney-General of North Carolina in the year 1834, and afterwards represented his district in the Congress of the United States several terms.

He was a cousin of Judge Daniel, who was appointed March 2, 1815, judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina and elected judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, 1832. His mother was a Miss Stith.

He was the last surviving issue of his father. Blessed with a constitution of great original vigor, he gave promise in the early years of his life of those powers of endurance which were so necessary to the work he found next his hand to be done. His mother died when he was three years of age. Fortunately he had learned more these three years than he did any decade of his life thereafter. The teaching of this holy woman fell upon good soil and helped to make her son loathe dishonesty, insincerity, all violence to truth and every form of degrading vice.

His parents possessed every *prime* social virtue.

His education began with his grandfather and was carried forward with the youth in the most intelligent way then known to his people. He entered the excellent school of J. M. Lovejoy, who taught in this city many years and lies buried within bowshot of this hall, about the year 1843, and continued his pupil until admitted to the Military Academy at West Point, in 1846, to which he was appointed by President James K. Polk as one of the cadets at large.

He was compelled by severe injuries, accidentally inflicted upon him while engaged in artillery practice, to interrupt his course at the Military Academy, and his course there was not completed until 1851.

He graduated with highly respectable standing in deportment and scholarship, and was ordered to Newport, Kentucky, as acting assistant quartermaster. He went to New Mexico under orders the fall of 1852, and was four years stationed at Forts Albuquerque, Fillmore and Stanton, where his time was spent diligently conducting such military parties as were committed to his care, in repelling the hostile incursions made by the Indians upon the country, and forcing those wild children of the plains to recognize the authority of the Government. He took part in many skirmishes with the Indians. He sedulously studied his profession, and became familiar with Jomini and others who wrote histories of the art of war. He was good to his men then. He returned to the States from New Mexico in 1857.

His father, with Anglo Saxon thirst for land, having acquired large landed possessions in Louisiana, the younger officer was induced to

resign his commission in the army and take charge of these possessions, superintend the cultivation of them and give aid in the improvement of them.

Lord Bacon said: "Gardening is the purest of all pleasures." The life and calling of a Southern planter then abounded in much that is now lacking in the business of farming.

Then the system of service upon the farm was perfect. Then the profits arising from this great calling, the chopping block of all other callings, were large and certain. Now it has come to be, by reason of the great changes wrought by man and the greater changes wrought by time or nature, the most precarious of all the great pursuits of man. A succession of forbidding harvests has well nigh broken the hearts of the agriculturists.

He succeeded admirably well in the management of the estate committed to his care. The broad studies pursued at West Point well supplemented his calling as a farmer.

In October, 1860, he married Ellen, a lovely and accomplished young lady, daughter of John J. Long, Esq., of Northampton county, N. C. In a letter written to me within the last few weeks by Captain William Hammond, who served as adjutant-general on the staff of General Daniel, he says: "I may not after so many years have passed allude with particularity to special traits of his character, but I must be permitted to bear testimony to his matchless devotion to his wife. It was beautiful and touching beyond description. I shall never forget that, when trying at his request to prepare a will disposing of his property, his only instructions were 'Let my wife have everything she deserves, more than I can leave her.'"

In the midst of all this, war between the Government and the Confederate States came. It is the fashion now-a-days to condemn the part of the South in that great struggle and in the drama that led up to it. I do not share the views of those who put the fault at our door alone and strive to keep it there. There is no Anglo-Saxon community on this planet with three thousand millions of property staked in any kind of solvent investment that would not resort to blood-letting rather than abandon it. Besides, the contemporary history of the first fifty years of the life of the Government bears ample testimony to the supposed existence of the right of secession as a peaceful right left to the States of the Union.

In "A View of the Constitution of the United States," by Wm. Rawle, LL. D., a citizen of Pennsylvania, a book published in Philadelphia in 1825, used as a text-book at the West Point Military Academy some time, he says:

"If a faction should attempt to subvert the government of a State for the purpose of destroying its republican form, the paternal power of the Union could then be called forth to subdue it. Yet it is not to be understood that its interposition would be justifiable if the people of a State should determine to retire from the Union, whether they adopted another or retained the same form of government, or if they should, with the express intention of seceding, expunge the representative form from their code, and thereby incapacitate themselves from concurring, according to the mode now prescribed, in the choice of certain public officers of the United States.

"The secession of a State from the Union depends on the will of the people of such State. The States, then, may wholly withdraw from the Union; but while they continue they must retain the character of representative republics."

In April, 1861, the passions of the people North and South were stirred to their very depths with respect to the absorbing question, Is it war? Is it peace? North Carolina—always conservative, always cherishing affection for the institutions of the country—shared the deep commotion that prevailed in the public mind. There was hurrying hither and thither. From the Atlantic ocean to the culmination of the Alleghanies, where the storm king plays upon his harp of pine, the people were organizing companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, armies.

The Fourteenth regiment of North Carolina troops, originally the Fourth regiment, was organized the latter part of May, 1861, and the commission of Junius Daniel as colonel of that regiment bears date June 3, 1861. I have the most vivid recollection of the first time I saw Colonel Daniel—Garysburg was the place, Sunday afternoon dress parade the occasion. The regiment had been formed for the parade; the acting adjutant had brought the command to present arms, and, after saluting the officer in charge of the parade, had taken his post. Colonel Daniel in the full uniform of his rank, about five feet ten inches in height, weighing perhaps two hundred pounds, of the most commanding manner, splendid presence, perfectly self-possessed, about thirty-five years of age, with a voice deep, well trained, powerful in compass, at once seized the attention of the command; and from that moment until he laid down the reins of authority at the reorganization of the regiment, April 26, 1862, he was the guide of the regiment, their ideal of an officer, and as completely devoted to its comfort, care and training as if the regiment

had been part of his personal fortunes. He was conscious of the magnitude of the war about to break upon the country, and with might he strove to harden these raw but impressible troops into steady and seasoned men of war. The men and officers of his command represented the best society of the State. Into this mass he poured his own undoubted faith, his personal manliness, his great courage, his complete and perfect loyalty to those set in authority above him. He saw day by day the standard of his regiment rise, its capacity broaden and deepen, its steadiness in military duties become greater. The officers and men were vieing with each other in their steady imitation of their commander. The military air of the regiment was rapidly becoming more pronounced.

I shall never forget the conversation I heard in those days and nights between the colonel and those who sought his instructive company. I heard him say there were but few well authenticated instances in modern warfare of hostile troops killing each other with bayonets; that there was but one well authenticated instance in the wars of modern Europe of such an occurrence; that a French and Spanish battalion did cross bayonets in the streets of Saragossa. I heard him say remarkable things with respect to commonplace subjects. And I am certain now of the truth of this opinion that in the element of common sense, which I take to be the capacity, to say that with reference to any subject of conversation in hand which instantly commends itself to all who hear it though it had not occurred to any one to say so, he was specially gifted, or there was in his training at West Point that which gave him great advantages over those who had no such training, and especial advantage in taking care of himself and his command—getting the best of all there was to be had for his command.

He was elected colonel of the Forty-third regiment at its organization, but declined the office in favor of a promising young officer, who had given decided evidence of ability. He also declined the command of the Second cavalry in favor of Colonel Sol. Williams, saying, with the frankness of the true soldier, "Williams is a better man, for he is *par excellence* a cavalryman, so put him there." He first served as colonel of the Forty-fifth under General Holmes, who discovered his fine qualification as a soldier, and recommended him for promotion, asking that he might be assigned to duty under him. The Government found itself embarrassed with brigadier-generals, while suffering from poverty of brigades. This application was denied, but an officer of that grade was tendered to General Holmes,

who declined, saying "you can keep your generals; I can get along with my colonels."

From this time until he received his commission as brigadier-general he served under three department commanders, each of whom urged his promotion, and failing to effect it refused to turn his command over to general officers. He organized several brigades, and commanded one of them several months as senior colonel, and when it was rumored that one was to be taken from him, he did not complain of the Government, but said: "I would certainly dislike to give up the command of these troops after having the trouble of training them and having become so attached to them. I don't seek the distinction of rank for position merely, for if the war were to close to-morrow the offer of the highest could not induce me to remain in the army. I have other obligations to fulfil, but whilst the war lasts, here in the field I will be found. My whole soul is in the cause, and my life is at my country's service. If the Government does not choose to give me command of my brigade, I will stick to my regiment and make no complaint."

His command was on the extreme right of our line at Malvern Hill, and was exposed to a very demoralizing fire for some time. Some cavalry thrown into confusion was retreating in haste, and involved several pieces of artillery. Colonel Daniel threw a regiment across the road, halted a piece of artillery, put it in charge of an officer, and ordered him to fire upon all who did not halt. While thus engaged his horse was shot under him, and he narrowly escaped with his life.

He was commissioned brigadier-general in September, 1862, and was assigned the Thirty-second regiment, commanded by Brabble, who perished amid the wild glare of battle at Spotsylvania; the Forty-third by Kenan, wounded and captured at Gettysburg, but restored to us, and here to-day, thank God, to gladden these melancholy days by his delicious presence; the Forty-fifth by Morehead, who lingered and died at Martinsburg, West Virginia, ministered unto by the saintly and heroic women, who carried the standard of the Confederacy in their hands and the cross of heaven in their precious hearts (afterwards by Boyd, wounded and captured upon the tempestuous slopes of Gettysburg, exchanged to die, near Hanover, in May, 1864); the Fifty-third by Owen, whose heroic soul went up to God from the summit of the mountain at Snicker's Gap; the Second North Carolina battalion by Andrews, who was shot to death amid the angry shouting of hosts at Gettysburg.

At the time of his appointment to be brigadier-general there was no officer of his rank in the army of Northern Virginia more distinguished than he for the essential qualities of a true soldier and successful officer, brave, vigilant, and honest, attentive to the wants of his men, gifted as an organizer and disciplinarian, skilled in handling troops. I heard a private soldier of the Fourteenth North Carolina say to his companion during the winter of 1863-'64, that Colonel Daniel beat all men he knew in taking care of his men.

He spent the autumn of 1862 with his brigade near Drewry's Bluff. He was sent to North Carolina in December of 1862 to meet a division of Foster in favor of Burnside. Soon after the battle of Chancellorsville he was transferred to Lee's army, Rode's division, attached to Ewell's corps, during the Pennsylvania campaign.

The conduct of General Daniel at Gettysburg, the first real opportunity he had to display his ability in handling troops under fire, won for him the highest place in the estimation of his fellow soldiers of every rank.

Captain Hammond says: "He told me when his brigade was forming for the fight on the first day at Gettysburg that his only regret was that some of his regiments were not better trained, more thorough seasoned, and that some, perhaps many of them, would not survive the action. After the fighting was over for that day, I observed a bullet hole in the crown of his hat just above and in a direct line with the centre of his forehead, and called his attention to the narrow escape he had made.

'Better there than an inch lower,' was the brief and careless response, and if he ever alluded to the circumstance again I did not hear it."

From July, 1863, until the day of his death his name and fame and that of his command were part of the history of the wonderful Army of Northern Virginia.

On the morning of May 12th, 1864, as the Fourteenth North Carolina regiment swept forward to regain the ground just lost by Edward Johnson's division, Brigadier-General Daniel, its old commander, saluted it and bade it God-speed and a worthy record. That day he fought his last fight, at the post of duty, full of courage, inspiring the timid by his example. Doing all that mortal man could do to stem the fierce current of battle, he yielded to the cruel surgery of the sword, and trod the wine-press alone.

He lingered until the next day. A few hours before his death the surgeons were called in to ascertain if his wife could reach him before he died. As this was impossible, he sent his last message of love to

her—love from the tomb. He gave his watch to Major Badger (whose gifted soul has gone to join him), saying it was Ellen's watch, or Ellen's gift, and asked that she should provide for his servant William, who had been a faithful boy, and that his horse, John, should be cared for. His last inquiry was as to his brigade—how the men had acquitted themselves, and if they had suffered in the battle.

The great bulk of mankind must always remain obscure in the affairs of State. To lead is the province of the few. To do their duty is the supreme command to all. There is no art of rearing great men; they appear or do not appear by reason of inscrutable laws.

With respect to Brigadier-General Junius Daniel, I should say, after much thought, that he was a just man, inheriting great courage; fearless of danger to himself; with a strong, vigorous, active mind in a body of most unusual soundness; "rich in saving common sense," honest in purpose, clear in his intelligence, tenacious in his will and absolutely and unhesitatingly subordinate to his superiors in rank—yielding unquestioned obedience without criticism to every order or command given with fair intelligence.

"A King once said of a Prince struck down,
Taller he seems in death;
And this speech holds true for now as then,
'Tis after death that we measure men,
And as mists of the past are rolled away,
Our heroes, who died in their tattered gray,
Grow taller and greater in all their parts,
Till they fill our minds as they fill our hearts,
And for those that lament them there is this relief,
That glory sits by the side of grief.
Yes, they grow taller as the years pass by,
And the world learns how they could do and die."

I would like to speak of the "ancient and unbred integrity of the people of North Carolina," their valor and courage in the war between the Government and the Confederate States, which levied the tribute of death from all ranks—but I must keep within the lines your partiality has traced for me.

I venture these remarks at the risk of fatiguing your patience.

I have marveled these twenty and odd years at the extraordinary performances of the Army of Northern Virginia, and tried to analyze

the chief cause of these feats. Patience and courage did much; race stamina did much. I place above any single influence that of the wives, mothers, and daughters of the South land. When the throne of Justinian trembled under the tread of revolting soldiers his wife rallied his irresolution with these words: "If flight were the only means of safety, yet I should disdain to fly. Death is the condition of our birth, but they who have reigned should never survive the loss of dignity and dominion. I implore heaven that I may never be seen a day without my diadem and purple. That I may no longer behold the light when I cease to be saluted with the name of Queen. If you resolve, O Cæsar to fly—you have treasures—behold the sea, you have ships—but tremble lest the desire of life should expose you to wretched exile and ignominious death. For my own part I adhere to the maxim of antiquity: That the throne is a glorious sepulchre."

While the two armies were struggling in the awful shadow of the horse-shoe in General Lee's line, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of May 12th, 1864, word came down the line from our side, "We are out of ammunition; send us cartridges. We cannot hold the works without ammunition." I called for volunteers out of my command to try the perilous task of carrying the desired help to our comrades. At this time the great pressure of the enemy on our immediate brigade front was broken. John W. McGregor of Anson county, of immediate highland Scotch extraction, Sergeant Ingram, Company K, of Wake county, Private Dixon of Cleveland county, Private Cox of Anson county, and Private Workman at once volunteered. They carried three boxes of ammunition to the line then held by the brigade of General Harris, of Mississippi. The General was surrounded by his staff and couriers. Sergeant McGregor told him that he and his comrades had brought the ammunition, and General Harris asked if no one would carry the cartridges into his line. None of the command answered. McGregor and Workman bore one box of it to the outer lines, where scarcely five feet of hastily constructed works separated the two lines of battle. A common soldier of Harris' brigade ran out of the line, and seizing the other boxes bore them into the works.

Of the five men of the Fourteenth North Carolina regiment who volunteered for this forlorn hope, Dixon was killed, and Cox, Ingram and McGregor were wounded.

I have ventured to relate this incident because two of the men belonged to Wake county, and because it was the work of men of the

Fourteenth North Carolina troops, prepared for service under the admirable soldier, General Junius Daniel, and because I wish the vast audience to know of this great and courageous act of our county men.

I have made inquiry for Sergeant Ingram to-day in your county, and learn that his name has perished from your midst.

THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

A wish has been expressed to the Secretary of the Southern Historical Society (the editor of its publication) that some account should be given of the origin and existence of the Society. Major-General Dabney H. Maury, in a letter dated November 3, 1890, writes:

"I feel a natural desire to record the history of the inception of the Southern Historical Society, which has accomplished a work so important for the Southern people.

"In May, 1868, I was a resident of New Orleans, surrounded by many comrades of the war between the States, with whom I daily exchanged recollections of that 'the greatest struggle for separate nationality the world has ever seen,' and I felt the importance to history and to our posterity of making, while we could, a record of the facts then fresh in the memories of the actors; and addressed myself to the work."

General Maury proceeds to state conferences in furtherance of his desire, as expressed, with Generals Braxton Bragg, Richard Taylor, and others.

The progress of the movement is recorded in "*Proceedings*, Vol. I," of the Southern Historical Society, as follows:

"At a meeting held in the office of Messrs. Stuart, Norton & Co., in the city of New Orleans, at 7:30 o'clock P. M., Thursday, April 15, 1869, the following gentlemen were present:

General Braxton Bragg,	Major J. E. Austin,
General Dabney H. Maury,	Major B. M. Harrod,
General S. B. Buckner,	Captain S. H. Buck,
Colonel A. L. Stuart,	Captain George Norton,
Mr. C. L. C. Dupuy."	

The record continues that the meeting was called to order by General Maury, upon whose motion General Bragg was called to the chair. Mr. Dupuy, upon request, acted as secretary.

General Maury then stated as the purpose of the meeting the "considering the practicability of effecting an organization which might effect the collection and preservation of such papers and records as might be valuable in preserving a true history of the causes, events, and results of the late war between the Confederate States and the United States."

Generals Bragg, Buckner, and others further pressed the desirability of the organization proposed, urging that it would, "without doubt, secure the co-operation of intelligent and well-informed gentlemen residing in the different sections of the Southern States, and be the conservator of information which would be invaluable to the future historian, who, untrammelled by personal prejudices or partisan rancor, should undertake the laudable task of giving to the world a true history of the memorable conflict."

Upon motion of Major Harrod, the meeting was adjourned to re-assemble at the same place on April 21st, following.

Pursuant to the above "a meeting of citizens" was held on the evening of April 21, 1869. General Bragg was called to the chair. "General Richard Taylor moved the appointment by the chair of a committee of five, who, together with the chairman, should embody a programme of the Association."

Upon motion of Major Cluskey, the number of the committee was increased to seven.

The following members, whose names appear under the caption of the "Founders of Southern Historical Society, New Orleans, April 21, 1869," then enrolled themselves, by subscribing their names :

Braxton Bragg,
R. Taylor,
Dabney H. Maury,
M. W. Cluskey,
C. M. Wilcox,
G. W. Gordon,
B. M. Harrod,
J. S. Marmaduke,
F. H. Farrar,
S. B. Buckner,

R. L. Gibson,
A. L. Stuart,
H. N. Ogden,
B. J. Sage,
F. H. Wigfall,
George Norton,
Fred. N. Ogden,
John B. Sale,
James Phelan,
William H. Saunders,

James Strawbridge,
B. M. Palmer,
Thomas J. Semmes,
Harry T. Hays,
E. M. Hudson,
J. N. Gallaher,
Charles L. C. Dupuy,
B. A. Pope, M. D.,
Joseph Jones, M. D.,
B. F. Jones,
Edward Joy,
A. W. Bosworth,

Charles Chapotin,
C. M. Conrad,
J. F. Caldwell,
G. T. Beauregard,
H. Chapotin,
S. E. Chaille, M. D.,
* T. H. Richardson, M. D.,
S. M. Bemiss, M. D.,
Frank Hawthorn, M. D.,
John J. O'Brien.
G. Waggaman,
William S. Pike,

J. L. Fearman.

At a meeting held at the rooms of the Howard Association, May 1, 1869, General Beauregard was called to the chair.

General Bragg, then, as chairman of the committee on organization (composed as follows: Hon. Charles M. Conrad, Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, Colonel C. A. Breaux, Hon. T. J. Semmes, Dr. J. Dickson Burns, Rev. J. N. Gallaher, B. F. Jones), made his report, which recommended that "the scope of the Society should be broad and general, embracing everything on both sides connected with the recent political and military movements and operations in our country, preceding, during and following the war," and that it be designated "The Southern Historical Society." It was provided that there should be a President, Vice-President, a Secretary and Treasurer, with an Advisory Committee to consist of the above named officers, *ex-officio*, and of four other members to be elected by the Society annually. "With a view to extend the influence of the Association," "the appointment of a Vice-President in each State" was advised.

It was urged that "much circumspection and judgment should be displayed in the office of Secretary, as the officer upon whom will devolve the labor and responsibility of conducting the most important work of the Society, and we must not expect to command the services of such a one, without compensation; but he should be the only paid officer of the Society."

A circular address was directed to be prepared and issued by the Secretary, setting forth the objects of the Society, etc.

The report was adopted.

* Subscribed but decidedly stricken across the signature.

Upon the nomination of Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer, Dr. Joseph Jones was elected Secretary and Treasurer. Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D. was elected President; General Braxton Bragg, Vice-President, and the following gentlemen representing the "four professions," the Advisory Committee: J. Dickson Burns, Thomas J. Semmes, W. S. Pike, General Harry T. Hays. The initiation fee of members was fixed at \$5.00, and the annual subscription \$6.00.

At this meeting "A. L. Stuart" was "Acting Secretary." At a meeting held May 10, 1869, in the rooms of the Howard Association, an official circular drawn by the President, Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., was recommended by the Advisory Committee, and adopted by the Society. At a meeting held June 14, 1869, the Secretary, Dr. Joseph Jones, submitted modifications of and additions to the circular, which were adopted.

The objects of the Society were therein stated with great perspicuity and comprehension. The desire was to obtain materials for a just and accurate history of the great struggle, and representative documents and circumstantial details were to be sought for throughout the Union.

The material gathered was to be classified and carefully arranged. Copies of the circular, in manuscript, were sent by the Secretary to the following Vice-Presidents of the Society for the several States, who had been "appointed":

Virginia—General Robert E. Lee.

Maryland—Hon. S. Teackle Wallace.

North Carolina—Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill.

South Carolina—Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton.

Georgia—Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.

Alabama—Admiral Raphael Semmes.

Tennessee—Governor Isham G. Harris.

Mississippi—Governor Benjamin G. Humphreys.

Texas—Colonel Ashbel Smith.

Kentucky—Major-General John C. Breckenridge.

Missouri—General Trusten Polk.

Arkansas—Hon. A. H. Garland.

Florida—Hon. Stephen R. Mallory.

District of Columbia—William Wilson Corcoran.

In accordance with a resolution of the Society six thousand copies of the circular were printed, which were distributed throughout the South, partially by the aid of the several Vice-Presidents in the sev-

eral States, to each of whom one hundred and fifty copies were sent. The circular was also generally reprinted in the newspapers and literary and medical magazines throughout the Southern States, and quite extensively in the Northern States.

At the meeting held the 14th of June, the Secretary, Dr. Joseph Jones, also "presented for the consideration of the parent Society a Constitution or Plan of Permanent Organization of the Southern Historical Society, modelled upon the organic constitutions of other learned and scientific societies. On motion of General Maury, this "Plan" was received and referred to the Advisory Committee. It was finally and unanimously adopted, and manuscript copies were forwarded to the several Vice-Presidents of the States by the Secretary.

This "Plan" or "Constitution" was subscribed to by the following members, in the order here given :

Harry T. Hays,
Dabney H. Maury,
A. B. Bacon,
Ch. Chapotin,
H. Chapotin,
Henry Ginder,
Charles L. C. Dupuy,
A. W. Bosworth,
F. R. Southmayd,
Geo. W. Logan, Jr.,
Samuel Logan, M. D.,
Rufus R. Rhodes,
H. N. Jenkins,
F. H. Wigfall,
James Strawbridge,
Wm. Palfrey,
C. M. Wilcox,
Edward Peychaud,

G. T. Beauregard,
Braxton Bragg,
B. J. Sage,
W. C. Black,
Benj. M. Palmer,
D. D. Colcock,
John Turpin,
Henry V. Ogden,
R. Q. Mallard,
Hugh McClosky,
Edward Ivy,
Wm. S. Pike,
J. N. Brown,
Robt. Lewis,
Henry M. Smith,
Charles B. Singleton,
James B. Price,
John W. Caldwell, M. D.

At a meeting of the Society held June 13, 1870, in the rooms of the Howard Association, the Secretary and Treasurer submitted his official report for the year ending May 9, 1870.

The total receipts of the Society had been \$310. They had been derived in sums of \$5 and \$10, paid in variously by the following members :

Charles Chapotin,
Henry Chapotin,
Thomas L. Semmes,
B. M. Palmer,
John Goleverien,
T. R. Southmayd,
B. W. Harrod,
Braxton Bragg,
Towson Ellis,
Dabney H. Maury,
George Norton,
G. Waggaman,
George W. Logan,
A. W. Bosworth,
Samuel Logan, M. D.,
D. Warren Brickell, M. D.,
Harry T. Hays,
A. B. Bacon,
J. Strawbridge,
T. N. Ogden,
Henry Ginder,
Charles L. C. Dupuy,

Wm. Palfrey,
Rufus R. Rhodes,
H. N. Jenkins,
C. M. Wilcox,
Edward Peychaud,
Rev. R. Q. Mallard,
J. S. Bernard,
T. C. Herndon,
W. C. Black,
D. D. Colcock,
B. J. Sage,
G. T. Beauregard,
H. F. Beauregard,
F. H. Wigfall,
W. J. Pike,
John Rennard,
Ed. Palfrey,
John Finney,
W. M. Goodrich,
Col. Fontaine,
Hugh McClosky,
Thomas A. Adams.

There had been expended by the Secretary and Treasurer the sum of \$313.50, of which \$85 had been for books ordered for the library of the Society, and the remaining \$218.50 in necessary incidental expenses—stationery, postage, printing, advertising, etc. Propositions from several publishers of magazines to print the documents or transactions of the Society had been discussed, and various efforts had been made to secure lectures by prominent ex-officers of the Confederate Army, but the present compiler is without information as to the printing of any such matter or the delivery of any lecture.

In the report of Dr. Jones he urges correspondence with the various surviving officers of the late Confederate States Army, and the securing from them of documentary material, personal reminiscences, etc.

The election of officers of the Society was then held. Dr. Palmer declining re-election, General Braxton Bragg was elected President, and General Dabney H. Maury, Vice-President. Dr. Joseph Jones was nominated by General Hays as Secretary and Treasurer.

"Dr. Jones returned his thanks to the Southern Historical Society for the honor which had been conferred on him, and said that he had accepted the office from a similar interest in a work in which he had been engaged since the inception of the American Civil War—viz. : the preservation of all authentic Southern records. The labor during the first year in the organization of the Southern Historical Society—of the conduction of the correspondence, although numerous and exacting—had been cheerfully borne as due to a sacred cause, but justice to the Association compelled him to say that his professional engagements and duties were such that it would be impossible for him any longer to expend the large amount of time necessary for the performance of the duties of Secretary and Treasurer."

Dr. Jones was also then in very feeble health.

"On motion of General Harry T. Hays, the thanks of the Society were tendered to Dr. Joseph Jones for the valuable services rendered the Southern Historical Society during the past twelve months for the able and efficient manner in which he had performed the duties of Secretary and Treasurer."

Colonel James Strawbridge was then elected Secretary and Treasurer.

At a meeting held December 12, 1870, Colonel James Strawbridge resigned the office of Secretary and Treasurer. The next recorded meeting is dated July 10, 1871, at which were present ten members. Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., presided. He was elected President, General G. T. Beauregard, Vice-President, and the following the Executive Committee of the Society: Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., General D. H. Maury, General G. T. Beauregard, General Cadmus M. Wilcox, B. J. Sage. It was "unanimously" resolved that "a salary of \$500 per annum be attached to the office of Secretary and Treasurer." The minutes are signed by "F. R. Southmayd, Secretary *pro tem.*" Dr. J. W. Caldwell was elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Society. At a meeting held October 9, 1871, General Jubal A. Early was elected Vice-President for the State of Virginia, *vice* General R. E. Lee, deceased.

At a meeting held June 10, 1872, the Secretary and Treasurer reported the receipts of the Society as \$708, and the expenditures as

\$426.75, including salary to himself for six months. Balance on hand, \$281.25.

The officers of the Society were re-elected.

At a meeting held June 9, 1873, the Secretary and Treasurer made the following report :

On hand at last report, -	-	-	\$281 25
Received during the year,	-	-	380 00
			<hr/>
			\$661 25
Expended as per account,	-	-	484 25
			<hr/>
			\$177 00

The balance was voted to be appropriated to the Secretary and Treasurer in part payment of his services.

It was resolved to hold a general Convention, "under the auspices and for the purposes of the Southern Historical Society," at the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs on the second Thursday of August, 1873.

The Convention met in pursuance thereto August 14, 1873. General Beauregard was called to the chair *pro tempore*, and Rev. J. Wm. Jones was made Secretary. A communication from Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., General Henry T. Hays, and General G. T. Beauregard, of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, giving an account of its organization, objects and prospects, was read. The Committee on Credentials reported the following delegates as present :

Louisiana—General G. T. Beauregard, Captain Charles E. Finner, General C. M. Wilcox, Captain George H. Frost, General P. O. Hébert, W. A. Bell, Lieutenant Charles A. Conrad, H. F. Beauregard.

Georgia—Judge D. A. Vaison, Major John A. A. West, General Robert H. Anderson.

North Carolina—Hon. R. H. Smith.

Alabama—Admiral Raphael Semmes, Colonel G. A. Henry, Jr., Colonel T. B. Roy, Captain E. Thornton Taylor.

Texas—Colonel A. W. Speight, Major F. Charles Hume, Major D. F. Holland.

South Carolina—General M. C. Butler, Major C. H. Suber.

Kentucky—Colonel William Preston Johnston.

Maryland—H. C. Turnbull, Jr.

Mississippi—General W. T. Martin, Major D. W. Flowerre, Captain J. E. Leigh.

Missouri—Colonel W. H. H. Russell.

Tennessee—Colonel John A. McKinney, General W. Y. C. Humes, General A. W. Campbell, Rev. J. H. Bryson, W. A. Collier, Samuel Mansfield, Colonel Polk Johnson.

Virginia—General Henry Heth, General D. H. Maury, Governor John Letcher, General Fitzhugh Lee, General Eppa Hunton, General Thomas T. Munford, Colonel R. E. Withers, General James H. Lane, General Gabriel C. Wharton, General R. D. Lilley, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Rev. J. William Jones, Colonel C. S. Venable, Colonel John A. Sloan, General W. R. Terry, General William Terry, Colonel William Preston Johnston, Colonel Robert T. Preston, F. R. Farrar, General B. H. Robertson, Captain J. W. C. Davis and General J. A. Early.

The Committee on Permanent Organization recommended the following officers, who were unanimously elected :

President—Governor John Letcher, of Virginia.

First Vice-President—Admiral Semmes, of Alabama.

Second Vice-President—General G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana.

Third Vice-President—General W. Y. C. Humes, of Tennessee.

Secretary—Rev. J. William Jones, of Virginia.

Assistant Secretary—Major John A. A. West, of Georgia.

During the afternoon session General Early delivered an address, "setting forth the duties that had devolved on the survivors of the Confederate army and navy in reference to the history of the late war."

August 15th, the Committee on Business appointed the previous day, consisting of Admiral Semmes (chairman), General Fitzhugh Lee, General Maury, General Hébert, Colonel John McKinney, General Wilcox, General Butler, General Martin, General Early, Colonel Venable, and Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston, made the following report, which was adopted :

Resolved, 1. That the headquarters of the Southern Historical Society be transferred to Richmond, Virginia.

2. That the Convention, in order to carry out the purposes proposed by the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, at New Orleans, proceed to reorganize the Society, with the object and

purposes set forth in the annexed paper, as modified, and to elect officers.

3. That this organization be retained on its present basis, and that the officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, and Executive Committee, resident in the State of Virginia, and a Vice-President in each of the Southern States.

4. That each Vice-President shall be *ex-officio* president of the auxiliary State society, and is requested to organize the same and the affiliated local societies.

5. That the Secretary shall receive a salary to be fixed by the Executive Committee.

6. That the Society adopt some financial scheme to raise funds to carry out the purposes of the organization and the publication of its historical material.

7. That the fee of annual membership be three dollars, and of life membership fifty dollars.

8. That the publication of the material collected be made either by means of a magazine, or by occasional volumes of transactions, as may be found most expedient.

9. That the Society, as soon as reorganized, proceed to enroll members and to extend its membership.

10. That in all questions touching the organization of the Society, when a division is called for, the vote shall be taken by States, and each State shall be entitled to two votes.

The following is the paper referred to in the second resolution, being the general outline for the original organization of the Society, as modified by the convention:

The Southern Historical Society is organized with the following general outline:

A parent Society, to hold its seat and its archives in the city of Richmond, Virginia, with affiliated societies to be organized in all the States favorable to the object proposed; these in their turn branching into local organizations in the different townships—forming thus a wide fellowship of closely co-ordinated societies, with a common centre in the parent association in the said city.

The object proposed to be accomplished is the collection, classification, preservation, and final publication, in some form to be hereafter determined, of all the documents and facts bearing upon the eventful history of the past few years, illustrating the nature of the struggle from which the country has just emerged, defining and vin-

dicating the principles which lay beneath it, and marking the stages through which it was conducted to its issue. It is not understood that this association shall be purely sectional, nor that its labors shall be of a partisan character.

Everything which relates to this critical period of our national history, pending the conflict, antecedent or subsequent to it, from the point of view of either, or of both the contestants; everything, in short, which shall vindicate the truth of history is to be industriously collated and filed.

It is doubtless true, that an accepted history can never be written in the midst of the stormy events of which that history is composed, nor by the agents through whose efficiency they were wrought. The strong passions which are evoked in every human conflict disturb the vision and warp the judgment, in the scales of whose criticism the necessary facts are to be weighed—even the relative importance of these facts cannot be measured by those who are in too close proximity. Scope must be afforded for the development of the remote issues before they can be brought under the range of a philosophical apprehension; and the secret thread be discovered, running through all history, upon which its single facts crystalize in the unity of some great Providential plan.

The generations of the disinterested must succeed the generations of the prejudiced before history, properly termed such, can be written. This, precisely, is the work we now attempt, to construct the archives in which shall be collected these memoirs to serve for future history.

It is believed that invaluable documents are scattered over the whole land, in loose sheets, perhaps lying in the portfolios of private gentlemen, and only preserved as souvenirs of their own parts in the historic drama.

Existing in forms so perishable, regarded, it may be, only as so much waste paper, by those into whose hands they must fall, no delay should be suffered in their collection and preservation.

There is doubtless, too, much that is yet unwritten floating only in the memories of the living, which if not speedily rescued will be swallowed in the oblivion of the grave, but which, if reduced to record and collated, would afford the key to many a cypher, in a little while to become unintelligible for want of interpretation.

All this various material, gathered from every section, will need to be industriously classified and arranged, and finally deposited in the central archives of the Society, under the care of appropriate guardians.

To this task of collection we invite the immediate attention and co-operation of our copatriots throughout the South, to facilitate which we propose the organization of State and district associations, that our whole people may be brought in harmony of action in this important matter.

The rapid changes through which the institutions of the country are now passing, and the still more stupendous revolutions in the opinions of men, remind us that we stand to-day upon the outer verge of a great historic cycle, within which a completed past will shortly be enclosed. Another cycle may touch its circumference, but the events it shall embrace will be gathered around another historic centre, and the future historian will pronounce that in stepping from the one to the other he has entered upon another and separate volume of the nation's record.

Let us, who are soon to be in that past to which we properly belong, see that there are no gaps in the record.

Thus shall we discharge a duty to the fathers whose principles we inherit; to the children, who will then know whether to honor or to dishonor the sires that begot them; and, above all, to the dead heroes sleeping on the vast battle plains, from the Susquehannah to the Rio Grande, whose epitaph history yet waits to engrave upon their tombs.

The funds raised by initiation fees, assessments, donations, and lectures, after defraying the current expenses, will be appropriated to the safe-keeping of the archives, and publication of the transactions.

For the accomplishment of these ends contributions are respectfully solicited from all parties interested in the establishment and prosperity of the Southern Historical Society.

Contributions to the archives and library of the Society are respectfully solicited under the following specific divisions:

1. The histories and historical collections of the individual States from the earliest periods to the present time, including travels, journals and maps.
2. Complete files of the newspapers, periodical, literary, scientific and medical journals of the Southern States, from the earliest times to the present day, including especially the period of the recent American civil war.
3. Geological, topographical, agricultural, manufacturing and commercial reports, illustrating the statistics, climate, soil, resources, products and commerce of the Southern States.
4. Works, speeches, sermons and discourses relating to the recent

conflict and political changes. Congressional and State reports during the recent war.

5. Official reports and descriptions, by officers and privates and newspaper correspondents and eye-witnesses, of campaigns, military operations, battles and sieges.

6. Military maps.

7. Reports upon the munitions, arms and equipments, organization, number and losses of the various branches of the Southern armies—infantry, artillery, cavalry, ordnance and commissary and quartermaster departments.

8. Reports of the Adjutant-General of the late Confederate States of America, and of the Adjutant-Generals of the armies, departments, districts and States, showing the resources of the individual States, the available fighting population, the number, organization and losses of the forces called into actual service.

9. Naval operations of the Confederate States.

10. Operations of the Nitre and Mining Bureau.

11. Commercial operations.

12. Foreign relations, diplomatic correspondence, etc.

13. Currency.

14. Medical statistics and medical reports.

15. Names of all officers, soldiers and sailors in the military and naval service of the Confederate States who were killed in battle or died of disease or wounds.

16. Names of all wounded officers, soldiers, and sailors. The nature of the wounds should be attached to each name, also the loss of one or more limbs should be carefully noted.

17. Published reports and manuscripts relating to civil prisoners held during the war.

18. All matters, published or unpublished, relating to the treatment, diseases, mortality, and exchange of prisoners of war.

19. The conduct of the hostile armies in the Southern States; private and public losses during the war; treatment of citizens by hostile forces.

20. Southern poetry, ballads, songs, photographs of distinguished Confederates, etc.

The following officers were elected:

President—General Jubal A. Early, of Virginia.

Vice-President—Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia.

Secretary and ex-officio Treasurer—Colonel George Wythe Munford, of Virginia.

Vice-Presidents of States :

General Isaac R. Trimble, Maryland.
Governor Zebulon B. Vance, North Carolina.
General M. C. Butler, South Carolina.
Admiral R. Semmes, Alabama.
Colonel W. Call, Florida.
General Will. T. Martin, Mississippi.
General J. B. Hood, Louisiana.
Colonel T. M. Jack, Texas.
Hon. A. H. Garland, Arkansas.
Governor Isham G. Harris, Tennessee.
General J. S. Marmaduke, Missouri.
General S. B. Buckner, Kentucky.
W. W. Corcoran, Esq., Washington, D. C.

The President appointed the following gentlemen members of the Executive Committee :

General Dabney H. Maury, Richmond, Va., *Chairman*.
Colonel Charles S. Venable, University of Virginia.
Colonel William Preston Johnston, Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Colonel Robert E. Withers, Wytheville, Va.
Colonel Joseph Mayo, Richmond, Va.
Rev. John Wm. Jones, Richmond, Va.
Lieutenant-Colonel Archer Anderson, Richmond, Va.
Major Robert Stiles, Richmond, Va.
George L. Christian, Esq., Richmond Va.

On motion, the Society then adjourned to meet at Richmond, Va., on the call of the President.

Pursuant to the above, the Society met at Richmond, in the Capitol, in the Senate chamber, at 8 o'clock P. M., October 29, 1873.

After prayer by Rev. George Woodbridge, D. D., of the Episcopal Church, the President, General Jubal A. Early, introduced with

*General Maury, so long and prominently identified with the Society, resigned his post in the Executive Committee June 18, 1888, whilst he was United States Minister at Bogota, South America. There have been other changes in the Executive Committee by death and other causes, and by appointments to vacancies.

eulogistic remarks, General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, who delivered an eloquent address, which will be found in the January number, 1874, of the *Southern Magazine*. Appropriate addresses were subsequently made by Hon. J. L. M. Curry, L.L. D., Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., and Major Robert Stiles. The Society reassembled the following day in the same place, when the chairman of the Executive Committee, General Dabney H. Maury, reported that "a contract had been made with Messrs. Turnbull Brothers, Baltimore, Maryland, by which the Society had bound itself to make the *Southern Magazine*, published by said Turnbull Brothers, its organ for all its publications; the publishers agreeing to issue every month, free of cost, an appendix to their magazine of twenty pages of the historical documents of the Society, to be pagged as a separate series and to print for the Society as much more of its records as might be desired at a moderate cost."

A retrospect as to the mediums of publication of the reports, etc., of the Society may be deemed of interest.

The first official reports of the Southern Historical Society were published in the New Orleans *Picayune*, and cognate matter in "*The Land We Love*" Charlotte, N. C., conducted by General D. H. Hill. In July, 1869, this publication was merged into "*The New Eclectic Magazine*," published in Baltimore, Maryland, by Turnbull & Murdock. "*The New Eclectic Magazine*" was later merged into the "*Southern Magazine*."

The Messrs. Turnbull Brothers continued their connection with the Southern Historical Society until July, 1875, when they appear to have become financially involved. The first volume of the "Transactions" were published as provided in the January-December numbers, inclusive, of the "*Southern Magazine*." The second volume, as stated, was never completed.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society held December 17, 1874, a letter from Colonel Munford, resigning his office as Secretary and Treasurer of the Society because of new engagements into which he had entered, was read.

On motion, the resignation was accepted with regrets for the necessity of his action, and thanks for the faithful and efficient manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office.

Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., was then elected Secretary and Treasurer *pro tem*. At a meeting held January 12, 1875, his election was made permanent.

Under his editorial conduction the publication in monthly numbers of *The Southern Historical Society Papers* was commenced in January, 1876. Thus, six semi-annual and six annual volumes—1879-1884—were issued. The monthly publication was discontinued with the number for December, 1884. Dr. Jones edited subsequently two annual volumes.

In 1883 the offices of Secretary and Treasurer were separated, and Hon. George L. Christian was elected to the latter office, which he still holds.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Society held June 25, 1887, Dr. Jones, "having accepted the position of Assistant Secretary of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention," tendered his resignation as Secretary of the Society, which was accepted. July 14 following, the present Secretary was elected. With the present volume he has edited four volumes of *The Southern Historical Society Papers*, making eighteen in all, which have been published. The Society has had some vicissitudes in its fortunes, and at the time of the resignation of Dr. Jones as Secretary he held quite positively that it would be extremely hazardous for the Society to attempt to print another volume. The present volume is partly paid for, and it is hoped that its cost will be entirely met with the collection of outstanding subscriptions. All previous volumes have been paid for, and incidental expenses met, without diminution of the endowment or building fund, which is \$4,000. The most pleasant and mutually helpful relations have been maintained by the Society with the United States War Record Office, and full access to the archives of the Society also afforded to the recently constituted United States Naval Records Office at Washington, D. C.

Its agent, Captain H. B. Littlepage, spent several weeks in selecting material, which was subsequently copied. Grateful acknowledgment is due Major George B. Davis, United States Army, and General Marcus J. Wright, formerly of the Confederate Army, for constant courtesies and invaluable assistance afforded the Southern Historical Society.

The Legislature, by an enactment, having made doubtful the tenure of the Society of the room which it occupied in the Capitol, the Secretary, through kindly furtherance of the Honorables Lyon G. Tyler and William Lovestein of the House of Delegates and of the Senate of Virginia, respectively, secured the passage of the following, February 23, 1888 :

"Chapter 202—Joint Resolution Respecting the Quarters of the Southern Historical Society.

"1. *Resolved* (the Senate concurring), That the resolution of the 23d March, 1887, in relation to the room occupied by the Southern Historical Society in the Capitol building, be, and the same is hereby, repealed, and that the said room referred to in said resolution be set aside for the use of the said Southern Historical Society, subject to the control of the General Assembly at any time hereafter.

"2. This resolution shall be in force from its passage."

The Society being without a seal, the Secretary at a meeting of the Executive Committee, held October 26, 1888, submitted a design, adapted from the great or broad seal of the late Confederate States of America, which was adopted. Both are fully described and pictured in the *Papers*, Volume XVI, pages 416-422. The seal of the Society, which is excellently engraved, was generously executed, without charge, by Mr. M. S. O'Donnell, now of Malden, Massachusetts. The Secretary, in accepting such trust, was constrained by patriotic and dutiful motives. There are natural claims upon him which all must respect, yet he has done what he could for the sustenance of the Society and the advancement of its interests. It is to be profoundly regretted that it has not the support which should be cheerfully accorded it by our people of the South.

[From the *Boston Journal*.]

SON OF THE SOUTH.

LIFE AND SERVICES OF COMMODORE MAURY.

Proposed Monument to His Memory—The Immense Benefits to the Country
that Originated in His Fertile Brain—Sketch Written
by His Daughter.

[A movement was inaugurated by prominent gentlemen in this city and of this State, in November last, to secure the means, by subscription and by the aid of Congress, for the erection of a monument to the

memory of Commodore Maury. It is to be hoped that this grateful object will be pressed to a speedy consummation.—ED.]

Some persons have proposed that a sum of money be set apart by the Congress of the United States for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of the great American hydrographer and meteorologist, M. F. Maury, in grateful acknowledgment of his services to the marine, commercial, agricultural and other interests of our great country. The monument should be erected in the city of Washington in the year 1892, and thus not only perpetuate the memory of the man, but of his deeds for the contemplation of future generations, and as an incentive to lofty ambitions. Perhaps I, as a member of his family, may speak thus for him. Maury was a Virginian by birth, but he emigrated to Tennessee with his parents when in his fifth year, and entered the navy, when a lad of nineteen, from that State in 1825. After continued sea service for six years he was appointed sailing master of the sloop-of-war *Falmouth*, in 1831, and ordered on a three years' cruise to the Pacific. Before leaving New York on this voyage he had searched in every direction for reliable information as to the winds and currents to be encountered, and the best path for his vessel to follow. He soon found that little or nothing was known on the subject, and he forthwith began to collect material and make observations. In this connection he noticed the curious phenomenon of the low barometer off Cape Horn. He wrote his first scientific paper on this subject, and it was published soon after his return by the *American Journal of Science*. Shortly after, he wrote another much-talked-of paper entitled "The Relation of Terrestrial Magnetism to the Circulation of the Atmosphere." These small beginnings he soon expanded into his celebrated wind and current charts and sailing directions. "These charts completely revolutionized commerce," said the Secretaries of the Navy (in their annual reports for the years 1850, '51, '52, '53, '54, '55 and '56), and have not only saved millions of dollars to those 'who go down to the sea in ships,' but have added glory and honor to his country. A calculation of the amount saved to the commerce of the United States by shortening the voyages fifteen days by the use of these charts will show the following startling results: The average freight from the United States to Rio is 17.7 cents per ton per day; to Australia 20 cents. The mean of this is a little over 19 cents per ton per day, but to be within the mark we will take it at 15 cents, and include all the ports of South America, China and the East Indies. We estimate

the tonnage of the United States engaged in trade with these places at 1,000,000 tons per annum. With these data, we see that there has been effected a saving for each of these tons of 15 cents a day for a period of fifteen days, which will give an aggregate of \$2,250,000 saved per annum. This is on the outward voyage alone, and the tonnage trading with all the other parts of the world is left out of the calculation. Take these into consideration, and also the fact that there is a vast amount of foreign tonnage trading between those places and the United States, and it will be seen that the annual sum saved will swell to an enormous amount; beside, to many ports the voyage is shortened forty and even ninety days." Sir John Packington, of the British Admiralty, said: "The practical results of the researches of this great American philosopher of the seas have been to lessen the expenses of the voyage (by shortening the passage) of every 1000-ton vessel from England to Rio, India, or China, by no less a sum than £250, while on a voyage of every ship of this tonnage to California or Australia and back the saving effected was £1,200 or £1,500." When the *San Francisco* with hundreds of United States troops on board foundered in an Atlantic hurricane, and the rumor reached port that she was in need of help, the Secretary of the Navy sent to Maury for information. He at once showed on a chart where the winds and waves acting upon a helpless wreck would drift her. To this spot relief was sent, and there the survivors were picked up. When the *Prince of Wales* returned from his visit to the United States he sailed from Portland, Maine; his coal gave out; he got into a region of contrary winds, and was overdue ten days. The Lords of Admiralty waited on Maury and asked for information of his whereabouts. Maury showed them, and they sent aid and brought him home in triumph, in time to celebrate his birthday. These were mere incidents in his study of the winds and waves. "By the use of Maury's whale charts, the New England fishermen have saved millions of dollars. There he shows at a glance those parts of the ocean where at any season of the year whales (sperm or right) may be found. The observations of one whaler may not necessarily be limited, but this arrangement of Maury enables him to profit by the experience of thousands of others." [See report of Committee on Naval Affairs in 1856.] Besides these there were Maury's "Pilot Charts," his isothermal charts, &c., which are of incalculable value.

In 1853 the Government of the United States invited all the European nations to meet Maury in a meteorological conference at Brus-

sels. This was done, and he then urged that the system of meteorological observations he had already inaugurated at sea should be extended to the land, and thus form a weather bureau with observers in all parts of the world. He spoke of this soon after his return, in an address before the United States Agricultural Society at Washington, and said: "The atmosphere is a great basin which envelops the globe, and every plant and animal that grows there is dependent for its well-being upon the laws which govern and control the 'wind in its circuits,' and none more so than man, 'the Lord of all.' To study these laws we must treat the atmosphere as a whole. We have now the sea made white with floating observatories, all equipped with instruments that are comparable, observing the same things according to a uniform method and recording these observations according to a universal plan. In the process of discussing these observations, thus obtained from the sea, I have arrived at that point at which observations on the land are found to be essential to a successful prosecution of my investigations into the laws which govern the grand atmospheric machine. I want to see the land, therefore, spotted with co-laborers observing also, according to some uniform plan, such as may be agreed upon with the most distinguished meteorologists at home and abroad, and I have addressed myself to the agricultural interests of this country because they have in this matter the most at stake."

In furtherance of this plan he delivered, early in 1858, a series of lectures in the larger cities on the great lakes, urging the extension to the lakes of that system of co-operation and research which has already proved so beneficial for commerce and navigation at sea, with this difference, viz.: "That certain of the observations be reported daily to a central office by telegraph, and my lake scheme proposes to warn you, from observations made to-day, as to the weather you may expect to-morrow, and then, for the further investigation of any particular phenomenon that may present itself, my plan proposes to refer to and consult the monthly records after they have been made and returned to a central office from the observing stations."

By means of the electric telegraph the meteorologist may become well nigh omnipresent. It may tell of the barometric changes at distant points and foretell the coming storm. Then the Associated Press may become another agent. It can take up and bear the news to the bulletin boards in distant cities, which will diffuse the intelligence to all quarters with a speed that "Roderic Dhu and Malise" never dreamed of, and thus all will know of the coming storm while yet thousands of miles away.

By these lectures Maury produced such an impression in the Northwest that eight of the lake cities, Buffalo among them, memorialized Congress in the same year "to establish a general system of daily telegraphic reports of the wind and weather for discussion at a central office." The law thus prayed for was not passed by Congress at that time, but it has been since, and under its fostering care has grown into the vast Weather Bureau of the present day. It will scarcely be believed that in the history of that grand work the name of its illustrious founder is not mentioned, and although to-day almost every one in the civilized world "listens to the thunder," no one remembers where to look for the lightning.

From this time until the war—and after—he did not cease, by lectures before the agricultural societies all over the country, to urge the farmers, &c., to memorialize Congress for appropriations, instruments, stations, and a weather bureau, have storm signals, and telegraph the approach of storms, severe changes of weather, &c., and later on to establish crop and weather reports daily. (See letters on all these subjects on file at the Naval Observatory from 1847 to 1860.) In 1848-'49 Maury prophesied "the existence of a plateau under the Atlantic," and suggested that a sub-marine telegraphic cable uniting the two continents might be laid there. He urged the Secretary of the Navy to have soundings made there under his direction to ascertain the truth of his theory. This was done. In 1851-'52 three small vessels were placed at his disposal, and Lieutenant Berryman's soundings fully demonstrated the existence of the "telegraphic plateau." Maury's suggestion of a "fascicle of copper wires within a coating of gutta percha, the whole to be no larger than a ladies' finger," was adopted. He also invented a machine for coiling and laying the cable, and in fine, as Cyrus W. Field said at a public dinner in New York, given to celebrate the arrival of the first message, "Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, and I did the work." The cable company, "in gratitude," gave "Maury priority of use of cable when finished." (See many letters on file at the Observatory, also a full account of the whole in Maury's "Sailing Directions.")

Besides all these schemes for national advancement Maury's papers on "Naval Reform," under the caption of "Scraps from the Lucky Bag," and over the signature of "Harry Bluff," led to the building of the Naval school at Annapolis and the adoption of "Maury's Navigation" as a text-book. "Big Guns and Little Ships," "The Establishment of Forts and Lighthouses at Pensacola and Key West," "The Memphis Navy Yard," and "The Illinois Ship Canal

and Ports on the Great Lakes," followed (for which last a vote of thanks was offered by the Illinois Legislature). These papers were received and acted on with so much enthusiasm that he was placed at the head of the "Depot of Charts and Instruments" at Washington, which office he soon extended, in the course of five years, into the world-renowned National Observatory and Hydrographic Department (which since his death has been divided up into three separate offices). While in charge of those he published for several years his "Astronomical Observations Cataloguing the Stars," and his "Physical Geography of the Sea," by which, as Baron Humbolt said, he founded a new science. He also established "Water works and river guages for the Mississippi river and its tributaries," and directed Lieutenant Mann to make a series of daily observations for three hundred and sixty-five consecutive days on the temperature, velocity, evaporation and precipitation and amount of salt contained in its waters, which observations, reported to and digested by Maury, contribute the main data of the knowledge we now possess of the habits of this, our greatest river. Maury was the originator of the plan to "Redeem the drowned lands on the Mississippi river," of the "Warehousing System," of the "Great Circle Routes" between American and European or Asiatic ports. The "Steam Lanes" which are still used by all steamers crossing the ocean, were laid off by Maury, and the merchants and underwriters of New York were so pleased with their success that they presented him with a service of plate and five thousand dollars.

Maury planned the two Arctic expeditions of Dr. Kane and De Haven, and both those officers received their instructions from him. The same was the case with Captain Lynch's exploration of the "Dead Sea" and Herndon's exploration of the Amazon and its tributaries—as a resultant of which Maury hoped to see established intimate commercial relations with Brazil and the South American Republic. (See Maury's Inca Papers, &c.) And just as the war came on he was organizing an expedition to the South Pole. He made many efforts to arrest the war by appeals to the governors of the border States, by peace commissions, &c., and he died while filling the post of Professor of Physics at the Virginia Military Institute in 1873. His last work was a "Preliminary Report on the Physical Survey of Virginia" (setting forth in an attractive manner her great resources of the field, forest and mine, to induce immigrants to come and settle up her waste places).

"In grateful recognition of the past services conferred by Maury upon navigation and science," gold medals were struck in his honor

by Prussia, Austria, Holland, Sweden and Norway. Spain, France, Sardinia, the Republic of Bremen, and Pope Pius IX presented him with a set of all the medals struck during the pontificate. England and Belgium also offered medals. Denmark, Portugal, Russia, France, Belgium and Mexico presented decorations and orders of knighthood, which last he declined (being an officer of the United States Navy). He had, besides, about twenty diplomas from as many foreign scientific societies, but from the United States nothing, except his pay as a commander in the navy.

The Czar of Russia offered him "a princely home on the banks of the Neva, and abundant means to prosecute his scientific researches," and the Emperor of France made a similar offer, but he declined both; he "could not leave his native State."

We are every day making history. What will be the fate of that nation that fails to make an honorable history for itself by fitly eulogizing its departed great ones?

Is England less proud to-day of the laurels won and worn by Milton because he threw himself on the side of the Protector? or does not France erect monuments equally beautiful to the memory of Coligny and Turenne? Maury's life work and greatest services were given freely to the United States several years before the war, and a grateful nation should gracefully acknowledge the services by which she has so largely profited. As an American shipmaster said in the *New York Tribune* in a recent article on the subject: "The money saved to the commerce of the United States by the use of Lieutenant Maury's charts would erect a monument of precious stones sparkling with diamonds."

[From the *Richmond Times*, August 2, 1890.]

LEONIDAS POLK.

THE BISHOP-GENERAL WHO DIED FOR THE SOUTH.

Interesting Reminiscence of Life at West Point of the Gallant Churchman
and Soldier.

BY BISHOP CHARLES P. McILVAINE.

When I began duty as chaplain and professor of ethics, etc., at the Military Academy, West Point, in the summer of 1825, the late Bishop Polk was cadet in his third year.

As my academic instructions were confined to the fourth or oldest class, and the association of the cadets with the officers of the academy was very limited, I had no knowledge of him as one of the congregation to which I preached on Sunday, until circumstances of a very interesting character brought him to my house. The condition of the academy was very far from being encouraging to a chaplain seeking the spiritual welfare of his charge. There was not one professor of religion among the officers, military or civil. Several of them were friendly to the efforts of the chaplain, others were decidedly the reverse. Of the cadets, not one was known to make a profession of personal interest in religion. There was a great deal of avowed and manifested infidelity, accompanied with manifestation of a disposition to scoff at the Christian faith and life, and this among cadets, officers, and instructors. My venerable and beloved friend and then commanding officer, Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, whose name I can never utter without a tribute of veneration and love, though not a communicant of any church, must be understood, with other of the officers, as untouched by any such remarks as the above.

I had been laboring under these circumstances nearly a year without the slightest appearance of any encouragement. Not a cadet had ever called to see me ; I knew them only as I met them in my class, or saw them as a congregation. They seemed to feel as if it would be regarded as a profession of some serious interest in religion to come to see me. One of them, whose father had requested him by letter that he would become acquainted with me, was afraid (as he afterwards told me) to do so, out of the fear just mentioned. He put it off until tidings of his father's death constrained him to fill his father's last injunction. These statements are important in their bearing on the character of our cadet.

In the deepest of my discouragement, when I scarcely ventured to hope for any fruit of my ministry, and when I had concluded a series of discourses on the Evidences of Christianity without any known effect, the cadet just alluded to came to my study. He introduced himself by saying he came to fulfill his father's last request ; that his father had recently died; and, he was ashamed to say, a foolish fear had long kept him from coming to see me. Before he left me I put two tracts into his hands. "This," I said, "is for you." It was addressed to a person in affliction. The other was addressed to an unbeliever. "Take this," I said, "and drop it somewhere in the barracks; perhaps I shall hear of it again." He smiled, and said he would do as I asked. A week had passed, and I had forgotten the tract, but the following Saturday afternoon came another cadet. I

met him at the door. He was a stranger to me. As I took his hand he said, "My name is Polk," and could say no more. Perceiving that some great trouble was in his mind, I led him to a chair; he was still silent, as if he feared to try to speak lest he should not control his feelings. Supposing he had gotten into trouble with the authorities of the institution, I asked him to trust me as a friend, and freely tell me all his burden; then he could contain himself no longer, but with a burst of feeling and intense expression of a mind convinced of sin, and literally and earnestly begging to be told what he must do for salvation. I will not take space to relate the particulars of that part of the conversation. I was amazed at the depth and power of his convictions and anxieties, and his readiness for whatever might be required of him as a servant of Christ.

PICKED UP A TRACT.

The hand of God was manifestly there. He had conversed with nobody. There was no one there but his minister who could have comprehended his state of mind. I asked him how it came. "I picked up a tract in my room; who put it there I do not know." I asked, "What tract?" He gave the title; it was the tract sent at a venture the previous Saturday. Then he said the discourses on the Evidences of Christianity had made a certain measure of impression on his mind, which had been in a degree skeptical. That having heard I had caused a number of copies of Dr. Olenthus Gregory's letters on the Evidences, Doctrines and Duties to be brought to West Point and deposited with the quartermaster, he obtained a copy. That book had strengthened his impressions, but he was not aware to what extent the truth had taken hold of him till he read that tract; then he gave up, and the next thing was that visit to us. I have never conversed with one thus seeking the way of life in whom the feeling of His need of light and grace, the sense of all spiritual necessity was deeper, or in whom the single anxiety to get to Christ and be His, and have the hope of His salvation, was more thoroughly absorbing. His docility and humbleness of spirit in receiving instruction, his literal thirst after it, were very striking.

A CADET FOR CHRIST.

After I had given him instruction, and prayed with him, he became tranquil; he began to speak of his circumstances. It was the first

known instance in the history of the academy of a cadet having come out and taken position as a follower of Christ. He considered how he would be wondered at and observed, and by some ridiculed. He felt deeply the need of the greatest circumspection and strength from above, lest he should not walk consistently with the new life on which he now sought to enter. It was Saturday; next Sunday he would attend Divine worship as he had never attended before. It would get abroad in the corps that this great change had come over his mind. He would be watched in the chapel. He reflected that in no instance had ever a cadet knelt in the service, and, so far as was remembered, no officer, professor, or instructor. The chapel was then so small that the cadets sat on benches without backs, and were so crowded together that it was very difficult for any to kneel. He asked me what he ought to do, not having the slightest idea of shrinking from any confession of Christ in word or deed that might be duty, and yet modest and far from a disposition to make himself unnecessarily an object of observation. I said he had better begin at once. The next day, when the confession in the service came, I could hear his movement to get space to kneel, and then his deep tone of response as if he was trembling with new emotion, and then it seemed as if an impression of solemnity pervaded all the congregation.

A NEW SIGHT.

It was a new sight, that single kneeling cadet. Such a thing had not been supposed to be possible as a cadet that turned to God. From that time he grew rapidly in spiritual knowledge, and in the consolation of Christ. He came to Him as a lost sinner; he sought refuge in Him and found peace with God; his mind soon became peaceful and happy. Such was the carefulness and consistency of his walk, so manifestly had he become a new man, with a new heart, and a new life begun, and yet so wisely and inoffensively did he go in and out with those around him, that I never heard of any who doubted his sincerity or gainsayed the reality of his conversion, and did not regard him with respect for entire consistency of life. There was that in his previous standing in the corps which gave his example a special impressiveness. He had been among his comrades a gay, high-spirited youth, not much given to study, not over careful of obedience to the interior discipline of the corps, not unwilling to join in certain not perfectly temperate frolics with his companions; popular among them, and regarded as of such high gentlemanly

honor and frankness that nothing mean or insincere could possibly be imputed to him.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Cadets and officers both told me that if I had chosen out of the whole corps one whose example in becoming a disciple of Christ would have the greatest effect on the minds of his fellows, I should have chosen him. The case was more impressive because not only was the conversation so decided and manifest, but it was so without man's hand. It was known how entirely it had grown up without the least conversation with any man until it was disclosed to me as related above. It pleased God that though the first, it was not the only instance. In the course of another week, one and another, strangers to me, came on the same errand, each without previous conversation with anybody until he went to Cadet Polk and asked him to introduce him to me.

MEETINGS NECESSARY.

And so it went on, till I found it necessary to have meetings for them twice or thrice a week in my house for instruction, conversation and prayer. Soon the number of cadets, with some professors and instructors, coming to these meetings—and be it observed that, under these circumstances, the very attendance was a profession of earnest spiritual concern—the number was so great as to wholly occupy the largest room I had, and in each instance the state of mind disclosed was of the same independent origination as described in that of Cadet Polk, coming directly from God, no communication with man, scarcely with any book but the Scriptures, until it was strong enough to seek a private interview with the chaplain, and in almost every case of a cadet so coming, his chosen instructor was the first born of their brethren. Into the particulars of that week of grace, the remembrance of which fills me with wonder and praise whenever I think of it, and out of which came many to confess Christ before men, who walked afterwards as becometh the Gospel, I shall not enter here. Some became ministers of the Gospel. Beside those who then came forward and openly confessed Christ before men, there were several who received impressions which afterwards matured into decided religious character and profession, so that from time to time, and almost to the present year, I have received new information of those whom I did not know in any such connection, but who have ascribed their subse-

quent religious life to that beginning. Cadet Polk was of an Episcopal family in North Carolina, but had not been baptized in infancy. His baptism now was not hurried; due time was given him to try and examine himself, and know it was no mere sudden impulse of excitement that had taken possession of him. Forty days after my first interview with him, on Sunday, the 25th of May, 1826, he was baptized in the chapel, at morning prayer, in the presence of the corps and an unusually large attendance of officers and professors. Another cadet, William B. Magruder, who still lives, was baptized at the same time.

ADULT BAPTISM.

The service for adult baptism had never been witnessed there before. The circumstances made it an occasion of intense interest among the cadets. Perceiving the intensity with which the mind of Cadet Polk was occupied in preparation for it, and apprehensive that all sorts of rumors had gone to Washington concerning what was going on at the academy—as if discipline and order and study were broken up by religion—and we had various noisy demonstrations of excitement in the chapel, rumors I need not say without the slightest appearance of foundation. Apprehensive, I say, lest under some strength of emotion my young friend should afford the least excuse for such reports, I charged him to be on his guard, and he promised.

All went on quietly but with the deepest solemnity, till after the last words of the baptismal office, when I addressed a few words of exhortation to the two, ending with the sentence: "Pray your Master and Saviour to take you out of the world, rather than allow you to bring reproach on the cause you have now professed." Then he could hold no longer, and there came from the depth of his heart an Amen, which spoke to every other heart in the congregation and is remembered to this day.

That Amen was recently renewed in my recollection by a letter from a gentleman, a stranger to me. He had just heard of the death of Bishop Polk, and he remembered spending a Sunday at West Point in the spring of 1826, and attending service in the chapel, and that two cadets were baptized, and that I addressed them. He remembered the very words as given above, and he said that one of the cadets responded to them with an Amen, so deep-toned and so uttered as if all his soul were in it, that it made a deep impression on him, and he had the sound of it yet in his ears, and he said he had an impression that one of the two was named Polk. In a few days

after the 4th of June the cadets were received to the communion of the Lord's Supper with others of the corps—one professor, one instructor, and four inhabitants of the Point. It was not only their first communion, but it is not known that the Lord's Supper had ever been administered there before. I find in my record of that communion the name of the cadet who dropped the tract in the barracks in young Polk's room. He was then as much without any religious impressions as his friend, for they were intimate friends. One night, at one of the meetings in my study, when the usual devotional exercises and exposition of Scripture had just been concluded, and we were sitting for the conversation which usually succeeded, Cadet Polk said, with a manner of great emphasis: "I would give anything to know who it was that placed that tract in my room." "Why," said I, "what would you do?" "I would not rest 'till by God's blessing he should know what I know," was his reply. "Well," I answered, "I will tell you; it was Parks." "Why," he exclaimed, "he is my intimate friend." Then he thought for awhile and said: "He is officer-of-the-day to-morrow, between the sections going to recitation, and he will have a good deal of tedious time in the guard-room. I will put on the mantel-piece a copy of Gregory's Letters" (he thought nobody could withstand that book); "he will look at it just to kill time, and we will see." The other's smiled at his confidence, but he did it, and all resulted as he expected. His friend saw the book in the guard-room, but his state of mind, unknown to any one, was far more prepared to embrace the truth than even he himself was conscious of. He read, but did not afterwards remember what he had read, or that it had excited any other thought than that it was the very book that Polk was said to have been so influenced by. Then the desire arose to go to his friend and disclose convictions of a concern for his soul which were now obtaining the mastery. When he knocked at his friend's door the latter was on his knees praying for him, and when he arose and found who it was at the door, was not surprised, but well divined his errand. The visitor entered, and began to ask our young Christian cadet, and to tell him how he felt, and how it was. But the conversation had proceeded but a few moments before the enquirer threw himself on his friend's neck in strong emotion, and the next thing was for both to go to the chaplain's study. "Here he is," said Polk, as if he took it for granted I was expecting him. That cadet then disclosed a state of mind which had commenced about the time of his receiving the tracts which I gave

him in my study, which he had resisted, and which sometimes he supposed he had mastered, but which now asserted itself, though until that day it had never been communicated to any human being.

ENTERED THE ARTILLERY.

After graduating in 1826, that cadet entered the artillery, and afterwards became a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, in which service he died a few years ago. After Cadet Polk had then taken position on the Lord's side, he was very determined that no gainsayer should find any reason to charge religion with making him a poorer soldier or student; he would show it only made him more faithful in all military and academic duties. He had not been a student before, though always holding a respectable grade in his class; this he now deeply regretted. But he was now at the termination of his third year; too much time had been lost to accomplish what otherwise he might have done, but the remaining year he improved diligently. I remember well his telling me of his having been prevented the day before, by unavoidable causes, from giving any attention to his mathematical recitation, and the bugle sounding, and he expected to be called to the blackboard, and having to expose his ignorance, and his pain to think it would be set down to the effect of religion making him careless of his studies; and how he was called up and knew nothing of the proposition given him to demonstrate but the text, and how, while others were reciting, he stood in silence and said to himself: "This is not my fault, I have not willingly come into this position, and yet if I fail what will be said? May I not in such circumstances ask God to help me?" He prayed. Little did the section imagine what was going on while he seemed only considering his proposition. The result was that he went through his work with entire success by a process entirely new to himself and that was not in the book. In military duties he became equally faithful. Prior to that he had not been made an officer of any grade, but there had then occurred a special need for the appointment of orderly sergeants whom nothing could move from their faithfulness. At early roll-call the members of the oldest class had come to assert a traditional right of lying in bed and being reported as present. This had been known to the authorities for some time, and they had tried to break it up, but had failed to find cadets for orderly sergeants whose faithfulness was strong enough to stand the press of the established usage and the commands of their comrades.

CHOSEN SERGEANT.

But now there were cadets of a new principle of action. The compliment was paid them of believing they would do their duty. Two were chosen, one of whom was Polk. The chaplain hearing of it, and desirous of an acknowledgement of the reason, he took his stand beside his friend Colonel Thayer, as the companies were marching out to form the evening parade. Forth came his two beloved boys with their companions. One of them was an ungraceful looking soldier. As they approached, the chaplain said to the superintendent, "Colonel, why have you chosen those two cadets for orderly sergeants? As for one of them, Polk, I do not wonder; he is a fine looking fellow and marches well, but the other is a mere slouch." "The truth is," answered my friend, "we had to take them." Then relating the necessity as above stated, he said, "I thought these young men could be relied on to do their duty at all hazards." He was right. They did it. They were memorialized and threatened, and the alternative was put to them either to resign or allow the traditional right practice to go on. They quietly answered that neither would be right, and after a while they had no difficulty.

During his course, from the date above given, Cadet Polk was a frequent guest at my house, and much beloved in my family; always maintaining a most consistent walk, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, and beloved among his fellow cadets. He graduated July 1, 1827, and was made brevet second lieutenant artillery. But he never entered upon service. He took leave of absence to December 1st of the same year, and then resigned. His health was not strong. He had inherited a tendency to pulmonary disorder, and it was thought that foreign travel would be of service, and he went abroad. I gave him a letter to Olenthus Gregory, whose book on the Evidences, etc., had been so connected with the progress of his mind in divine things. In it I related the good it had done under God's blessing. Dr. Gregory was then professor of mathematics in the Military College at Woolwich, and the author of scientific works then used as text-books in the West Point Academy.

He was a beautiful example of the highest character for scientific research and attainments, with the humblest and simplest spirit of Christian faith and life. He was delighted to receive his young guest, and to perceive the freshness, devotedness and simplicity of his religious character. Mr. Polk was made an inmate of his house, and greatly enjoyed the society of his distinguished host.

[Baltimore *Sun*, October 3, 1890.]

GENERAL POLK'S DEATH.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON DESCRIBES HOW HE WAS
KILLED.

An article in the Indianapolis *Journal* recently purported to narrate the true account of the death of the Confederate Lieutenant-General Polk, Bishop of Louisiana. Concerning its statement Mr. Winfield Peters writes to the *Sun* that "having in the year 1879 visited the field of operations along Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., and having located, after much effort, the spot where General Polk fell, and informed myself as to the circumstances of his death, and having subsequently conferred with General Joseph E. Johnston and Bishop Beckwith, of Georgia, who were present on the field and near General Polk when he fell, he was able not only to correct the inaccuracies of the *Journal*, but to set at rest any future dispute as to a remarkable historical occurrence of the late war. I determined to ask General Joseph E. Johnston to write his account of it, and now have the pleasure to enclose his reply." In his letter to Mr. Peters, which is dated Washington, September 25th, General Johnston says: "I have seen lately what is purported to be an account of General Polk's death, probably that to which you refer, for it is an invention from beginning to end.

"Bate's division, of Hardee's corps, occupied the summit of Pine Mount as an outpost. As it was nearly a mile in front of our line, General Hardee thought it exposed, and I agreed to ride to it with him and decide the question on the ground. General Polk joined us. We reached the hill directly from the rear and dismounted sixty or eighty yards from the summit. On reaching it we found that the best view was from a little parapet some thirty or forty feet down the slope, and occupied it. The Federal line was in full view, and a field-battery three or four hundred yards in our front. In a few minutes it was decided that the risk of holding the position was much greater than any advantage it could give us, and General Hardee was desired to withdraw his troops from it soon after nightfall.

"As we were closing our field-glasses, preparatory to moving, a shot from the battery in front of us struck a tree, a little above our

heads. We moved around the little summit horizontally, General Polk and I to the right, General Hardee to the left. In a few minutes another shot came flying over our heads, General Polk still with me. Very soon after, when I was trying to ascertain if any part of our line was visible, another shot came—the third. I immediately looked around to assure myself of General Polk's safety, when a young officer near called to me that he had fallen by the last shot. Looking to the crown of the little summit I saw him lying at full length upon it—dead. Hastening up I found that the bolt from a field-piece had passed left to right through the middle of his chest. In a few minutes a rapid discharge of shells into the woods around was begun.

"As General Polk had served in that army from its formation he was greatly loved and admired in it, and his death was deeply deplored.

"We had no signal stations then nor ambulances at Marietta. This disposes of the fable of the deciphering of a Confederate signal by a Federal officer."

To General Johnston's letter Mr. Peters adds: "Bishop Polk's remains were buried outside the chancel-rail of Christ Church, Augusta, Ga. A large and ornate mural tablet in his memory was erected in the church near the chancel. The inscription is in letters of gold on black marble. After stating his services in the church as Bishop of two dioceses, his rank of lieutenant-general in the army, and dates of birth and death, it concludes with this quotation from the Book of Job:

Behold, my witness is in Heaven,
My record is on high.

"Leonidas Polk, having graduated at the United States Military Academy, West Point, subsequently entered the holy ministry, and was Bishop of Louisiana at the outbreak of the war. His devotion to the cause of the Confederacy impelled him to apply his military talents in its service and temporarily to leave his diocese to some other bishop. He won promotion in the field, and at his death he held the next highest rank in the Confederate army. General Polk was one of the three Confederate lieutenant-generals killed or mortally wounded in battle; the others were Stonewall Jackson and A. P. Hill."

THE TOWNSEND LIBRARY.

NATIONAL, STATE, AND INDIVIDUAL RECORDS.**1860—1870.**

Upon the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860, when the first mutterings of the coming storm were heard, Mr. Thomas S. Townsend, of New York city, conceived the idea of collecting and arranging in a form for ready reference the chronicle of current events as it was given in the newspapers and magazines of the country, as well as the comments and addresses made, when the particulars were fresh in the minds of the writers and speakers of the day. This Historical Record and Encyclopædia contains nearly everything concerning the great national conflict—not merely down to the end of battle-fields, but to the equally important strife connected with the reorganization of the National Union, by the readmission of the seceded States in 1870. And in this connection it is essential to remember that much very valuable information concerning men and things on all sides during the war, North as well as South, has been attainable only since the close of the war, as it has been elicited by discussions in Congress, in Legislatures, in Northern and Southern Historical Societies, in magazines such as the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, *The Century*, *The Land We Love*, *The Southern Bivouac*, and others with like distinctive features, and in the controversies of persons engaged on both sides since the close of the armed strife. No party bias has been allowed to interfere with the thorough compilation of the descriptive narratives, comments and reviews of correspondents, journalists, and public men of every conceivable creed—whether of the North or South.

This portion of the work occupies nearly one hundred immense folio volumes—forming a library in itself, and embracing as much printed matter as could be placed in about a thousand volumes of ordinary octavo size. As the arrangement is in four columns on each page, a curious statistician “calculated” that “if the columns were arranged in a continuous line, they would measure nearly one hundred miles.”

The preparation of these volumes of the "Record" has been, however, the least laborious portion of the work—only one-tenth of the time of the compiler having been occupied upon it—while nine-tenths have been devoted to the Encyclopædia, which is an analysis of and guide to the contents of the immense collection. To study the history of any particular subject by means of the Record alone would be impossible; therefore, in order to make this great mass of information available for reference, the compiler decided that the mercantile principle of keeping accounts was the true one—to regard his "Record" in the light of a merchant's day-book, then to journalize the contents of the "Record," and from the journals to redistribute the entries to their appropriate departments, in what a merchant would term his ledger, but which the compiler calls his Encyclopædia. Each fact or statement in a report, or a letter, or in an editorial, has been separately entered in the journal. This portion of the work requires a journal of eight hundred pages to comprise an epitome of each volume of the "Record." These journals or waste-books are removed when their entries are systematically transferred to the various departments in the Encyclopædia. We come now to the most important part of the work. The Encyclopædia is not an index, but a compilation—a compendium of "The Record," a statement of each subject, or rather of all statements concerning each subject; so that the manifold and intricate episodes of the war—its origin, progress and results, can be developed instantaneously, and in all their relations, whether the subject refers to military matters, or finance, foreign relations, or individual actions. All are related with impartial completeness from all available sources of information, and will be found to satisfy all inquiry instantaneously. The Encyclopædia will comprise about twenty-five volumes of 1,300 pages each of manuscript, equal in size to the largest bank ledger—all elegantly bound and lettered.

The key to the whole work is comprised in one volume, which gives ready reference to the statements in the whole collection.

The value of this work has been extensively attested by the most influential newspapers of the country, by scholars, public men and learned societies, and the foresight, skill and perseverance of Mr. Townsend commended in the most appreciative terms.

Of the work Rev. Irenæus Prime, editor of the *New York Observer*, writes: "It is beyond dispute the most remarkable compilation of ancient or modern times—having no equal before or since the inven-

tion of the art of printing—and further ages will prize it as one of the chief memorials of the first century of American Independence."

General G. T. Beauregard and other distinguished officers of both of the late contending armies of the North and South urge that "it should be the property of the Nation "

An inspection of the synopsis of the record of the State of Virginia, which was sent the editor by Mr. Townsend, impresses the former as to the great and peculiar value of this portion of the work in its comprehension of incidents and details only elsewhere to be found in the newspapers and ephemeral books in which they originally appeared. The subject heads comprise "Virginia Before the War," "The Peace Convention," "State Conventions," "The Constitutional Convention," "The Federal Government in 1861," "The Legislatures," "Official State Documents," "Richmond Press on the War," "The Sequestration Act and its Results," "Law and Decisions," "Confederate Military Documents," "The French Tobacco," "The Execution of John T. Beall in New York," "The University of Virginia" (gallantry of its students and professors), "Jefferson College" (service of its students and of Professor Hunter McGuire, M. D.), "The Dahlgren Raid," "Maps, Diagrams, Geographical Information," "Federal Military Documents" (National Cemeteries in Virginia), "Loyalty in the State," "The Confederate Government and the State," "Personals, Obituaries, Arrests," etc., "The Specie and the Treasury of Virginia," "The War in Virginia," "Richmond" (the siege of), "Norfolk" (General Butler's Rule, etc.), "Saltville," "Hampton—Burning of the Town," "Slavery and Emancipation," "The Peace Question" (efforts of the Committee of Nine), "Department of Confederate Regiments," "Department of Confederate Generals," "Biographical Sketches," etc.

At the last session of Congress a bill was reported in the House of Representatives for the purchase of this historical treasury at a cost of \$30,000—this work upon which the patriotic and untiring compiler has been devotedly engaged for more than thirty years, and upon which, it is claimed, and credibly, that he has expended in money more than the sum proposed to be paid to him by the Government. In the United States Senate, September 17, 1891, the Hon. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, thus urged its purchase :

"I did not have the opportunity of hearing the remarks of the Senator from New York [Mr. Evarts], but I am somewhat familiar

with this compilation, knowing Mr. Townsend and having had some correspondence with him, and I have looked over the prospectus most carefully. I have arrived at the conclusion that it is very important that the Government should possess this work, from the fact that our librarian here, Mr. Spofford, has endorsed it in the very highest way, and in addition to his indorsement, I find that the Comte de Paris says :

“ ‘ It is a work of the greatest value, but seems beyond the strength of a single man in the limits of a single life.’ ”

“ General Grant says : ‘ I heartily endorse the sentiments expressed by the Comte de Paris in his letter of July 27, 1883.’ ”

“ Governor Horatio Seymour speaks in the highest terms of the work.

“ Dr. Cogswell, the organizer and first Superintendent of the Astor Library, says : ‘ As a chronological and synchronous record of the events it is more minute and more authentic than could be formed in any other way ; and as documentary material for the historian of those events it is absolutely indispensable.

“ I need not go over the names of all the eminent men who have indorsed this work, but amongst others there is Colonel Duncan K. McRae, of the Confederate Army, and General Beauregard, and all the great northern newspapers.

“ This compilation is formed somewhat upon the principle of the Rebellion Record, but that work deals only with the military operations of both armies during the war, and, of course, a great many papers relating to that subject have been lost ; but this gentleman commenced at the beginning of the war, and he made memoranda of all events that happened, and he has them now embraced in over one hundred volumes. I am satisfied that the history of the Government since the Buchanan administration to the present time cannot properly be prepared without a reference to this work. I hope, therefore, that we may obtain it and put it where it will be entirely safe and accessible—in the Library of Congress.”

It is felt that when this important subject engages again the attention of Congress that it will not fail in support from the entire southern representation. The estimate of the value of this great work expressed by the distinguished Confederate chieftain must surely find concurrence.

PAROLES OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Statement of Brigadier General W. P. Roberts as to his Staff and Command.

The Editor has pleasure in publishing the following letter, which is inspired by a highly worthy motive. It is his desire to give place in the *Papers* to all proper representations regarding the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse; everything incidental thereto, and any personal explanation under signature of any soldier or officer who was of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The embarrassment experienced in the preparation of Volume XV of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* is stated in the Introduction thereto. "W. P. Roberts, Brigadier-General," was paroled singly, and the parole was without further information or explanation. Brigadier-General W. P. Roberts is said to have been the youngest officer of his rank in the Confederate States Army. His is a noble record. He "entered the army in June, 1861, at the age of nineteen years as a Sergeant in the Second North Carolina Cavalry; was appointed Second Lieutenant in September following; promoted First Lieutenant in August, 1862, Captain in October, 1863, Major in May, 1864, Colonel in August, 1864, and Brigadier-General in February, 1865, being then in the thirty-third year of his age. He had received no military training before entering the army, and had not finished his education."

GATESVILLE, N. C., July 7, 1891.

DEAR SIR :

Volume XV of the *Southern Historical Papers* is wholly taken up with the names of paroled prisoners, Army Northern Virginia, who surrendered at Appomattox, and the name of "W. P. Roberts, Brigadier-General," appears among or next to a list of ordnance officers, without naming his arm of the service, and without a word said about his command or staff. I do not care about the matter so far as I am personally concerned, but in all human probability some of these days the volume will be quoted as evidence that the names contained in it were the only men who fought at Appomattox, and as I know better, I desire to make the correction, so far as my own brigade was con-

cerned. The brigade was a part of Major-General W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry, and was made up of the Fourth North Carolina, a part of the Eighth Georgia and the Sixteenth North Carolina battalion. I remember well that on that memorable morning the command was promptly upon the field of Appomattox, and with it a remnant of Barringer's North Carolina cavalry, which had been assigned to it a few days previous. Early thereafter this command charged and captured four Napoleon guns, the last, I am sure, captured by the Army of Northern Virginia, and immediately after which I received orders to withdraw from the field and march towards Buckingham Courthouse. Subsequently the command was halted about two miles from Appomattox to await the arrival of General Fitz Lee, and when he came up, it was by his orders that I directed my Acting Adjutant-General, Captain Theodore S. Garnett of Virginia, to disband the men, and advise them to make their way to their homes in North Carolina and Georgia.

Shortly thereafter I traveled South, accompanied by one of my men, but upon reflection I felt it my duty to return to Appomattox, which I did, and surrendered to the officer in command, General Gibbon.

I had with me on the 9th only one staff officer, Captain Theo. S. Garnett. My ordnance officer, Captain Webb, a gallant young soldier from Alabama, being in charge of the ordnance train, had passed the courthouse on the evening of the 8th; Captain Coaghenson of North Carolina, my Inspector-General, had been dangerously wounded on the 5th near me, and while gallantly doing his duty, and my Aide-de-Camp, Lieutenant Holcombe, of Virginia, reported that he had been disabled by a collision with a trooper in a charge at Dr. Boisseau's near Petersburg, which occurred on the 4th of April. My couriers were all killed or wounded, save Private Forbes of the Fourth regiment, who remained by my side to the end. My Acting Adjutant-General, Captain Garnett, than whom no commander ever had a more faithful or gallant lieutenant, was always by my side, and was among the last to leave when the command was ordered from the field.

The reason, therefore, that these gallant officers and men of my command were not paroled at Appomattox was because they obeyed orders to disband and shift for themselves.

I have written this much in justice to that little band of heroic men who ever responded with promptness and gallantry to every com-

mand on that never-to-be-forgotten retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox ; who saved a part of the cavalry from a shameful stampede at Namazine Creek ; who met and successfully resisted the charging columns of General Custer near Amelia Courthouse, saving, in all probability, the great Lee from capture ; who, as before mentioned, captured the last guns at Appomattox, and having remained faithful and loyal to the last, I beg that you will give this a place in your forthcoming volume, to the end that their devotion to duty and a proof of their heroic valor may be preserved and transmitted to those who are to come after them.

Very respectfully,

W. P. ROBERTS,

Late Brigadier-General C. S. A.

R. A. BROCK, Esq.,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.

GENERAL R. E. LEE'S WAR-HORSES,

TRAVELLER AND LUCY LONG.

The following communication from Major Thomas L. Broun, Charleston, Kanawha county, West Virginia, appeared in the *Richmond Dispatch* August 10, 1886 :

"In view of the fact that great interest is felt in the monument about to be erected to General Lee, and that many are desirous that his war-horse should be represented in the monument, and as I once owned this horse, I herewith give you some items respecting this now famous war-horse, Traveller.

"He was raised by Mr. Johnston, near the Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier county, Virginia (now West Virginia); was of the 'Gray Eagle' stock, and, as a colt, took the first premium under the name of 'Jeff Davis' at the Lewisburg fairs for each of the years 1859 and 1860. He was four years old in the spring of 1861. When the Wise legion was encamped on Sewell mountain, opposing the advance of the Federal Army under Rosecranz, in the fall of 1861,

I was major to the Third regiment of infantry in that legion, and my brother, Captain Joseph M. Broun, was quartermaster to the same regiment.

"I authorized my brother to purchase a good serviceable horse of the best Greenbrier stock for our use during the war.

"After much inquiry and search he came across the horse above mentioned, and I purchased him for \$175 (gold value), in the fall of 1861, from Captain James W. Johnston, son of the Mr. Johnston first above mentioned. When the Wise legion was encamped about Meadow Bluff and Big Sewell mountains, I rode this horse, which was then greatly admired in camp for his rapid, springy walk, his high spirit, bold carriage, and muscular strength.

"He needed neither whip nor spur, and would walk his five or six miles an hour over the rough mountain roads of Western Virginia with his rider sitting firmly in the saddle and holding him in check by a tight rein, such vim and eagerness did he manifest to go right ahead so soon as he was mounted.

"When General Lee took command of the Wise legion and Floyd brigade that were encamped at and near Big Sewell mountains, in the fall of 1861, he first saw this horse, and took a great fancy to it. He called it his colt, and said that he would use it before the war was over. Whenever the General saw my brother on this horse he had something pleasant to say to him about 'my colt,' as he designated this horse. As the winter approached, the climate in the West Virginia mountains caused Rosecranz's army to abandon its position on Big Sewell and retreat westward. General Lee was thereupon ordered to South Carolina. The Third regiment of the Wise legion was subsequently detached from the army in Western Virginia and ordered to the South Carolina coast, where it was known as the Sixtieth Virginia regiment, under Colonel Starke. Upon seeing my brother on this horse near Pocotalipo, in South Carolina, General Lee at once recognized the horse, and again inquired of him pleasantly about '*his colt*.'

"My brother then offered him the horse as a gift, which the General promptly declined, and at the same time remarked: 'If you will *willingly* sell me the horse, I will gladly use it for a week or so to learn its qualities.' Thereupon my brother had the horse sent to General Lee's stable. In about a week the horse was returned to my brother, with a note from General Lee stating that the animal suited him, but that he could not longer use so valuable a horse in such times, unless it was his own; that if he (my brother) would not sell,

please to keep the horse, with many thanks. This was in February, 1862. At that time I was in Virginia, on the sick list from a long and severe attack of camp fever, contracted in the campaign on Big Sewell mountains. My brother wrote me of General Lee's desire to have the horse, and asked me what he should do. I replied at once: 'If he will not accept it, then sell it to him at what it cost me.' He then sold the horse to General Lee for \$200 in currency, the sum of \$25 having been added by General Lee to the price I paid for the horse in September, 1861, to make up the depreciation in our currency from September, 1861, to February, 1862.

"In 1868 General Lee wrote to my brother, stating that this horse had survived the war—was known as 'Traveller' (spelling the word with a double l in good English style), and asking for its pedigree, which was obtained, as above mentioned, and sent by my brother to General Lee."

The following account of "Lucy Long," another war-horse of General Lee, appeared in the *Abingdon Virginian*, of February 13, 1891:

"There have appeared from time to time during the past year announcements in Southern newspapers of war-horses ridden during the war by some Confederate soldier, with the caption, 'The Last War-horse of the Confederacy,' or something similar.

"It will be learned, doubtless with surprise by some, that there is yet living and in good health, save for the infirmities common to old age, a horse ridden in battle during the war by General Robert E. Lee. It is 'Lucy Long,' a little sorrel mare, which many will recall having seen ladies ride through the streets of Lexington alongside of General Lee astride of his more famous war-horse 'Traveller.'

"Lucy Long was a present to General Lee from General J. E. B. Stuart in 1862, when the former was conducting the Sharpsburg campaign. That summer George Lee was standing in a skirmish line holding Traveller.

"The horse was high-spirited, impatient and hard to hold and pulled the General down a steep bank and broke his hands. For a time he found it necessary to travel in an ambulance. It was then that General Stuart found Lucy Long, bought her and gave her to him.

"She was a low, easy moving, and quiet sorrel mare. General Stuart purchased her from Mr. Stephen Dandridge, the owner of 'The Bower,' a country place in Jefferson county, famous in that day for its hospitality and a famous resort of Stuart with his staff when in

that locality. General Lee rode Lucy Long for two years until, when in the lines around Petersburg, she got with foal, and he sent her to the rear, and once more mounted Traveller. She was stolen just before the close of the war, and after the surrender was found in the eastern part of the State, and Captain R. E. Lee brought her to Lexington to his father.

"Several years after General Lee's death, and possibly thirteen years ago, while running at large in the grounds in the rear of the University, by some unknown means Lucy Long got the leaders of her hind legs cut. She was henceforth of no service, and General Custis Lee got the late John Riplogle, the greatest horse lover in Rockbridge in his day, to take charge of her on his farm on Buffalo. On Mr. Riplogle's death, a few years ago, she was turned over to the care of Mr. John R. Mackay, who lives in the same neighborhood, and there she is at this time.

"When purchased by General Stuart she was said to be five years old. She is probably now in her thirty-four year. She is thin in flesh, though her eye has not lost its wonted brightness and her health apparently is good. She eats dry food with difficulty, hence her present condition. During the grazing season she fattens on the soft grasses of the pasture."

[From the *State*.]

Charge of Kemper's Brigade at Frazier's Farm.

The following graphic description of one of the most brilliant feats of the war is from a little book entitled "Four Years a Soldier," by Hon. David E. Johnston (judge of a judicial circuit of West Virginia), member of Company D, Seventh Virginia infantry, and afterwards sergeant-major of the regiment, and a splendid example of that noblest type of consummate manhood, the volunteer private Confederate soldier :

"When our brigade had cleared the woods, it entered, in a most confused state, an open field, at the farther side of which, some four hundred yards in front of us, was a Federal battery with heavy infantry supports. The shots from this battery had been ploughing and ploughing through the woods from which we advanced to the attack.

"So rapid had been our advance, that the men were not only badly

scattered and disorganized, but we had far outstripped in distance the supports on our wings, and were rushing wildly upon the enemy, who quietly and coolly awaited our coming; in fact, had so far anticipated us as to place their infantry supports in a commanding position immediately behind the battery, and had thrown out on the right and left in front another body of infantry, thus laying a trap into which they felt satisfied we would fall, and in which expectation they were not disappointed.

"If the reader has never been in a fierce battle he does not know how a man's courage is most severely put to the test, and it may be well just here to give some idea, if possible, as to testing one's courage under such circumstances. Here our regiment is in line on the edge of a wood. Less than a quarter of a mile away is another wood. Between the two is an open field bare of the slightest shelter or protection. The regiment is advancing, and the line moves out into the clear sunlight. Men will hurriedly reason to themselves, 'The enemy is posted in that lumber across the field, and before we move many yards he will open on us with shot and shell; this is perhaps my last day.' So each man reasons; yet every face is sternly set to the front, and not a man falters. Shell and shot come; dozens are blown to gory fragments; but the line moves on as before, and the living say: 'the fire will presently change from shot and shell to grape and canister, and then we shall all certainly be hit.' The prediction is well-nigh verified. Gap after gap yawns through the line, only to be speedily closed again. Now the regiment has lost its adhesion and marching step; its lines are broken; but the movement is still onward, and the rest of us reason: 'the infantry are supporting that battery; we have escaped shell and canister, but when the deadly fire of the musketry comes we shall surely be slaughtered.' Still there is no hanging back nor turning to right or left; no other thought but to push ahead. The leaden hail is upon us; the lines are further disordered, and the left wing has lost its front by several feet; but the others do not stop. As we go on men grip their muskets tighter; their eyes flash, their teeth shut hard, only to open with a cry of rage as they rush upon the guns and bayonet the cannoneers at their posts; and then goes up that long, continuous yell of triumph to see the infantry supports running to the rear. Such is a faint picture of testing a man's courage in battle.

"As our brigade pushed forward towards the enemy's battery, led by General Kemper, it met a shower of shot, shell and canister, and a storm of leaden bullets. The men never once faltered, but rushed

like a torrent upon the battery, routing the infantry, and Sergeant T. P. Mays, the ensign, planted the colors of our regiment on the enemy's guns. They were ours, fairly won after a severe and bloody struggle. As before stated, we had far preceded our support on the wings, had penetrated deep into the enemy's lines, had fallen into the trap set for us, and now, casting about, could see the enemy's flanking column closing in behind us. The men in the ranks could see all this as plainly as their officers, and a Confederate soldier, even at this early date, was his own general when he got into battle. So far as now recollected no order was received from an officer to retire; but the men seeing the critical situation in which they were placed determined to fight their way out, as they had fought their way in. At this juncture Sergeant Allen M. Bane, of the color-guard, mounted the wheel of a captured gun and shouted at the top of his voice, 'Retreat.' Our supports were not near enough to strike a blow for our relief, and nothing was left but to make our way out as best we could. The loss in this retrograde movement was heavy—equally as great as in the advance. Most of the men succeeded in passing the gap before it was closed by the enemy, and in a few moments came our supports, who struck their flanking columns and sent them flying and scattered to the rear. One brigade rallied a short distance in the rear, but took no further part in the battle, which raged with great fury and varying fortune till late in the night. Among the terribly wounded in this memorable charge was Rev. John C. Granberry, chaplain of the gallant Eleventh regiment, now a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

"J. J. M."

[From the Baltimore (Md.) *Sun*, July 11, 1890.]

EX-GOVERNOR LETCHER'S HOME.

HIS DAUGHTER TELLS HOW IT WAS BURNED DURING THE WAR.

**How General Hunter Executed to the Letter General Grant's Memorable
Order—Valuable Library and Family Relics Destroyed.**

Mrs. Margaret Letcher Showell, daughter of ex-Governor Letcher, of Virginia, and wife of Mr. Robert J. Showell, a member of the Maryland Legislature, writes from her home in Berlin, Worcester

county, Maryland, describing the burning of her father's home near Lexington, Virginia, in June, 1864, by General Hunter, upon the order of General Grant. Mrs. Showell says:

"Lexington had been shelled for three days by the advance guard of the battery, and terrific destruction marked the bursting shells and death-dealing missiles, and though my father's house was a special aim of the cannon, it marvelously escaped being struck, but every building in the vicinity suffered for its supposed crime.

"Ex-Governor Letcher had been warned by an ante-bellum friend, a member of Hunter's brigade, to make his escape. A large reward had been offered for his capture, and dreadful threats had been made against him in consequence of his late position as chief officer of the Commonwealth. On the morning of June 12, 1864, before the family had arisen, a posse of soldiers, with one commissioned officer, rang the door-bell, and, with no other warning of any kind, delivered a verbal order from General Hunter, in General Grant's name, for the destruction of the place and without the removal of a single article, not even a change of clothing for its inmates. The order was to be executed in ten minutes. Even that small respite was not allowed, as the work of firing began at once, before the inmates could dress and leave the building. The only articles which had been removed were a portrait of my father and a bust of him, which it had been feared would be treated with indignity. These were cared for and restored afterwards by faithful colored friends.

"The silver was buried in the garden, as was a general custom at the time, it being property invariably seized by the soldiers. But the garden and grounds were bayoneted by the men and the silver was taken, although several valuable pieces were restored by the courtesy of officers.

"Inflammable fluid was poured over the carpets and fired while the house was filled with blue coats ransacking and appropriating all that they could conveniently carry off. My father's personal belongings were afterwards put up in camp to the highest bidder. His Odd-Fellows' regalia, the gift of the lodges of the State, was used for the ornament of a horse, which was led through the streets. A silk dress belonging to my sister served for a flag on the point of a bayonet, and many other jests of like character were perpetrated. Among the serious losses were my father's fine private and law libraries, with valuable marginal annotations; albums, containing the autographs of prominent men for a quarter of a century and longer; a portrait, considered the best one of General Sam Houston,

and many objects of value and curiosity collected during an eventful and successful life; rare and prized presents from public and private admirers, family pictures and objects which embody family history.

"One loss of general interest was a crucifix which had belonged to one of the early Popes, a rare curio, and of great intrinsic value also, because of the jewels, a large ruby, especially, which represented a drop of blood on the Saviour's side. Not a single article was allowed to be removed by the family, nor were the servants permitted to save their personal belongings. Not even the 'black mamma' was shown any favors. She, like all of those faithful, valued institutions of the South, had quite a collection of gifts and accoutrements, each with its individual history.

"A short time after the surrender, when peace had been declared, the house in which my father and family had found temporary refuge, through the kindness of friends, was one night surrounded by armed soldiers, and his surrender was demanded by a written order, signed by General Grant. Without even a private farewell of wife and children, and not entirely dressed, he was taken away, it might have been to his death, for any information vouchsafed him or his family. A time of harrowing suspense followed, when my mother accidentally heard that my father was in solitary confinement in the old Capitol prison at Washington. There his shoes and top clothing had been taken from him, lest he should attempt escape. His public and private papers were confiscated, and never returned to him, and they now form a part of 'The Record of the Rebellion.' His tobacco was burned and his property of all kinds confiscated. Valuable Washington city property was sold for taxes accruing during the war at a sacrifice. To give a deed for the same, he was offered and compelled to accept, by reason of his necessity, a small part of its value. After long imprisonment he was released, without a trial, nor any definite charge preferred against him.

"His health, broken by confinement and with the further unlawful restriction upon his liberty, he was told that he should not leave Lexington without a written permission from the President, even in the discharge of the duties of his legal profession, on separate applications. Although repeatedly offered lucrative law cases in other counties and States, and although application was made as directed, the permit in every case was so delayed by red-tape investigation and formality that the proper time elapsed, and the consent rendered was useless.

"But to-day the war is over except in song and story, in which it is fought over by the firesides all over the South. The queer make-shifts of our mothers and grandmothers in those sad days only furnish us food for wonder and amusement now. 'Memorial Day' calls forth praise and panegyric, and the soldiers' graves studding the land all over give reality to the marvelous tale. A generation of eye-witnesses still lives, and many a heart now beating bears its record graven on it; its losses are losses yet to many a life among us. But peace and sympathy and kind feeling reign to-day. The rancor and vindictiveness of a quarter of a century ago are now unknown and forgotten. We erect statues to our beloved heroes, and the North joins its voice right heartily in our songs of praise. The South swells the funeral processions of their great men with feeling hearts, and so 'the dead past buries its dead.' "

In another part of her letter Mrs. Showell says :

"When the division of the Union Army under General Hunter passed through the Valley of Virginia it left a record like the proverbial new broom. All the horrors of warfare were repeated, and heaps of ashes marked its progress. The 'cloud of smoke and pillar of fire' which went before the Israelites, indicating the favor of God, followed behind Hunter's division, typifying the vengeance of man and the unbridled animosity of war. The reminiscences of the generation now passing are replete with hair-stirring horrors, romantic and thrilling incidents, wonders of heroism and endurance most strange. There was an exodus from home of the male population, embracing almost all of the 'seven ages of man,' 'robbing the cradle and the grave,' as it was pithily termed, to make up the ranks that stood between the invading foe and home and family.

"There was the wail of lovely women who mourned their dead—for of the many who went forth few returned, even for a grave, and the quickly decimated ranks killed hope in mothers' and wives' and sisters' hearts. The Valley of Virginia has deep scars to remember. It was the battle-ground of the war. Every home was a hospital. It gave all the fruits of its fertile soil and the offspring of its far-famed stock for the support of two armies, and its most venerated inheritance to satisfy the vengeance and ruthless destruction of the one. Down the Valley came Hunter's army, and woe and loss and pitiful despair followed everywhere in his wake! In stern adherence to war principles he spared not even his own brothers and kindred's possessions. Up the Valley went his victorious army, with a torch

in one hand and a sword in the other. All that could not be used or carried off was remorselessly destroyed. At the far-famed old town of Lexington their work of destruction was irreparable. The college that owed its name and founding to George Washington was racked and desecrated, its valuable old libraries and scientific apparatus all destroyed. The Virginia Military Institute, the West Point of the South, its picturesque buildings, splendid libraries, pictures, curiosities, and scientific apparatus, all made a magnificent bonfire to celebrate the Northerners' triumph."

**Monument to the Confederate Dead at Fredericksburg,
Virginia, Unveiled June 10, 1891.**

ORATION BY GENERAL BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

There was a great concourse of ex Confederate soldiers at Fredericksburg, Virginia, on June 10, 1891. They came to assist in the annual memorial exercises and to dedicate a monument to their noble comrades whose remains rest in the historic city so long war begirted.

THE DECORATIONS.

The decorations were elaborate and very tastefully executed. All along the line of march there was an abundant display of Southern colors. The more prominently decorated buildings were the Opera House, "*Free Lance*" office, "*Fredericksburg Star*" office, Exchange Hotel, City Hall and Courthouse.

The hospitable doors of every mansion was thrown open to the boys who wore the gray, and a bountiful supply of everything good to eat was found upon their tables, and the fair daughters of this old burg dispensed the hospitalities as only women of the South know how.

THE PROCESSION.

It was nearly 4 o'clock before the procession began to move. The route of the procession was up Commerce to Prince Edward, to Hanover, to Princess Anne, to Prussia, Main to Fauquier, to Princess

Anne, to Amelia, to Confederate cemetery. W. P. Smith, Grand Commander of Confederate Veterans of Virginia, was in command of the parade, which was composed as follows: Marshal and aides, band, carriages containing disabled veterans and prominent guests, General Bradley T. Johnson, General Corse and others; Confederate camps; Maury Camp of this place, R. E. Lee Camp of Richmond, Pickett Camp of Richmond, Pickett-Buchanan Camp of Norfolk, R. E. Lee Camp of Alexandria, Ewell Camp of Prince William; unorganized veterans, comprised of veterans from the surrounding counties; delegations from New York, Baltimore, Washington, Roanoke, Leesburg, Lynchburg, West Point and Charlottesville Camps; United Order Mechanics, Knights of Pythias and city fire department. The procession marched into the cemetery and formed around the mound where the unknown dead rest and upon which the monument stands.

THE ORATION.

The exercises here were opened with prayer by Rev. I. W. Canter, followed by an anthem, after which the orator of the day, General Bradley T. Johnson, was introduced, who delivered the following beautiful oration:

ADDRESS OF GENERAL JOHNSON.

Fellow Confederates, men and women :

For the last twenty years I have been observing with growing wonder the phenomenon of feeling toward the actors on the Confederate side in the war between the States.

When Appomattox temporarily terminated the struggle for liberty and self-government, which our race has been making with heart and brain and muscle in discussion and in battle, from the days of Alfred to the present, it seemed as if rebellion crushed and loyalty triumphant could only result in odium to the unsuccessful side. I never agreed with that estimate of the situation, for I believed if the Confederate people were true to their ideals of honor and fidelity their glorious achievements would be certain of appreciation by the generations to come, and I believed they would be true.

But I did not anticipate what has occurred. Never in my most highly-colored dreams did I see a hope of such speedy realization of our aspirations. It is a fact, and a wonderful fact, that the pathos, the sentiment, the romance of the war between the States is concentrated, crystalized about and emanates from the cause of the Confederacy.

In the North to-day no name stirs human hearts like that of Lee, no fame electrifies the people like Stonewall, no flag flashes, no sabre glitters like that of Stuart. Neither Grant nor Sherman nor Sheridan, the great and successful soldiers of the victorious side, have left such an impression on the imagination or the hearts of the people as have the leaders of the Confederates, who died in battle or yielded to overwhelming force, where further resistance would have been criminal.

OBJECTS OF THE WAR.

I do not mean to intimate, for I do not believe that the North has changed its opinion as to the wisdom of our course. They thought then and they think now it was foolish to attempt to break up a Union, because first it was so unprofitable, and second because it was impossible before overwhelming forces for us to succeed. But I do mean to say that the idea is dimly pressing itself upon the Northern mind that we tried to avoid war—did not want war; that war was brought on, waged and continued for the purpose of keeping a faction in power, and enabling the controllers of the faction to make a profit out of it. It was not a patriotic war to preserve the Union, but a contractor's war to secure the men in power permanent control in government. Pensions and bounties are the degrading consequences of the mercenary motives which brought it on.

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Our women whose mothers and grandmothers had decorated the most brilliant courts of modern Europe and formed the highest social organization of America, whose ancestors had founded Virginia and framed the Union, were forced to the menial duties of the kitchen and the laundry for husband and children. A man can face death with joy, he can endure hunger and cold without flinching, but to see the tender hand that has been given him by sweet girlhood toughened by menial toil, the delicate forms upon which the winds of heaven were wont not to blow harshly, and which he swore to cherish and protect, bent by daily labor, this sight, I say, tried the nerves and tested the heart ten thousand times more than the guns at Malvern or the artillery at Gettysburg. But the women never flinched during that ordeal of temptation and of suffering, of fidelity and of fortitude. They encouraged their fathers, husbands and lovers. By them and through them the men were kept firm and straight.

Occasionally one of them has picked up a handsome, dashing and gallant Yankee officer. The temptation to get even was too strong for even a Confederate woman; but she has ever since held his misfortune at having been a Yankee over his head, and has made a better man and a better soldier of him every time.

CIVILIZATION NORTH AND SOUTH.

By race characteristics and geographical environment the civilization of the North and South had development on different lines. The North, invigorated by a constant struggle with the forces of nature, had naturally adopted the philosophy of materialism, and had come to believe that the highest duty of man was to accumulate power; and as money in our modern civilization had come to be a source of all material power the pursuit of wealth had got to be considered the highest aim of human effort. Embracing with enthusiasm the philosophy of Adam Smith, that every man should be for himself and the devil could, would and should take the hindmost, supreme selfishness had become the all-pervading sentiment and directing force of that society.

The South, with a more generous climate, had developed a more sentimental society. In a sparsely settled country the ties of blood kept their hold. Husband and wife, parent and child, all the ramified relations of kinship, retained their binding force. Devotion to veracity and honor in man, chastity and fidelity in women, were the ideals which formed character. The forms and sentiments of Southern society were the primitive forms and sentiments of the older civilization.

They belonged to that state of development which the modern social philosophers call militarism. The principles and organization of the North belong to the later development, known as industrialism.

* * * * *

SOCIAL DISORDERS.

No man can foretell the hour when the volcano will burst in Europe and overwhelm Church and State, Czar and President in one common ruin. In the North, where the industrial system has had its freest and fullest development, organized labor and agricultural discontent are the all-pervading symptoms of social disorder and the precursor of political ruin. It is certain that the present condition is only temporary. When all the property and means of living are

more and more accumulating in a few hands, and the political power is possessed by the many, it takes no prophet to foretell that some other arrangement must be made.

The resistance made by the South was not merely an attempt to preserve political institutions, but to perpetuate a social organization inherited through a thousand generations—the sanctity of marriage, the inviolability of the family, the faith in truth, honor, virtue, the protection of home. Historically the position of the South was impregnable.

SOVEREIGN, INDEPENDENT STATES.

The States constituting the Union had rebelled against George III as States. They had fought through the war of that rebellion as States. Maryland did not join the confederation until March 1, 1781, and Virginia had declared her independence long before the confederated States had declared themselves "free and independent States." The treaties with France and the foreign powers during the war had been made with the States by name; the treaty acknowledging their independence had recognized each State by name.

The Constitution was formed by States, each having an equal vote. It was adopted and put in operation by States. Rhode Island and North Carolina refused to consent to it, and remained out of the Union for two years as independent States.

If any historical fact ever has been established, or ever can be settled, it is that the Union was formed of equal, independent, sovereign States by the act of those States themselves.

This being so, the whole course of English history shows that our ancestors have invariably at all times redressed wrongs and reformed abuses in government by armed resistance to illegal power when necessary. It had long been an axiom of our race that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." Our ancestors had rebelled against King John and wrung from him the great charter; they had rebelled against Charles I when he attempted to govern them without a Parliament of their own representatives; they rebelled against the Commonwealth when it attempted to rule them contrary to ancient institutions of the realm; they rebelled against James II when he was suspected of intending to overthrow their laws; they rebelled against George III when he tried to deprive them of the rights of their ancestors—never to be taxed except by their own consent. The right of rebellion, then, was one of the inherited and inalienable rights of a free-born race.

RESUMING SOVEREIGNTY.

When, therefore, the election of 1860 gave notice that the North proposed to force the struggle against all of our institutions with all the power of all the States, thirteen of those States, exercising the right of self-defence—of resistance to wrong—acting as States, took up arms for the protection of their institutions, secured by the struggles of their ancestors with so much blood on so many battle-fields.

I do not care to argue the question of the right of secession. I justify the action of the Southern States on the higher ground of the right of self-defence, which can never be surrendered nor bartered by any man or any people. But it seems too clear for demonstration that if they came into the Union as States they had the right to leave it as States. Rebellion has no terrors for us. Our ancestors have been rebels time, time and again for a thousand years. George Washington was a rebel; John Hampden was a rebel; Algernon Sydney was a rebel; Kosciusko was a rebel; William Tell was a rebel.

REBEL AN HONORABLE NAME.

Every brave man who at any time, anywhere, has resisted tyranny and given his life for liberty has been a rebel. It is the decoration which tyrannical power always bestows on virtue and manhood, and liberty will have fled from earth and the rights of man will have become a byword when the sacred and inalienable right of resistance to wrong shall have no manhood to enforce it. The secession of the thirteen was no cause for war, nor was there any other necessity for it. The confederation was formed to create a "perpetual Union." When it was found inefficient, eleven States seceded and formed the Union under the Constitution of 1787, leaving Rhode Island and North Carolina, who refused to secede, alone to constitute the "perpetual Union" of 1777. Instead of remaining in the "perpetual Union" and waging war on the seceding States they wisely united themselves with the "more perfect Union," and accepted the amended Constitution, which experience has proved was necessary in the altered conditions and changed relations of States and of society. The thirteen, in 1861, following the precedent, took the Constitution of 1787 and so amended it as to make its doubtful language plain, and to prevent a recurrence of the abuses of power which experience had showed were without remedy under the original instrument of 1787.

* * * * *

WHAT FEDERALISM HAS DONE.

The reform attempted by the Confederates, whereby they sought to amend and improve the Constitution of 1787, so as to perpetuate liberty and secure the right of every man to labor, to home and to happiness, failed, and the revolution inaugurated by Mr. Lincoln and his adherents succeeded. The Confederate reform sought to secure the rights of all sections, States, classes and individuals by constitutional guarantees. The Federal revolution sought to concentrate all political power in the Government.

They have succeeded, having overthrown a Constitution with limitations and guarantees, and instituted one of absolute power, controlled ostensibly by popular will, but, in fact, directed by a heartless plutocracy for its own benefit. They have fixed the precedent that all property depends on force, and not on justice and right, for they have destroyed five thousand millions dollars' worth of property on the pretence that it was injurious to permit it to exist. They have fixed the precedent that the Constitution of 1787 can be altered by force, for they compelled its amendment by the bayonet. They have settled the precedent that the Supreme Court can register their decrees and be reversed on their decision, as they caused the court to reverse their legal-tender decision, and they packed that court so as to make it conform to its wishes.

And when in the future all corporate property becomes more obnoxious than it is now, and the Government of the Union takes possession of all the railroads, telegraphs, mines and manufacturing establishments, and pays for them with legal tender money made out of wood pulp, and turned out by ten thousand printing presses, then the very people who have brought all this on themselves will cry aloud for the constitutional liberty for which the Confederates fought and died. Or when the Congress, on demand of the industrial interests, shall decree that twelve hours shall be a day's work, and that fifty cents a day shall be legal pay for the legal day, then the great mass of the people, who always must earn their daily bread by their daily toil, will understand that the Confederate theory, that Government has no right to interfere with the industry of the citizen, and that every man should have an equal opportunity for happiness, is the only one which secures liberty to people and-security to home. And when New England is represented in the Senate of the United

States by two Senators instead of twelve, on the demand of the great States of California, Texas, Chihuahua and Nicaragua, then she will understand that a Constitution ought to be a shield and not a sword. * * * * * * *

INNATE FORCE OF THE SOUTH.

It is amusing to hear the surprise constantly manifested by Northern visitors at the development and progress of the South, and more amusing to hear it so complacently attributed to Northern energy and enterprise. They are wrong and they are right. They are wrong, for it is Southern brains and muscle, energy and enterprise, which is building up the South. They are right, because they themselves developed and made necessary the qualities in the South which are accomplishing these results. Their war, their reconstruction, their effort to subvert society and put the bottom rail on top, have welded us into a solid mass and aroused energies unknown that will beat them in the struggle for material development and ideas that will govern this Republic as long as it lasts.

But we are in greater danger now than we ever were from McClellan or Hooker, Pope or Grant.

Material development is progressing with constantly accelerating force. Wealth is accumulating. Booms, plutocracy, worship of money, are all impressing the doctrine that the end justifies the means, and that success is the highest duty, and our danger is that the very civilization of industrialism which we spent so much blood and so many lives to resist may at last overwhelm the institutions of our ancestors and the principles which we have inherited.

But I have no fear. Institutions are stronger than constitutions; race instincts and the law of heredity prevail over social and political revolutions. The institution of the Confederates—respect for honor and veracity in man, love and purity in woman—are more deeply planted to-day than they have ever been. They withstand the strain of wealth and luxury, self-indulgence and selfishness longer than any other society. Whether they can always survive the progress of the civilization of industrialism no man can foresee; but this civilization may itself be crushed out and overthrown as those which have preceded it have been. The societies organized on the ideas of Brahma and of the Pharaohs have long since disintegrated, and no one can believe that the present condition is permanent.

* * * * * * * *

OUR FAITH.

Belief in honor, justice, right and truth. For this faith we fought; our brothers died for it; we have stood fast by it, and by it we will be preserved from the trials and temptations that are to come.

Some time ago the War-Lord of Germany startled the world with an epigram: "We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world." But we can say with perfect simplicity and earnestness: "We Confederates, men and women, love God and fear nothing in this world nor the next, in the past nor in the future; for the past we have made glorious, the future we will render illustrious. This world the indomitable soul will conquer; the next inexhaustible love will save."

At the conclusion of this fine effort the monument was unveiled by Captain J. N. Barney, an ex-Confederate navy officer who served with distinction throughout the war.

GRAVES GARNISHED WITH GARLANDS.

The graves of the dead were elaborately decorated, while the band, under the leadership of Professor Andrew Bowering, discoursed sweet music familiar to every Southern soldier.

At the conclusion of the exercises a salute of thirteen guns was fired under the direction of Comrade G. T. Downing, who served in the Army of Northern Virginia in the Milledge artillery of Atlanta, Georgia, Nelson's battalion, Jackson's corps.

As the echo of the last gun died away up the valley the sun sank to rest in a bed of gold and crimson clouds, and the heroes who responded to their country's call and followed Lee, Jackson and Stuart, conquering, yet unconquering, and gave their life in the defence of their country, were left alone in their bed of glory, covered with flowers of fidelity wet with the tears of love.

THE MONUMENT UNVEILED.

The monument was erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association of this city. The stone used is gray granite and was quarried on the farm of Mrs. Downman, just a short distance from the battle-field. The inscriptions upon the monument are: On the east side—South Carolina, Virginia, North Carolina; west side—Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas; north side—Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas; south side—Georgia, Florida, Alabama.

The monument occupies a very commanding position in the cemetery, and can be seen from almost every direction as one approaches the city. It stands in the southern portion of the cemetery on a mound about five feet high, where the unknown dead are buried, and is about twenty-five feet in height. The apex of the monument rests on four columns of red granite. Upon the apex the figure of a Confederate soldier stands in a position of "parade rest," and is facing to the South. On the four sides of the apex are cut crossed muskets, crossed sabres, a cannon, and a castle with battlements; on the east side under the cannon are the words: "To the Confederate Dead."

The corner-stone was laid on June 4, 1874, by Fredericksburg Lodge, A. F. and A. M. The statue of a Confederate soldier was from a design by George T. Downing, and was cast at the bronze works of the Bridgeport Monumental Company, of Bridgeport, Conn.

PERSONAL.

A. B. Bowering, leader of Bowering Band, this city, is an ex-Confederate veteran, and led the band that played the last tune heard by General Lee from a military band of his army as he rode away from Appomattox after the surrender.

GLIMPSES OF ARMY LIFE IN 1864.

Extracts from Letters written by Brigadier-General J. H. Lane.

[I.]

LIBERTY MILLS, VA., *February 5, 1864.**

* * * The telegraphic columns in the Richmond papers have anticipated the action of my brigade about reenlisting. I intend calling on them for an expression of opinion next week, and I hope

* In connection with this period the reader is referred to "History of Lane's North Carolina brigade."—*Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume IX, pages 353-361.

it will be such as has been represented. The Seventh and Thirty-third are *original war-regiments*, so that it is only necessary to look after the Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth and Thirty-seventh. I do not know the state of feeling in the Thirty-seventh, but from the demonstrations of the Twenty-eighth to-day at drill, when the subject was mentioned by its commander, I have good reasons to believe that it, as well as the Eighteenth, will be "*all right*." I have no idea that the Government would let them go home, and only values an expression of opinion on this point from the *army* for its *moral* effect.

* * * * *

When one of the companies of the Twenty-eighth to-day stood unanimously by the colors, the captain was wild with enthusiasm, and, jumping in front of it, he yelled out "Good for old Company A! Men, I love the very ground you stand on." As the colonel omitted, through an oversight, to say anything to "Company K," its captain called out, "Colonel, you forgot the Stanly Guards, but we are all here to a man." Old Captain Holland, who addresses his men *so very politely*, and about whom we have had several good laughs, raised a big laugh again to-day by constantly singing out in his peculiar way, "Be firm, Company H"; and when the call was made, and they all stood firm, he sang out "Colonel, old Cleveland is all right, let us give three cheers to the soldiers," and the biggest sort of an old Rebel yell was raised at once. I wish Colonel Barbour was here to talk to his regiment. After returning from furlough he was immediately and very unexpectedly recalled home again by the illness of his wife. She was not expected to live, and she had expressed a desire to see him.

My shoe-shop is now in operation, but as the Government will not allow us to exchange hides for leather, and is unable to furnish the leather itself in any quantity, we have to confine ourselves to cobblers' work altogether. I do not expect there was ever seen another such lot of old shoes as that sent up this morning to be half-soled and patched. To see them all arranged in the shops by regiments and labeled with the owners' names elicited many hearty laughs.

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[II.]

LIBERTY MILLS, ORANGE CO., VA., *March 3, 1864.*

* * * Governor Vance addressed Scales' brigade last Thursday and was to have spoken to mine next day, but the clerk of the

weather would not permit. It was a great disappointment to the many who had come from a distance to hear him. There was an immense crowd here, including a large number of fair damsels from the neighborhood, and I was sorry to see them dispersing in the rain without a speech. Yesterday was ushered in with a snow-storm, which soon turned into rain, and there was every prospect that the address would have to be postponed until to-morrow; but at two o'clock it ceased raining, and the Governor harangued the brigade for an hour and a half, notwithstanding the dampness and the high wind, as he is very anxious to get back to Raleigh. He left this morning for Hanover Junction, where he will address Johnston's brigade to-morrow. He was called upon this morning at Gordonsville for a speech, but refused as it was the Sabbath. It is the first time that I have had the pleasure of meeting him. He is a large, fine-looking man and one of marked intelligence. In him is happily blended true eloquence and sound reasoning, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. His speech to Scales' brigade was a much finer intellectual effort than the one delivered to ours. His appeal to the soldiers to stand by their colors, his enumeration of the qualities of heroes out of whose blood spring nations and empires, and his showing that all things earthly as well as heavenly that are truly worth having must be purchased at the sacrifice of blood, were really grand, and brought tears to the eyes of many of the old battle-scarred veterans. It was an interesting sight to witness these old heroes wipe away tears, and a few moments later be convulsed with laughter. J. E. B. Stuart followed him around and seemed to be completely carried away with his speeches, and I understand General Lee on one or two occasions forgot his usual dignity and laughed heartily at his anecdotes. I am sure the visit of such a fine speaker to the army has had a beneficial effect upon the soldiers. The Governor must be heard to be properly appreciated. * *

[III.]

LIBERTY MILLS, ORANGE CO., VA., *April 9, 1864.*

* * * For some time past we have been almost deluged with water. It is still coming down in torrents, and we are having practical demonstrations that a worn-out tent without a fly is not the most comfortable abode in such weather. Our old fly gave up the ghost in a recent contest with the wind, and I am now occupying a

little dry spot near the centre of my tent, while the water is dripping all around me. It does not take long for the strong winds to dry the roads in this section; and I would not be at all surprised if Grant gave us something to do soon. It is reported in camp, but with how much truth I am unable to say, that he is being reinforced by Sherman. Our boys are confident of whipping him when he does come, as they do not consider him a great general, but attribute his success to his superior numbers. They have implicit confidence in "Uncle Robert's" strategy and his ability to penetrate Grant's designs. I have received orders to commence "*ditching*" again and will begin to-morrow by throwing up rifle-pits and *artillery* works to defend the bridge and sweep the turnpike at Liberty Mills. General Lee has issued his transportation order, which will produce quite an exodus of officer's wives.

The ration bill is still enforced and nothing has yet been done to relieve the officers. I addressed General Lee an official communication asking that I be allowed to report officer's servants as "*laundresses*," as I looked upon the act as a very unjust one; and he replied that officer's servants could not be reported as "*laundresses*," nor could the servants of enlisted men be so reported unless they were *mustered* in as *laundresses* for the use of ALL the *men*. Applications for officers to dine out now are much more frequent. Lately, whenever anything is stolen in the neighborhood, the *privates* laugh and say: "That is the result of the ration bill; it won't do to bring our officers down to one ration." The other day when I ordered a search to see if we could find any traces of a stolen hog in my command, one of the captains was accosted by one of the men whose tent he was searching and laughingly told that he was inspecting the wrong tent; may be he could find out something about the old black sow at *the head of the street*, where he understood they didn't get enough to eat. It is a good joke for the men, and the officers take it very gracefully. We are still getting along very well at brigade headquarters, although Lieutenant Lane in charge has given *orders* that we must not take too much *exercise* as it might increase our *appetites*.

Chaplain Kennedy has been with the brigade for some time and is one of the best I have seen in the army. He has been relieved from duty in the field and ordered to report as post chaplain at Charlotte, N. C. I am very sorry to lose him, both on account of his ministerial and social qualifications; but I could not do otherwise than approve his application to be transferred, as it was based on his

wife's delicate health. His transfer now leaves us with only one chaplain. A missionary has been assigned to this brigade by the North Carolina Methodist Conference. There is some difficulty about rationing him, as Congress, at its last session, defeated the bill allowing missionaries to purchase anything from the subsistence department. I shall address a communication to General Lee tomorrow to see if he will not be allowed either to draw or purchase rations for himself. The Methodist and Baptist predominate in this brigade and there are some Presbyterians, but not many Episcopalians if the last summer's joke is true. The Rev. Mr. Patterson preached to the brigade last summer when we were camped near Orange Court House, and being an Episcopalian, he wore his surplice, &c. He had a very large congregation, and it is said, that after the services, many of the men were wondering amongst themselves "What sort of man is that," and it was decided, after considerable speculation, that he was a "*Chinese*," because he looked like the pictures in their geographies. * * * *

[IV.]

LIBERTY MILLS, ORANGE COUNTY, VA., *April 12, 1864.*

* * * I know you will regret to hear that Captain G. B. Johnston,* my truly good and noble friend, is dead. I can't help sympathizing with his bereaved and lovely wife, who almost idolized him. It is some comfort to know that he has gone to heaven and is at rest. He was aware for months that he had not long to live; used to speak of his fast-approaching death with perfect composure, and wonder if in meeting friends in heaven he would be allowed to experience the same strong feelings of attachment for them that he had always done on earth. He was indeed a "shining mark"—young, pious, noble, intellectual, full of promise, and universally beloved.

Captain E. J. Hale, Jr., who succeeds Captain Johnston as my adjutant-general, is handsome, intellectual, and well educated, is a good officer, and possesses many fine traits of character. He is a married man, the only married one, by the way, on my staff. * *

[V.]

LIBERTY MILLS, ORANGE COUNTY, VA., *April 22, 1864.*

* * * I must tell you something of *our* tournament which came off yesterday. We had a delightful day, and a large number

* See *ante*, pages 52-124.

of ladies were present as well as several general officers. Captain Hale addressed the thirteen knights in a pretty little speech just before the bugle sounded. The band played at intervals, and the riding was really fine. Each knight rode five times, and, to be perfectly successful, had to cut off a head, take the ring, strike another head on the ground, and pierce still another on a pole at each riding, and all in ten seconds. One person was selected to burlesque the whole, and he did it admirably. Then came the pistol-firing at three targets, under full speed, and finally the jumping over rails at different heights. The crowning of the queen of love and beauty and the four maids of honor was to come off last night at Montpelier, but the mother of the queen objected to her attending, and it was decided not to have any ceremony of the kind at all, but commence at once with the dancing. I went after the Misses B., of Gordonsville, who had entertained me so hospitably. Both were very much admired, and were pronounced to be the prettiest ladies present. Everything passed off very pleasantly, both at the tournament and dance, and daybreak found most of them on their way home. * *

[VI.]

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *September 29, 1864.*

* * * The enemy along the lines have been in motion ever since nine o'clock last night. There was heavy artillery and infantry firing to our left last night; and this afternoon there has been heavy cavalry skirmishing to our right. The enemy, I understand, have possession of Fort Harrison, near Chafin's Bluff, on the north side of the James. We have been under marching orders all day and will probably get off to-night. Our destination is the north side of the James. From Dunlop's we go to Rice's by rail. We will probably soon be engaged in another deadly conflict. * * *

[VII.]

NEAR BATTLE-FIELD ON JONES' FARM, *October 4, 1864.**

* * * Last Friday we had actually started for the north side of the James, and had crossed the Appomattox, when we were ordered back and sent to the right, as parts of the Fifth and Ninth

See *Southern Historical Society Papers*.—History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade, Vol. IX, pages 354-489.

Yankee corps had advanced and driven our cavalry from the works recently constructed near the Peebles House. We moved out on the Boydton Plank-road, then to the left on the Harman road, and formed line of battle on the road leading from the Harman road to the Jones farm. McGowan and I formed the advance; McGowan being on the left of the road supported by Archer, and I on the right supported by McRae. It was a beautiful sight to see my sharp-shooters deploying in my front at a double-quick and boldly pushing forward. They engaged the enemy, and were sending back prisoners before we had formed the main line of battle. Their performance was witnessed by a great many outside of our brigade, and it elicited numerous compliments. It was very gratifying to me to hear these brave men thus highly complimented. The whole Yankee force gave way before our general advance and were easily driven back to the breast-works thrown up by them at the Pegram House in advance of those at the Peebles. They left the ground strewn with their dead and wounded, while our loss was small. Their dead are now estimated at two hundred and fifty, which, according to the usual calculation, one dead to seven wounded, would make their wounded one thousand seven hundred and fifty. We captured five hundred, all counted and receipted for; and, strange to say, the killed and captured were greater on the right of the road, where the much-laughed-at North Carolinians did the fighting. One of my regiments captured in Jones' cellar one "*big dog*," sixty privates and one officer. My right passed beyond some of the Yankees, and when we opened an oblique reverse fire upon them they all "*skedaddled*," and in attempting to get from us ran into the cavalry and were captured, many of them surrendering to McGregor's Horse Artillery, so he told me. Hampton got five hundred of this demoralized and panic-stricken crowd. I have never seen Yankees make better time than they did. My entire loss in this engagement was one hundred and eleven.

That night McRae and Archer were withdrawn and joined their division. The plan was for Heth's whole division to move on the "Squirrel Level Road" next morning and attack them in *flank*, while McGowan and I were to make a *feint* in *front*. When Heth's guns were heard next morning, Brander's guns opened an enfilade artillery fire on the advanced works at the Pegram House, and threw the enemy into confusion. My sharpshooters seized upon this opportunity and dashed into their works at a double-quick and captured over two hundred prisoners, including some dozen officers,

amongst whom was a colonel. We held this work until dark, and then fell back to our old position through the mud and rain. Heth did not meet with the anticipated success, although his was to have been the main attack. Stockton Heth, his aid, tells me that the enemy had fortified at right angles, and instead of taking them in flank, as was expected, it was like assaulting a work in front. They got only about twenty prisoners. That afternoon the cavalry had a fight on the right, and I suppose it was in this fight that General Dunnivant and Doctor Fontaine were killed. I am truly sorry to hear of the doctor's death; he was such a gallant man, and seemed to be the life of his family. Colonel Barbour, who was wounded by a stray bullet last Friday, just before we advanced, has since died. My aid, Lieutenant Meade, behaved very handsomely. Others than myself noticed him, and I have heard him spoken of in the most complimentary terms for his gallantry. Captain Nicholson took Captain Hale's place, and it was his first *active* fight under me, and he, too, behaved nobly. I selected him for my inspector-general on account of his face, which I thought was full of character. I was not mistaken, and I am very fond of him. * * *

[VIII.]

NEAR THE BATTLE-FIELD ON JONES' FARM,
*October 6, 1864.**

As I was advancing in the charge last Friday, I crossed a soldier kneeling over his dying brother, indifferent to his own great danger from the whistling bullets as he watched the gaspings of his dear one. He looked up into my face as I approached and said, "General may I stay with my brother—see he has been shot, I am no straggler." I replied, "I know what it is to lose a brother under similar circumstances, and I haven't the heart to order you forward. But your brother is shot through the head and is insensible—you can do him no good and you know the general orders, we have an ambulance corps for such cases." Not another word was spoken, and I moved on. That brave man soon afterwards seized his gun, left his dying brother, and as he passed me he said: "Here I am, general, I have thought over what you said and I am going to the front." He did go gallantly forward, and I have not been able to learn his name, though he belongs to the Seventh regiment. * * *

* See *Southern Historical Society Papers*, page 355.—History of Lane's North Carolina brigade.

[IX.]

NEAR PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, *October 11, 1864.*

* * * Last Sunday I had an Episcopal minister with me, who comes from North Carolina not only to preach, but to visit the North Carolina hospitals, and give clothing to the sick and wounded from the "Old North State." At 2 o'clock that night we were all aroused from our sweet slumbers, and shivering with cold, were soon marching for Petersburg where an attack was expected. We reached the second line of works, near Reeve's salient, at daylight and lay in reserve all day long, subjected a part of the time to a shelling from mortars and rifle guns. We moved out of the works after dark and are now bivouacing near Battery 45. I was amused yesterday during the shelling to see some of our artillerists running out and picking up the fragments of shells. They collect large quantities of these and dispose of them to the founderies, getting eight cents a pound for the iron and ten for the lead. Five or six passed me during the day loaded down with fragments. The shelling of yesterday, where we were, was brought on by one of our Whitworth guns opening upon the Yankee train as it came in sight about three and a half miles distant. On the right the Yankees have destroyed all of the houses in front of their lines. * * *

[X.]

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *October 12, 1864.**

* * * Many of the Yankees in their flight in the recent fight cut the straps to their knapsacks and let them drop as they heeled it back. The battle-field was a rich one, and my brigade bears me out in the assertion, as they have a great many sugar-loaf hats, blue overcoats, oil-cloths, shelter-tents, &c., &c. It is said that one green Rebel went up to a dying Yankee, and stooping over him said, "Mister, may I have your coat?" All of the dead that had on passable clothes were stripped; but the Yankee account about their bodies being mangled and beaten is a lie. I couldn't help laughing when I saw one of my little fellows with a Burnside hat on, many sizes too large for him. I could hardly see his head, as the brim of his hat nearly rested upon his shoulders. It is amusing to see a great many of them and to hear their remarks after such a fight. * *

* See *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume IX, page 355.—History of Lane's North Carolina brigade.

[XI.]

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *October 14, 1864.*

* * * There was a great disposition on the part of some to pillage. The field being a rich one, offered many temptations to the men to stop. When I commenced upbraiding one of them for pil-laging while his comrades were fighting, and ordered him forward, he replied he only wanted a blanket to sleep on these cold nights, and I could but be amused as he went running to the front with a fine Yankee blanket under his arm. They are all delighted with the fight, and laugh at the way they made the Yankee's run. I sent Lieutenant Meade to the right to tell the colonels to conform to the movements on the left, when the enemy opened a hot fire, and he had to ride through it all. It was at this time I expect he was most generally noticed, although he behaved very handsomely through-out the engagement. See *Southern Historical Society State Papers*, Volume IX, page 357.

The aggregate number of killed and wounded and prisoners from my brigade, since the opening of this campaign on the 5th of May, amounts to something between seventeen and eighteen hundred. We have fought behind breastworks only once, and then only for a short time. We have charged the enemy's works four times, and our other big fighting has been mostly in flank movements. I have just cause to be proud of my command. It has a splendid reputa-tion *in the army.* * * * * *

[XII.]

NEAR PETERSBURG, *October 23, 1864.*

* * * General Cooper has revoked all details, and the able-bodied who have kept out of the army so long are now coming to the *front*, where all able-bodied Rebels ought to be, and stay until our liberties are secured. * * * * *

[XIII.]

NEAR PETERSBURG, *December 3, 1864.*

* * * I was at Colonel Pegram's quarters yesterday afternoon to hear Bishop Lay. His text was the importance of the Holy Ghost, and the sermon was a most excellent one.

Everything continues quiet in our front. Eight Yankee deserters

have surrendered to my command since my return. Desertions from the enemy are of nightly occurrence. Night before last there was loud cheering all along the Yankee line, and our men responded to it with deafening yells. A deserter told us that it was reported that Schofield had captured twenty thousand Georgia militia, and that they had been *ordered* to cheer. He also stated that there was great dissatisfaction in the Yankee army, and that more men would desert if they could get a chance. The Sixty-first New York was relieved a few nights since by another regiment, as it was feared that the greater part of it would come over to us. They complain of too much work and drilling and an insufficiency of rations, the latter causing them to spend all their money with the sutlers. I am sorry to say that several of our men have also deserted. The whistle of the Yankee trains is distinctly heard from where we are, and their bands and drum corps are constantly playing and beating within our hearing. See above letter of December 6, in corroboration. * *

NEAR PETERSBURG, *December 6, 1864.*

* * * Another Yankee deserter came over to us last night and corroborates the previous statement that the Sixty-first New York regiment was relieved a few nights ago about midnight by the Second from the same State, as they were afraid all of the Sixty-first would come over to us. The deserter this morning is a Scotchman and a member of the Second regiment, which relieved the Sixty-first. The Second and Fifth Yankee corps are on this part of the line, the Second having relieved the Ninth, which has gone into winter quarters in the rear, so it is stated. It is a thing of daily occurrence to see a Yankee general riding along the picket line, as the pickets do not fire at each other now. We are damming back the water on my left so as to strengthen our position, and we will, when both dams are completed, have a large sheet of water near us. The men all along the lines are kept constantly at work, making alterations in some parts, and reviewing others, so as to make them stand the effects of the winter better.

[XIV.]

NEAR PETERSBURG, *December 13, 1864.**

* * After a terrible time we have just returned to our old camp, as tired and stiff a set of beings as ever were seen. Lieutenant

* See *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume IX, page 489.—History of Lane's North Carolina brigade.

Meade and I found our chimney, &c., all torn down and carried off, and we are now out of doors, sitting around a real camp-fire. We had to unload our wagon and send for a load of wood as soon as we arrived. My brigade did not leave camp until 9 o'clock P. M., Thursday, and marched until 6 o'clock P. M., Friday, before going into bivouac. When it was halted about two miles beyond the bridge over the Nottoway river it was hailing, and the poor fellows soon had up their little tents as a partial protection from the weather. We were in motion early next day through the mud, rain and sleet, and went into camp at dark about two miles beyond Jarratt's Station. Next day we returned to the bridge over the Nottoway, near a Mr. Wyatt's. Yesterday afternoon (Monday) we camped about a mile from Dinwiddie Court House, and to-day we reached our old camp again. Our division did not encounter any of the enemy, as we were in rear. Mahone's division struck the railroad about six miles below Jarratt's and four miles above Bellfield, while we, with Heth's in front, made for Jarratt's. The enemy had torn up the road and were beating a hasty retreat, leaving their cavalry to protect their rear. Only a few shots were exchanged, when they took the back track, and as their infantry had so much the start it was deemed useless to pursue. The movement was a terrible one upon our troops and transportation. The freeze was fortunate as regards the latter—otherwise we would hardly have been able to get the artillery and wagons back, as the roads had been badly cut up in our advance—in some places the wheels sinking below the hubs in mud. The rapid marching done by my brigade was wonderful—particularly the first night and day—when the condition of the roads is taken into consideration. Mahone and Heth both had the start of this division, but we succeeded in overtaking them Friday afternoon—some parts catching up with Heth's rear Thursday night. I was relieved of the division Friday afternoon by General Wilcox, just before the head of the division crossed the Nottoway river. While building a fire in the woods to keep warm until my brigade, which was the rear one of the division, came up, Mr. Wyatt came along and invited me to his house, where I took shelter for a short time and found it more pleasant than my bivouac in the woods the night previous. I was at the head of the division when it went into camp Thursday night, and was caught without a blanket and without anything to eat. I helped Major Hunt and one of the couriers to pick up a lot of dead pine with which we made a fire and before which I took a few "cat naps," in my overcoat until

daybreak. I have spent many more pleasant nights in my life. I did not get anything to eat until the following afternoon. Lieutenant Meade and I then took a few more "cat naps" in the hail storm until 12 o'clock, when our wagon came up and we pitched our tent. Our rest for the balance of the night was such as soldiers only know how to enjoy. The weather has been so cold that it was impossible to ride, and I have been forced to do so much marching that my limbs would ache, and at times were painful to the touch. Captain Hale is back. Captain Nicholson did not go with us on the tramp on account of boils. Both can congratulate themselves at having escaped much suffering. * * *

[XV.]

NEAR PETERSBURG, *December 18, 1864.**

* * * I have just been ordered to instruct Major Wooton "to catch two or three Yankees" to find out where the Nineteenth Yankee corps is. I would not be surprised when he makes the attack on the enemy's skirmish line to hear a shell come whizzing or bursting over my new quarters. * * *

[XVI.]

NEAR PETERSBURG, *December 18, 1864.*

* * * Major Wooton succeeded in "catching" eleven Yankees last night between two and three o'clock, and sustained no loss whatever. He advanced to within a hundred yards of their skirmish pits, under cover of the darkness, fired several volleys and then charged with a yell. No shelling occurred on either side, and the Yankees fired but few minnies before they "skedaddled" from their pits. The darkness prevented the capture of a large number, although the Major caught more than he was requested to do. When he started back the Yankees at the main line commenced yelling "Oh, you Rebs"! which could be distinctly heard at our headquarters. Major Wooton announced the result of the charge in the following modest little note:

"According to instructions, I forward you eleven Yankees."

He is certainly one of the most successful, most gallant, most un-

assuming and most modest officers that I have ever seen. He is worth a million of the stay-at-home somebodies.

The Yankee salute seems to have been in honor of Hood's defeat by Thomas, instead of the fall of Savannah, although we of the army are daily expecting to hear of the latter disaster also. We were not prepared for Hood's defeat.

Lieutenant Meade and myself are living in two nicely-pitched tents, which are joined together and open into each other. The back tent is used as a sleeping apartment, and the front one, which has a nice brick chimney to it, is our sitting room. When we get the floors and doors completed we will be very comfortably fixed. Our chamber is furnished with a plank floor, a bedstead and blankets, two trunks and a clothes pole (suspended from the ridge pole), which serves as an excellent ventilating wardrobe. In the front tent may be seen an old camp-table, a few chairs, an old bent tin candle-stick, an inkstand and pens, tobacco and pipes, and sometimes a great deal of smoke. We intend having sawdust walks connecting the various tents and the kitchen, and I have some idea of surrounding our quarters with a wattled cedar fence to keep off the winds. Our stables were commenced to-day. * * * *

[XVII.]

NEAR PETERSBURG, *December 22, 1864.*

I was not at all sorry when I learned that we had to turn back on our recent march without a fight. I was far from anxious to get into an engagement, as the probability is that all my severely wounded would have died on account of the exposure. I was fearful I would be made sick, but I am all right, and enjoy my hard camp fare very much. We are living harder now than we have been doing since I have been in the army. Last night was a terribly cold one. *

[XVIII.]

NEAR PETERSBURG, *December 31, 1864.*

Tell the kind donors, with thanks, that the box reached us in very good time, as the soldiers have been living on short rations for the past few days; for three days they had no meat issued to them at all. My brigade has kind friends at home, and Christmas boxes have been pouring in. Sometimes they have to lay a day or two at

the depot for want of transportation. I alway let my headquarter wagon go to help haul them out. The State is also trying to get vegetables to her soldiers. Governor Vance now has a large quantity of sorghum lying at Greensboro' awaiting transportation. He says he is willing to send his "tar-heels" a great many things to help along, if they will only furnish him with the requisite transportation. I really believe the North Carolina soldiers fare better than any other in this army, as much as some ignorant people are disposed to laugh at the "Old North State." The commissary sometimes issues us cooked beef, prepared and canned in London. The soldiers call it "*The London Times*," and are very fond of it. It makes an excellent hash and is superior to any other meat-ration that is issued.

* * The *mantle-piece* adds very much to the appearance of our sitting-room. Some of the saw-dust walks have been finished and our stables were completed to-day just in time for the snow. "Old Jim" and the rest of the animals are, no doubt, very thankful, as they, like the soldiers, have been on very short rations for several days past. When not sitting before a nice fire I enjoy myself now in royal slumbers on our *French* bedstead, which is filled with clean, fine straw, covered with an ample supply of blankets.

An officer in the Thirty-third played an amusing joke on a fellow officer of the Thirty-seventh not long since. Norwood, upon whom the joke was played, is the same gallant young officer that escaped wounded from the Gettysburg hospital, disguised as an overgrown Dutch boy, and when taken to army headquarters, General Lee invited him to breakfast in his ridiculous suit. * * *

XIX.

NEAR PETERSBURG, *April 1, 1865.*

* * There was fighting on the right yesterday and the day previous. I am told that we drove the enemy, but have not been able to learn any of the particulars. Colonel McCreary, of McGowan's brigade, the same officer that occupied the room with Lieutenant Lane at the hospital last summer, was killed yesterday. Lieutenant-Colonel Croft, of the same brigade, lost a little toe, and Colonel Ashford, of Scales' brigade, was also wounded. Day before yesterday both artillery and infantry fought while it was pouring down rain. There is some skirmishing this morning. My brigade is stretched along the lines—all hoping that we will be allowed to remain

where we are. Yesterday a few shots were fired into our right. The sharp-shooters carrying that hill last Monday, supported by my brigade, is the cause, I think, of McGowan's brigade being sent to the right instead of mine—his men were *fresher. It delighted me last Saturday to see how my men rushed forward with a yell from Mahone's old quarters when I ordered them to the front to reinforce the main line of works after the enemy had swept Thomas's skirmish line. Saturday's fight along our front was a novel one, and was confined almost entirely to the skirmish line, in *full view* of our main line of works. The enemy that day used very little artillery along our front. The artillery firing was principally from our side, and our men would always put up a shout whenever one of our shells exploded in the enemy's lines, and particularly when they became demoralized and commenced running back. Wilcox is for duty again. He had a horse killed yesterday by a stray Minnie. I do not know whether he was on him or not. I hope he is able to resume active command of his division and let me return to my brigade. Heth is in command of the troops from Hill's corps on the right, consisting of parts of his own division and Wilcox's. * *

[XX.]

MOORESVILLE, N. C., *August 25, 1890.*†

To General JAMES H. LANE, Auburn, Ala. :

* * * The Seventh North Carolina regiment left Petersburg at midnight on the 26th February, 1865; went to Randolph county, N. C., and was quite successfully engaged in arresting and returning absentees to their commands, until called to meet Stoneman, then threatening the railroad from Salisbury to Danville. On Sunday, April 16, 1865, "Cooke's and Lane's detachments" (Seventh and Forty-sixth North Carolina regiments), Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. McAllister commanding, reported to General D. H. Hill, Lee's corps, army of Tennessee, and surrendered with them near Greensboro', N. C. On the 29th we turned over four-fifths of the arms, retaining one-fifth. Officers were allowed their side-arms. Thirteen (13) commissioned officers and one hundred and thirty-nine

* See *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. IX, pages 494-'95.

† See *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume X, page 59, and Volume XV, page 359.

(139) enlisted men belonging to the Seventh were paroled on 1st May, 1865. Major J. G. Harris was in command of the regiment, and commanded it oftener in the battle and on the march than any officer in it. The gallant Captain J. McLeod Turner was paralyzed by the wound received at Gettysburg, and walked with the aid of crutches until his death, some three years' since.

Wishing you success for the future, and that your last days may be your best days, I am, truly, your friend,

J. S. HARRIS, *Captain Company B,
Seventh North Carolina Troops.*

Major J. Scheibert (of the Prussian Army) on Confederate History.

A REVIEW.

[The editor has held some pleasant correspondence with the chivalrous and genial Major Schiebert during the past few months. Major Schiebert in charming idiomatic English expresses the pleasure that the perusal of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* affords him. He holds in endeared memory his service in the Confederate army, and transmits many messages of regard to his former comrades and friends. He expresses his intention to translate for the German press articles from the *Papers*. The editor is not a German scholar. He has availed himself of the kind service of Mr. Charles Poindexter, of the State Library of Virginia, in translating an article recently received from Major Schiebert. The readers of the *Papers* are indebted to Mr. Poindexter for the article which follows.]

European writings about American, and especially about Southern affairs, are so generally characterized by ignorance and blundering, that it is refreshing to meet anything like intelligent discussion of Confederate history and policy from the pen of a foreigner; and it becomes a grateful pleasure to note and acknowledge the friendly zeal of a foreign student who has intelligently informed himself on the subject, and has endeavored to impart to his fellow-countrymen a true knowledge of the facts of our history, and their significance.

The pleasure of acknowledging such historical discussion is enhanced, when, as is the case with the matter in hand, the foreign writer is an old friend of the South, who evinced his interest, in the first place, by a visit to us during the war, and since that time has shown his zealous interest by several books and papers relating to us and our history.

The name and presence of Major J. Scheibert, of the Prussian Engineer Corps, will be remembered by many old soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, with which this accomplished German officer saw some service during the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg campaigns. The respect and esteem won for himself while here is evinced by the friendly admiration in which his name and memory are yet held by his comrades and acquaintances of that period. The results of his observations and the impressions made during that sojourn among us were embodied in a little volume ("*Sieben Monate in den Rebellen Staaten*"), published in 1868; a work marked by such good sense and power of observation that it well deserves translation as a valuable contribution to the history of the times. Subsequently, in 1874, there came from his pen a volume of military studies of the war ("*Der Bürgerkrieg in N. Amerika*"), in which the Major does justice and pays intelligent tribute to the ability and skill of our leaders. The value of this work, as an able discussion, from a military standpoint, of the subject treated, may be inferred from its esteem abroad, where its importance as a professional treatise is evidenced by the fact that a society of French officers deemed it worthy of translation into their language. Intelligent criticism is always to be welcomed, even if it sometimes discovers our faults. The more welcome is it, of course, when it resolves itself, as Major Scheibert's comments often do, into a eulogy of our people, and finds so much to admire in the splendid abilities and achievements of Lee and his fellow-officers and soldiers.

In a Berlin journal of recent date Major Scheibert has again contributed a series of articles to the literature of the subject, and in a manner that entitles him anew to our respect and gratitude. In this latest utterance he has attempted to enlighten the dense ignorance of his fellow-countrymen on the historical and political questions of our great controversy. In an admirable series of short studies of the subject, these questions and the material facts of our history are presented in a light that is doubtless new and surprising to his readers; who, getting their ideas of American history from partisan sources bitterly hostile to the Confederacy and all it represented, have gene-

rally looked upon us with the feelings of contempt meted to "Rebels," in the European sense of that word. In a brief *resume* of our history, tracing it down from the Colonial period to the adoption of the Constitution, and thence to the outbreak of the war in 1861, Major Scheibert cites the facts and states the arguments, so familiar to us, but unknown and novel to the vast majority of his countrymen; and from these facts and arguments shows how unmeaning and absurd is the stigma of "Rebels," as applied to the people of the Confederacy. In reciting this history for the enlightenment of his countrymen, he had not only to meet and counteract the belief, almost universal among European nations, that the institution of slavery was the *casus belli*, but also to refute the assumption that the emancipation of a down-trodden race and the achievement for them of human freedom were the original purpose and direct intention of the war on the part of the North. In the opinion of probably nine out of ten foreigners the Southern people were, and are, regarded as the inhuman oppressors of their fellow-beings, the champions of a detested cause, alike hostile to the spirit of American institutions and opposed to the genius of modern freedom and civilization.

It is not necessary in this notice to repeat to readers familiar with the history the facts and arguments by which Major Scheibert shows the groundlessness and falsity of such an assumption and such charges. It is, however, a pleasure to express our satisfaction and gratitude that the studies of at least one German of intellect and character have supplied him with the facts and arguments of the case, and that his friendly zeal has prompted his utterance in an attempt to prove to his countrymen the co-equal responsibility of the North for the original institution and continued existence of slavery in this country, and to show that emancipation followed the war, not as the original intention and purpose of the Northern government, but as a measure of military and political expediency, that was disowned and denounced at the time of and even after the outbreak of the war. The prejudice against us, prevalent among European peoples, was the foundation of that hostile public opinion that enlisted against us the so-called moral sentiment of the world, from which it followed that practically we were fighting the world. It is highly probable that the results of this foreign prejudice, favorable to the enemy but pregnant with threats to us, were so disastrous as to nullify the effects of splendid victories and achievements on our part, and it is no exaggeration to say that they multiplied the privations and sufferings of every man, woman and child in the Confederacy.

Despite, however, this adverse opinion, so prejudicial to us, intelligent thinkers in Europe have been puzzled to account for the display of intellect, courage and devotion exhibited during four long years in the achievements and endurance of a people whom they have been taught to look on as a horde of semi-barbarous rebels.

That Major Schiebert has endeavored to dispel this prejudice and enlighten his countrymen by presenting to them an able statement and argument of the case, on historical grounds, is a fact honorable to him as the acknowledgment of it is grateful and pleasing to his friends here.

The following translation of a few of the more important paragraphs of Major Scheibert's article will illustrate his style and mode of presenting this subject :

"Besides the differences of race and religion, nature itself, through the varied geographical position of the States had created relations of such varied character that not only must conflict ensue, but the least law affecting the whole Union often aroused diametrically and sharply opposed interests; the consequences of which were to embitter sectional opinions to an intolerable degree.

"When the North demanded tariff protection for their industries as against European competition, the Southern States insisted upon free trade, so as not to be compelled to buy the costly products of the North. The New England States strove for concentration of power in the national government; the Southerners believed that the independence of the individual States must be maintained, and when the Southerners demanded protection for their labor, which was performed by imported negroes, the North answered with evasion of the laws, while, in direct opposition to these laws, it denied to the master the right to his escaped negroes. From any point of view, there existed, and exist to-day, interests almost irreconcilably opposed, which make it difficult for the most earnest student of American affairs to find the certain clew in such a tangled labyrinth. The difficulty in the present undertaking is to make good the fact that the so-called Confederates, who have been by almost all German writers represented as 'Rebels,' stood firm upon a ground of right and law.

"If the central government at Washington was the sovereign power, then the (Southern) States were in the wrong, and their citizens were simply rebels. If, on the other hand, the individual States were separate and sovereign political bodies, then their secession, inde-

pendent of considerations of expediency or selfishness, was a politically justifiable withdrawal from a previous limited alliance; and in this case it was the duty of citizens of the States to go with their States. As a proper consequence of these different views, the Federals considered as a traitor every citizen who opposed the central government, however his individual State may have determined; while the Confederates, after the declaration of war on the part of the Union, looked on the Federalists indeed as enemies, but considered as traitors only those citizens, who, in opposition to the vote of their States, yet adhered to the Union. * * * * * Instead of enquiring into emotion and sympathies, the question is an historical one as to the origin of the Union; that is, to seek in the founding of the United States, in what relation—at that time—the States stood to the central government, the mode of their covenant, and how the relation of the several States to the common union was developed. The colonies, therefore, united not because the citizens in general were oppressed by the British Government, but because one colony felt, whether rightly or not, that it was oppressed and insulted as an independent political body. In the first movement of independence was exhibited clearly the consciousness that the colonies felt themselves separate political bodies. Even at that time the assembly of delegates designated itself as a congress of "twelve independent political bodies," and in this Union each of the colonies issued its separate declaration. In May, 1775, the delegates of the thirteen colonies met in their first congress, in which the first permanent Union was founded; which was ratified by each colony as a separate body, as one by one they entered the Union, &c., &c.

* * * * *

"Let us suppose, by way of illustration, that German citizens with the best good will to the Empire, yet found that intolerable differences, year by year, bred contention and bitterness; that Prussians, Suabians or Bavarians, or any group of States, should determine on separation from the Empire. Such separation might be condemned as unpatriotic, inopportune, and unloyal, and an attempt might be made by force of arms to bring back the seceded members to the Empire, but no one would denounce as traitors the individual Prussians, Suabians or Bavarians, because, as citizens of their respective fatherlands, they have submitted to the decision of their individual States—Prussia, Wurtemberg or Bavaria. The odium would be cast upon the States, and not on the citizens. And yet a great part of the German press has not hesitated to brand as traitors to their

country such men as General R. E. Lee—men of the highest honor, who, though with heavy heart, but followed the lead of their mother State.

"If for clearer statement of the argument the German Empire is cited as an illustration, it must yet be expressly observed that the several States of the Union had much more right to withdraw from the common alliance than the members of the German Empire will ever have; for the latter are united with their free will, without reservation, and in loyal agreement of their lawful princes and their States. The United States, however, were founded not only as the result of a revolution, but they have solemnly and for all time sanctioned revolution as the basis of their State structure, as witness the Declaration of Independence. Language could not be clearer in pointing the way for the guidance of American citizens dissatisfied with their government; so clearly is it prescribed that *there can be no doubt of a moral justification* of such a step for the citizens; and, if these have the power and majority in their several States, there is an equal moral right in the States to change a government whose misdeeds and usurpations, in their opinion, threaten them with despotism. * * * *

"At most the question to be decided is, whether the dissatisfactions were light and transient, or whether the usurpations were intolerable. The Southern States believed the latter to be the case. We may not here anticipate the judgment of later and impartial history, but we must distinctly maintain, in accordance with the clear tenor of the Declaration of Independence, that even if the uneasiness were inconsiderable, the States have at most acted unwisely, but in no case as traitors or rebels. * * * * With the question as to the origin of the war, the enemies of the South have mingled another—the slavery question—which strictly does not belong to it. This slavery question was inscribed on the banners of the war, when it was seen that thereby could be enlisted on the side of the North the sympathies of the old world, and of a great part of their own inhabitants, especially of the German immigrants. This question could never legally be the cause of the war, for the Constitution expressly says that the question of slavery should be regulated by the State legislatures. * * * * At the time of the founding of the Union, eleven of the thirteen States were slave-holding, and it is a remarkable fact that it then occurred to no writer nor humanitarian in America or Europe even to think that this ownership (of slaves) was a wrong or a crime. It is enough to say that the institution was accepted not only

as a matter of course, but that it was also especially protected, the farming interest being granted an increased suffrage in proportion to the number of negroes on their plantations. * * * * * Even in the last days, before the outbreak of war, when the press and demagogues raised the slavery question in order to inflame the masses, the statesman (of the North) carefully avoided such a blunder, since the slavery question was not the ground of the war, and could not be proclaimed as such."

ESCAPE OF PRISONERS FROM JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

In an interesting article by Lieutenant J. H. Carpenter, of New Orleans, La., on Prison Life on Johnson's Island, in the *Century Magazine* for April, 1891, he makes the statement that the prison was so isolated and so well guarded that notwithstanding repeated efforts of the more daring spirits confined there to secure their liberty, not a single escape occurred during the war. This has been proven to be a mistake. Lieutenant T. E. Fell, of Newnan, Georgia, in a communication dated April 5, 1891, and published in the *Newnan Herald*, gives his personal knowledge of the escape of Captain Robert Cobb Kennedy, of Alabama. Kennedy was "a perfect dare-devil, and no situation, however perilous, seemed to daunt his courage." Captain Kennedy's escape and subsequent recapture, conviction by a court martial and final execution, are thus described :

"Few officers of inferior rank figured more conspicuously during the late war than Captain Robert Cobb Kennedy. His career was short, thrilling, full of daring, and its final end closed very sad. Captain Kennedy was, we believe, a Georgian by birth, and a distant relative of one of Georgia's most distinguished sons, Howell Cobb. He entered the Confederate service in the early part of the war, and was captured near Decatur, Ala., whence he was carried a prisoner of war to Johnson's Island. It was there the writer first knew him. Of his services in the field we knew but little, and this brief sketch is written in the hope that some of his family or friends will give us a more complete history.

"Soon after his imprisonment he commenced devising means of escape, and made several unsuccessful attempts. He finally suc-

ceeded, by long, weary nights of unceasing toil, in tunneling under a deep ditch and the parapets of the prison, eluded the vigilance of the guards, stole one of the officers' boots, and escaped to the opposite shore.

"He made his way through the country on foot, travelling most of the time in the night. He finally crossed at Buffalo into Canada and joined the faithful band of exiles and escaped Confederates who had taken refuge within her borders. Soon afterwards he joined the secret expedition to New York, was followed on his return by a detective, who kept close watch on his movements, and after crossing the border the detective was satisfied he was one of the party engaged in the attempt to burn New York city. Captain Kennedy resolved shortly thereafter to return to the Confederate lines. All preparations were made, but he had no sooner crossed the line than he was arrested by the United States detective who had been watching his movements all the while. He made a terrible resistance, but was finely overpowered, placed in irons, and carried to New York. On the way he attempted to escape by jumping through the car window, although heavily ironed, and the train in motion. Nothing seemed capable of subduing his courage or restraining his rage against his enemies. Holding up his shackled arms he told the passengers on the train that he considered 'these irons ornaments,' and 'he was proud to wear them for the cause he loved.' He was tried in New York, condemned as a spy, and executed some time during the latter part of 1864. We saw a letter from him a short time before his execution. Speaking of his approaching doom, he said that 'he expected to die like a man,' but 'death was a leap in the dark.' He died as he had lived, believing in the justness of our cause, and sacrificed his life for his country's good."

There also appeared in the *Richmond State* of April 13, 1891, a correction of the assertion of Lieutenant Carpenter. The article in the *State*, while correct in the main facts stated, was erroneous in some of its details. The prison was enclosed by a high fence (about sixteen feet), near the top of which was a parapet for the guards to walk upon, and from which they could overlook the prison enclosure. At intervals there were sentry boxes in which the guards could protect themselves from the cold and storms. The night of December 31, 1863, was intensely cold, as stated in the Sandusky papers, the coldest "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." By 10 o'clock that night Lake Erie was frozen over to the main-land. There were no guards on duty within the prison. There were only the benumbed

and head-muffled sentinels of the parapet. The opportunity seemed an auspicious one to the starving and restless spirits fretting in gall-ing durance. A number of them resolved to attempt to escape by scaling the enclosure and crossing the lake on the ice. Among them was Captain (subsequently Major) Waller M. Boyd, of the Nineteenth Virginia infantry, who has given some of the information here embodied. He was not well, and found himself unequal to the endurance involved. His bunk mate, Captain T. Herbert Davis, however, was one of those who was successful in the desperate under-taking. A scaling ladder, from portions of the enclosure was improvised, and with its aid, as well protected from the cold as their scant resources of clothing afforded, the following gallant spirits, at about 9:30 o'clock P. M., a half an hour after the sounding of taps, successfully scaled the wooden walls: Colonel John R. Winston, Forty-fifth North Carolina infantry; Captain Charles C. Robinson, Ninth Virginia cavalry; Captain T. Herbert Davis, First Virginia infantry; Dr. Luke P. Blackburn, chief surgeon of the division of Sterling Price, of Missouri, and George Young and E. T. Osborne, of Morgan's cavalry. They lowered themselves on the outside with a rope improvised of their blankets. The scaling ladder, at great personal risk, was taken away by an inside comrade after having subverted its purpose, that the escape might not be immediately discovered by the sentinels. The fugitives crossed the lake on the ice, reaching the Canadian shore early the following morning. Here they appropriated the horses of a farmer and made their way to Toronto, and later to Montreal. At the latter place they were photographed in a group, and a copy of this picture, presented to him by his relative, Captain T. Herbert Davis, is now in the possession of Lieutenant Charles G. Boshier, of the Richmond Howitzers, a member of the firm of Messrs. R. H. Boshier's Sons. At Montreal the fugitives were duly supplied with money by Hon. James P. Holcombe, Confederate States Commissioner. They made their way to Nassau, from whence they ran the blockade, coming into the port of Wilmington, North Carolina. Their suffering from the cold in crossing the lake was great, and several of them narrowly escaped the loss of their hands and feet from frost bite.

Captain Davis was a native of Richmond, Virginia, and was the son of William H. Davis, long a successful coal-dealer who lost his life in the capitol disaster—the falling through of the floor of the Court of Appeals—during the contest of the late Hon. Henry K. Ellyson for the post of mayor—April 27, 1870.

Captain Davis enlisted in Company B., First Virginia Infantry, Captain James K. Lee, April 21, 1861. He was soon afterwards promoted to sergeant and served as such at the first battle of Manassas. In September following, he was made first lieutenant of his company and on the 26th of April, 1862, after the death of Captain Lee, succeeded him in the command. At the second battle of Manassas he was wounded, taken prisoner and carried to Johnson's Island. Captain Davis, after returning to his command, was again taken prisoner at Sailor's creek, and a second time incarcerated on Johnson's Island. After the war he went with Major J. B. Ficklen to San Antonio, Texas, and with him established a transportation line which was operated by them for several years. He finally died with yellow fever and is buried in San Antonio.

Officer Logan S. Robins of the police force of Richmond served under Captain Davis as first lieutenant of Company B. and is cognizant of the facts herein given. Johnson's Island is distant from Sandusky about two miles, and from the Canada shore about eight miles.

A memorial of the prison, 1862-1864, with a view of the prison, list of the prisoners, and various effusions from their pens, is given in Volume VI, *Virginia Historical Collections*. New Series. 1887.

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PRISON LIFE AT POINT LOOKOUT.

By REV. J. B. TRAYWICK.

As to the question as to the comparative treatment of prisoners in Northern and Southern prisons is up and as you have requested me, I will give some incidents of my experience at Point Lookout, Maryland. It will certainly show that all the sinners were not in charge of Southern prisons. There is one fact I wish to note, and that is the men at the front, as a rule, were kind and thoughtful of our comfort, and, on the other hand, men who had stayed all the while away from the front were, as a rule, without much sympathy.

I was captured at Fisher's Gap, near Strasburg, on September 22, 1864. After some delay at Winchester, Harper's Ferry and Balti-

more, I was carried by steamer to Point Lookout, Maryland, arriving there on October 3, 1864. On entering the prison we were divested of everything except personal wear and blankets. Not long after our arrival an inspection was held, and in every case where prisoners had more than one blanket, unless concealed, they were all taken except one to each man, and then those who did not have any were supplied with blankets that had been taken from their fellow-prisoners. Barefooted prisoners were supplied with shoes, and a scant quantity of clothing was given to the most destitute.

The tents were mostly bell or round-shaped. They had been refused for use in the Federal army and generally leaked. The rations as to quality were, as a rule, good. Pork two out of three days, the third day beef, but occasionally the ribs of beef were round, which showed that it was mule-beef. Hungry prisoners ate it all the same. The bread was served in pound loaves daily, one loaf to be divided between two prisoners—it was short weight. A pint cup of soup went with each loaf of bread. Two days' rations were issued on Saturday, and so small was the quantity that men frequently ate all given at one time.

The ration for a day was about sufficient for a well man one meal. It was said by the prison authorities to be one-half ration, allowing three meals per day. I would consider it one-third ration a day. The pork was very fat, and always boiled. The prisoners never got the lard that came out of the pork, and it was commonly reported that the provost marshal and other officers there realized a vast amount from the sale of this grease to soap-makers and lard-refiners. The water used by the prisoners was mineral, giving the sharpest of appetites with so little to eat. Our suffering from hunger was indescribable.

I have heard men pray to be made sick that the appetite might be taken away. The prisoners being so poorly clad, and the Point so much exposed to cold, it caused them great suffering. Every intensely cold night from four to seven prisoners would freeze to death. Almost no wood was furnished. About a cord of green pine to one thousand men for five days. It was a mockery.

The post was commanded by General Barnes. His nephew, Captain Barnes, was assistant provost marshal. These were kind and considerate officers, but the former never was brought in contact with the prisoners. They were under the immediate charge of the provost marshal, Major Brady, of New York State. He was a shrewd man, of powerful administrative abilities, but withal a cruel,

heartless man. His whole conduct toward the prisoners impressed me that he enjoyed two things immensely—first, the suffering and humiliation of the prisoners ; secondly, the fact he was their despot.

The prison was enclosed by a strong stockade of heavy plank fourteen feet high. Four feet from the top on the outside was a parapet extending all around. On this the guards walked by day and night. They were all negroes, commanded by white officers. The night police inside the prison were negroes, but their barbarity was so great that through the earnest entreaties of the prisoners they were removed some time in January, 1865. I recollect one sick man who had not been carried to the hospital. His complaint caused him to leave his tent about 3 o'clock A. M. While out he was set on by a large negro guard, who double-quickened him, in his night clothes and weak condition, up and down the streets between the tents for an hour. When the brute ordered the sick man back to his tent he made fifteen other prisoners come out in their night clothes and run up and down like a herd of cattle.

The greatest cruelty perpetrated while I was in prison was on thirty-two inmates of one of the cook-houses. At the side of the prison, next to the gate, was located a number of long cook and eating-houses, where all the cooking except baking was done. There was only a street or roadway between these houses and the stockade where the guards walked continually. Between two of these houses, a little nearer one than the other, one of the negro guards fell from the parapet and was found dead. A contusion was on his head and a piece of brick near him. This discovery took place about sunset. No one saw him when he fell. No one saw who hit him.

The following night after taps, when every prisoner was in bed, a file of soldiers rushed into the nearest cook-house to the scene and hurried the thirty-two inmates out in the night. The weather was intensely cold—thermometer below zero. They had on nothing but shirt and drawers—two of them had on socks. They were placed in a block-house which had a door and a hole a few inches wide, without food, water or fire. They were told that one of them killed the negro guard, possibly all of them knew of it, and when the fact was so made known, then all the others could go back to their quarters, but if they did not come out and confess who killed the guard that the day following the next had been fixed as the time when all thirty-two of them would be shot. So in that bitter weather these innocent helpless men (not all men, for two of them were boys) passed that fearful night and next day in the block building, where they were

continually jeered at through the little window by the negro guards who were off duty, they telling the suffering prisoners how delighted they would be to see them shot.

The awful hours rolled on, another night of indescribable suffering passed away, and the day of execution has come. To many of these men a quick death was to be preferred to the slow and cruel death they were then passing. The hour for the execution arrives. All the troops, mostly negroes, off guard on the Point were formed into the hollow square. The thirty-two almost naked, freezing, starving men were marched out in line into the hollow square. Major Brady, with the audacity of the wolf before eating the lamb, proceeded to ask each man if he knew who killed the guard. As he proceeded he received a very positive no from the heroic boys first, and then from the brave men. He had not gone far, however, when an alarm was heard in the direction of the gate. Four or five men were seen coming on horseback at full speed and yelling at the top of their voices. It was an officer who had found a young man, a prisoner and employ in the next cook-house, who could tell them something about who killed the guard.

But we must go back one day in the narrative. During that day of cruel mocking there was one kind man who visited the suffering prisoners. He was a commissioned officer and a Mason. Among the thirty-two prisoners there was but one Mason, and he gave a signal which will stir the deepest emotions of a brother. This officer lost no time, but set to work to ferret out the cause of the death of the guard. Major Brady, unfeeling monster as he was, attempted to find out the cause by torturing innocent men.

Of course the proceedings were stayed until the young man was heard from. He was placed on a box to testify, but he could not do this until Major Brady had indulged in some silly, irrelevant questions. He, however, stated that on the evening the guard was killed he was at the wood-pile gathering some chips for the fire when he was hit on the leg by the brick. Smarting with pain he threw the brick back and hit the guard on the head, and he fell off the parapet. Whether, said the young man, the brick or the whiskey in the guard caused the fall and death he could not say ; for, said he, the guard was drunk that afternoon. Then the young man added, I am sorry that I did not know that you were bestowing this cruelty on these men, for I should have come forward and made known these things.

The thirty-two were immediately sent back to their quarters, where they were clothed and fed, but three of them died soon after from this

exposure, and most of them had impaired health. As for the young man, he was never punished for what he did, but in a few weeks he was acting courier for Major Brady in the prison.

While I was not one of the sufferers, I was in the prison at the time, and much of it was related to me by a Mr. Jones, of Georgia, who occupied the same tent with me, and who worked outside daily on detail; also, Mr. Sam Puckett, of Laurens county, S. C., who was one of those who underwent that terrible ordeal of suffering, has a number of times related to me the whole story. He is a man of character and influence in his community. If any doubt this story of reckless cruelty let them write to Mr. Sam Puckett, Waterloo, S. C., who will endorse all I have written, and who has several times asked me to write it out for the papers. I was paroled, and left Point Lookout February 18, 1865. While free from any special sickness, I was reduced sixty-five pounds in weight, purely for want of sufficient food. What I have written is in no spirit of vindictiveness, but merely to preserve the facts of history.

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